The Colored Peril

by Paul Bang

With 10 plates

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Foreword to the First Edition

It was supposed to be a few short essays, but before I knew it, it had turned into a book, for everything one experiences demands to be recounted, and the stranger the experience, the stronger this urge becomes. One then experiences everything twice, and it is only after sifting through and examining one's memories that one gains clarity about all phenomena and events—and about so many connections.

This work came about in the following way: during the First World War, and especially after its end, I came to understand an issue that is of fateful importance, but which went more or less unnoticed among us during the bitter period of hardship our people endured after the war: that is the issue of race.
It is time that we address it seriously, for when one devotes oneself to researching this issue, one arrives at remarkable insights, including into many otherwise puzzling aspects of the political and economic development of France, England, and America.

Two study trips I undertook were dedicated to examining this issue: one was organized by the "German Society for World Economics" and took me to the United States in 1934 as head of an economic commission, and the other took me to the tropical regions of South America, Central America, and the West Indies in early 1938 - it is always beneficial to be able to form one's own impression of what one has read and studied through firsthand observation.
Regarding the study trip to the United States, the work "Amerika" (*America*), along with the supplements "Deutschland und Amerika" (*Germany and America*) and "Ein Besuch bei Ford" (*A Visit to Ford*), were published at the time in the series of the "Federation for the National Economy".
I included a brief description of the second trip at the beginning of this work, and I do this because these are areas that are rarely visited, and because the "results" may be better understood if one is also familiar with the "experiences."
I also kept a diary during the trip, which is quite an achievement in the tropics, for even if you set to work at night, beads of sweat run down the back of your hand and into the ink.

This work does not claim to be a scientific treatment of the ethnographic subject matter as such, but merely aims to provide a summary of my own observations and an exposition of the conclusions I have drawn from these observations regarding world events: I can vouch for these observations, but whether the conclusions are correct remains to be seen, though I wish they were not correct.
The best can only ever be grasped with a keen sense of intuition, and those who lack this will often reach erroneous conclusions - thus, I believe that I will be proven right with this work as well, even if some may find certain aspects to be too harsh or too bleak.

Incidentally, I am aware that Josef Maria Frank in his "Paradies mit Vorbehalt" (*Paradise with Reservations*), and Colin Ross in his "Der Balkan Amerikas" (*The Balkans of America*), have described the country and its people in greater depth and with greater accuracy than I am able to do here; my primary concern was to only highlight certain interrelationships.
It remains for me to express my sincere thanks to Retired Lieutenant Commander Karl Ruprecht in Göttingen, who is personally familiar with some of the areas I visited, for all his encouragement and assistance in the publication of this book.

- Berlin, August 15th, 1938
Retired State Secretary Dr. Bang

"Incidentally, I believe that the people of the North have only a very short time left to find their way."

- Hans Grimm

When I recount the journey that took me to the tropical wonderland of South and Central America, as well as the West Indies, and then on to the paradise of Florida, Bermuda, and the Azores, I know that I can offer only a highly imperfect account, for the most beautiful things cannot be described.

When someone, after sufficient preparation, travels to a foreign world—and especially to a fairy-tale world—with open eyes and ears, and not merely to write postcards, they can report on their travel experiences and the outcomes of their journey - thus, in this first part, I would like to briefly touch on the external experiences, and in the second part, I will discuss certain findings whose significance seems to me to be important for the economy as well.
I undertook this journey to form a judgment, based on my own experience, on two distinct issues: certain economic realities of an economy based essentially on "monocultures," and the racial issue, which is a major concern in South America and, above all, in Central America and the West Indies—regions that were once sleepy but have moved into the global economic and political spotlight since the opening of the Panama Canal.

I. Experiences

As for the journey itself, I will merely touch on a few highlights in describing the route.

The trip first took us to the Portuguese island of Madeira, with its dire economic hardship set against a backdrop of flourishing splendor.

1. Madeira

Madeira is a kind of outpost of a tropical paradise, a single, magnificent tropical flower garden, towered over by the snow-capped peaks of mighty mountains; the view is especially enchanting at night, when lights shine high above and blend with the starry sky to form a luminous tapestry of Madeira: no wonder that a deep appreciation for artisanal craftsmanship has flourished here, constantly producing new and ever more beautiful embroidery creations.

The towns, especially the charming Funchal, make an exceptionally clean impression, for nowhere is there any sign of decay; even the smallest hut is neat and tidy, and there's not even a speck of dust to be seen.
The streets are paved with small, round black basalt stones smoothed by the sea, which, due to the high humidity, are also covered with a very fine layer of algae, making them doubly slippery - thus, the streets look like piles of small egg-shaped hand grenades, and it's not without danger to walk on this surface in our footwear, since the slightest misstep sends you sliding.
The locals wear thick rubber soles—if they have any footwear at all.
Cars can't make headway on these streets, and that's why there's no car traffic; there are only sleds with wide, waxed runners, usually pulled by beautifully decorated oxen.
A ride down from the wonderful Hotel Belmonte, situated at an altitude of 1,000 meters, to Funchal in the two- or four-seater mountain sleds—steered at a breakneck gallop by two guides chasing behind on long ropes—is a hair-raising experience: that's when you really get the chills! Especially when a burning smell hits your nose because the runners are getting red-hot; then the sled is yanked around so violently that you can't see or hear a thing, and the runners are re-greased.
Once and never again! I'd much rather face a nice, decent storm on the ocean than such a devilish ride.

The sled drivers all end up with lung disease, and tuberculosis is rampant on this so-called paradise island: this is due not only to the enfeebling air, which ultimately paralyzes all resistance, but also to the extreme poverty, for behind all the floral splendor and gleaming cleanliness lies the bitterest destitution. Its cause lies not only in the "crisis" that everyone outside is talking about, but also in the overexploitation of the soil by a few large landowners based on the mainland and in particularly severe soil degradation: one can study in Madeira where excessive land exploitation ultimately leads.
The population, which already has a strong African influence, is hardworking, and the mountains, which have been stripped bare by past overexploitation, are to be gradually reforested according to German forestry principles: it is touching to see how the hardworking people haul soil from the lowlands up to their plots on the mountain slopes in order to somewhat replenish the washed-away topsoil.
This also requires a system of artificial irrigation, where rainwater is channeled from the mountains down into the valley via ditches and small canals; it almost looks like a miniature version of the ancient Roman aqueduct system.
Incidentally, Madeira is remarkable proof of how something can be "discovered" twice, for as evidenced by coin finds, it was already known to the Carthaginians, and after the fall of Carthage, Madeira also faded from the world's consciousness at that time, and was not rediscovered until 1419.

The work here is almost entirely done at home, and the average daily wage for an embroiderer is, in our currency, about 20 Reichspfennig: that is why there is so much child labor; we saw four-year-old girls working at the embroidery frame alongside their mothers, grandmothers, and great-grandmothers.
The birth rate is extraordinarily high, but so is the infant mortality rate; the children salute with “Heil Hitler”.
They beg despite the ban, and as soon as a police officer comes into view, the little hand disappears. If you give them something, they raise their right arm; if you give them nothing, they probably raise the communist fist as well.
Poor children! The cry of “gimmi penny” has followed us in every conceivable variation throughout this tropical paradise.
A ragged boy of about eight asked me for a light for his cigarette, and I was so moved that I granted his request; then, proudly, he raised his right arm, and the words came out like a shot from a pistol: “Heil Hitler, thank you, thank you, goodbye, a rivederci!” Poor children!

Just one more thing: high up on Monte stands the beautiful church called “Nossa Senhora Do Monte”.
In a side chapel lies the grave of the traitorous Emperor Karl, who was exiled here by the Entente in his day and died here on April 1st, 1922; wreaths and ribbons from the “Legitimists” and similar contemporaries adorn the sides.
Here, then, lies—and with him, a good part of Germany’s painful history—the buried Habsburg; the Habsburgs “finally went astray”, and are now buried in a foreign land.

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From Madeira, we set out on a seven-day, breathtakingly beautiful voyage across the South Atlantic: it’s an experience in a class of its own that defies description.
How amazed one is when one sees the first sperm whales spouting and the first jagged shark fins breaking the surface, or when the first schools of flying fish leap high into the air, darting across the sea like silver arrows—and one of them might even find its way into a porthole, only to be discovered as a wet surprise in bed.
The ocean here reaches depths of over 8,000 meters in some places: what might it hold? Some believe we’ve reached the end of “technology”, but it seems to me we’re only at the beginning - what incredible challenges still lie in store for technology, and what an extraordinary degree of dullness must one possess to fail to see the “variety” in the magnificent majesty of the ever-moving world’s oceans!

What is actually more beautiful: the gleaming path the sun casts upon the sea in ever-changing colors, or the shimmering silver road the moon conjures upon the waves?
Sunrise and sunset offer a new spectacle every day, one that never ceases to surprise with its splendor of colors: in the tropics, the moon hangs in the sky like a little basket of fruit, and the Big Dipper, far to the north, eventually emerges from the sea with only its rear wheel visible.
Orion, too, marches steadily and proudly northward, and the closer one gets to the Southern Cross, the brighter and larger the stars become, until one finally feels as though one could reach out and touch them.

Tropical nights on the top sun deck, with all their mysterious magic, are the most sublime and exalted experience - there, one senses that there are things that cannot be measured by the mind.

How unfortunate are those who can no longer feel this!

2. The Amazon and Brazil

It was quite a feeling when, after a cheerful and very wet "Equator baptism," land finally came into view again—South America.

We landed in Pará (officially called Santa Maria de Belém), the capital of the Brazilian state of the same name, which is three times the size of Greater Germany and yet has only 1.4 million inhabitants; meanwhile, Brazil itself is about the size of all of Europe, and has only 42 million inhabitants.
What enormous scales we're dealing with here! As a European, you have to completely rethink your perspective, since here, we're not talking about countries, but about continents, and the sheer expanse of space is staggering.
How much space does the starving human race still have, and what untold treasures of raw materials still lie untapped; what utter folly it is to speak of "overpopulation" and "overproduction"!
These are truly European, forced concepts; the Earth has room for everyone, and there isn't nearly enough agricultural and industrial "capacity" to satisfy humanity—if it were reasonable.
"Overpopulation" and "overproduction" are not economic realities of a natural development, but political consequences of an unnatural development of the white world, which has lost its healthy instincts - thus, what "Versailles" actually meant in this context becomes thoroughly clear to one once outside.

Pará is the major port city on the Amazon, Brazil's second-largest port city (280,000 inhabitants) - here we were greeted by people of every skin color, from jet black to red, with almost all the children naked. Only 10% of Pará's population is white, and of this 10%, if one is to be very generous in one's assessment, perhaps 50% are of pure white descent.

You can see the Amazon, with its yellow waters, from far out at sea - you can also smell it, too.
The estuary is over 300 km wide, and countless islands lie in the estuary, with one of them being as large as Switzerland.
It is covered in virgin forest and remains unexplored to this day: what might it look like further upstream?
But as I said, everything here smells like the Amazon—a mixture of intensely overheated greenhouse air, rotting wood, swamp, carcasses, and the wonderful scent of flowers: a strange mixture!
In Pará, the food and the red wine taste like the Amazon, and even our beds and cabinets on the ship smell like the Amazon; we couldn't shake that smell for a long time, but it was later replaced by the Orinoco, which smells just as wonderful.

And what distances, as I said!
A Swiss geologist, whom the Brazilian government had entrusted with gold exploration in the state of Pará, didn't miss the chance to visit us and give a lecture: when asked how long it had taken him to ride from his station, he replied, "Oh, not long—just four days; we live quite nearby."
He also shed light on the "revolutions" that occur from time to time in Brazil, which the country doesn't seem to notice at all, since they're local events in individual cities—a sort of change of municipal leadership at gunpoint, so that others get a turn as well.
Even revolutions in Rio de Janeiro were of no consequence to the country as a whole, since there, they were simply changes in parliamentary or military majorities carried out with machine guns, while in small

towns and villages, a machete was sufficient for such occasions; business life, however, remained completely unaffected by all of this.
We in Europe have completely false notions about all of this: the country is always calm, and often, one only hears years later that there had been a "revolution" somewhere, and by then, there has probably already been another one; these are matters of no consequence.
Much more serious, however, is the—coffee crisis.

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President Dr. Getulio Vargas is praised as a determined and energetic man, but whether he will ultimately succeed in imposing his "authoritarian constitution" remains to be seen.
So-called "Integralism," on which he initially drew support but in which he has apparently found a flaw, is frequently associated abroad with National Socialism or Fascism in some sort of organizational connection - of course, there can be no question of that.
Incidentally, however, it does not touch upon the concept of the nation itself, but rather, the movement is about the advocacy of a purely state-centered principle: the idea of the "integral state" does not come from below, but from above; that is not wrong in itself, of course, but today no movement will achieve its goal if it appeals only to the people's minds and not to their hearts.

Integralism was founded in 1932 by Plinio de Salgado, initially as a movement of intellectuals; it strives for a unified Brazilian state with a "corporate structure" and the elimination of political parties.
Vargas seeks something similar, and he partially achieved it with his coup d'état on November 10th, 1937; at the same time, however, he sidelined the Integralists, whom he had undoubtedly used up to that point, and who now feel "betrayed."
They accuse Vargas of being under the influence of Foreign Minister Osvaldo Aranha, the former chargé d'affaires in Washington, who is hostile to the Integralists and acts entirely under the influence of the U.S: in the U.S., Integralism is detested as "Fascism" because of its militant wing, the so-called "Green Shirts"!
Incidentally, if the assessment of Osvaldo Aranha and his intellectual dependence on Washington were true, it would not be without risk for German interests, as the United States' activities in South America are directed first and foremost against us.

U.S. propaganda employs the most reprehensible methods and the grossest lies against Germany, which are believed by a naive populace: in South America, for example, one may find oneself being asked in all seriousness whether Hitler really intends to conquer Brazil.
On such a journey, one can learn a great deal about the nature and impact of the Jewish global smear campaign: in Panama, well-meaning people told us we should return home as quickly as possible, claiming there was a bloody revolution in Germany and that Bavaria had already been conquered, though we could not find out by whom; meanwhile in Havana, serious people declared: "The Kaiser has moved into Berlin, and Hitler is in Hamburg."
One must not simply laugh at such nonsense, for such outlandish nonsense is actually believed abroad, and decisions—business and otherwise—are made based on it: as is well known, lies do not have short legs, but very long ones.

Whether Vargas is wise to sever ties with the Integralists remains to be seen[1], though the German-Brazilians view the Integralist movement with the utmost caution and reserve.
The "Green Shirts" march under the blue-and-white Sigma banner and salute with their right arms raised, shouting, "Anaué": this is an ancient Indian war cry meaning, "We want to and will win."
We have neither seen nor heard this greeting anywhere in Pará; however, we were told that Pará generally always does exactly the opposite of what Rio does.

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Brazil is paying dearly for the consequences of its "monoculture"[2] with the coffee crisis—so dearly that this country, perhaps the richest in natural resources on earth, had suspended debt service and fallen into currency difficulties.
Now, agricultural monoculture is to be remedied through special support for cotton cultivation: this is apparently being done with increasing success.

Vargas's plan has been facilitated by Roosevelt's almost incomprehensibly foolish cotton policy, regarding which I made statements and predictions in the report on my trip to the U.S. mentioned in the introduction—predictions that have since come true.
But Vargas goes much further, for he wants to tackle the problem at its root: while Brazil has, in fact, without having previously or simultaneously excluded its rich natural resources—especially its vast deposits of iron and manganese ores—long since built up a substantial manufacturing industry whose mass production of goods is sufficient to meet its own needs, and which is already pushing strongly for exports, indeed having in some cases already reached the limits of its capacity, now the establishment and expansion of heavy industry is to take place.
The new economic program is:

"The development of our own economy; the exploitation of raw materials and mineral resources for our own economy; the establishment of our own heavy industry, and an expansion of the transportation network."

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Pará is a city that is as hot as it is interesting, though not very clean; we had nearly 40 degrees of humid heat in the shade, which was a rather sweltering affair.
The trams here are packed with people like grapes on a vine; they're clinging to the running boards and exterior walls, and while it looks very dangerous, apparently nothing ever happens.
Next to the marble splendor of old Spanish architecture stands shabby decay; next to delightful villas in the Portuguese colonial style are desolate black huts with thatched roofs.

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[1] Meanwhile, a bloody conflict between Vargas and the Integralists had already taken place in May 1938.
[2] "Monoculture" refers to an economic system that relies primarily on the export of a single, particularly favored agricultural commodity.
When the price of such a commodity—for example, tobacco, bananas, sugarcane products, coffee, cotton, etc.—falls, it is not possible—or only possible slowly and with difficulty—to compensate for this through the export of other food or consumer goods.

The avenues are lined with stately royal palms, and the vast squares have their broad, fruit-laden mango trees, which are truly magnificent, and in between stand exotic giant trees, under and among whose roots one can stroll.
To top it all off, there is an indescribable profusion of flowers, and above and below it all, there are the mighty black vultures, which are completely out of control, since no one is allowed to harm them; on the West Indian islands, shooting them is even severely punished, since they are indispensable as health inspectors.
At the fish and vegetable markets, we saw them "at work" after closing time: it's astonishing how quickly such a giant bird can deal with the waste from entire stalls! Street cleaning and garbage collection are a simple and inexpensive affair in the tropics.

At the markets and in the large market hall with its abundance of tropical produce—including snakes, monkeys, tapirs, skunks, turtles, and small alligators—two things struck us above all.
Firstly, there is no paper, and therefore no dirty paper either; everything is wrapped in large, fresh, green leaves, and there are vast quantities of both large and small pieces of wood: this is because nowhere do they use coal for fuel—only wood or charcoal.
Even the locomotives run on wood and pull a car full of wood behind them, which they can reload as needed along the way: the abundance of wood in these countries is truly beyond description!
What fortunate countries; if only we had even a fraction of what lies around and rots in and along the Amazon!
The giant piles of rubber, stacked in large, open warehouses, are also enviable - there, the raw rubber piles up to the ceiling and—stink absolutely horribly.

The old cathedral was a surprise, since while it was dirty on the outside, it was a revelation on the inside; I have never seen such a wonderful example of pure and noble Baroque, in no way overloaded.
This cathedral has—as an art expert would say, "as is well known"—its place in art history—and rightly so; meanwhile, naked Native American and black children were playing between the pews.

I would like to note here that in all these countries—including Central America and the West Indies—everything that constitutes genuine architectural and artistic culture is exclusively a Spanish and Portuguese legacy: it is truly astonishing how vast, extensive, and deep the Spanish-Portuguese cultural sphere is.
Since the collapse of Spanish-Portuguese rule over these territories—that is, since the beginning of the 19th century—cultural decline has set in here, and where something new is being created, such as in Venezuela or Cuba, there is a conscious effort to build upon the old.
Everywhere where Spanish rule was replaced by English or American rule, nothing has halted the cultural decline: England did not in the least understand how to create anything culturally rooted in its colonies there, let alone anything that could have replaced the ancient and noble Spanish architecture, and the Anglo-Saxon colonial economy up to that point was, after all, rarely giving; it was mostly just taking.

Once you take a few steps out of the big city, you immediately find yourself facing the impenetrable jungle with all its secrets: it's impossible to tell butterflies and hummingbirds apart.

In Pará, I also saw my first sloth in the wild: while in my eventful life, I've encountered quite a few sloths, a real, genuine sloth is something special after all; you have to see it to believe it, for such a degree of laziness is truly astonishing.
The fellow clearly struggles even to open his eyes to stare at you, and with an almost enviable calm, it shuffles up and down a tree branch at a snail's pace; then, when it's low enough to reach and you tap this rather large fellow, it looks at you wistfully and lets itself fall speechlessly to the ground, where it stretches out all four limbs and lies on its back, where it waits calmly until you turn it over; then it looks at you gratefully and crawls, using its extraordinarily strong claws, onto the branch closest to it.
It eats only what hangs directly into its mouth: watching a sloth is undoubtedly even more soothing than fishing.

It should also be mentioned that we had certain difficulties with meals in Pará because the black waiters were on strike at the time - thus, meals were fraught with obstacles and amusing incidents.
In Pará, something is always on strike, and apparently, strikes take turns so that every line of work gets its turn: strikes here are little more than a bit of fun.

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We then traveled by ship from Pará over 300 km up the Amazon.
The Amazon is accessible to seagoing vessels only via this southern branch, which is called the Rio de Pará or Tocantins here; from here, the large seagoing vessels sail as far as Santander and Manaus—that is, four days' journey upstream.

Even 4,000 km from its mouth, this most mighty river on Earth is over 2 km wide: the Amazon flows through an entire continent.
Inexhaustible waters flow into it from the high Andes, which rise up to 7,000 m into the clouds, making it the river richest in water and fish; during the rainy season, which lasts about five months, it sometimes turns into a sea, since the difference between its highest and lowest water levels is only 12 meters.
We know hardly any more about the upper reaches of both the Amazon and the Orinoco today than we did 400 years ago; it is probably just as well that there are still mysteries not only beneath and above the Earth, but also on it.

The journey into this wondrous world is indescribable, and words truly fail here: it's something you simply have to experience.
You travel right through the unexplored jungle, which covers an area stretching up to 3,000 km from north to south and 4,500 km from east to west—almost as large as Europe.
Exploring the jungle by plane? How on earth would you do that? Where would you even land? No one knows what secrets this jungle still holds: we were told there are still over 400 undiscovered indigenous tribes living there, but who would actually go out of their way to verify that?
Only on the fringes, here and there, are indigenous huts—all of them stilt houses with palm-leaf roofs.
The indigenous people—Indians, blacks, and mixed-race people—make their living by fishing (over 2,000 species!) or by tapping one of the gigantic rubber trees.

The Amazon has more than 200 tributaries, 17 of which are larger than the Rhine and the Danube; it teems with dugout canoes that are paddled, and with sailboats whose triangular sails shine in a wide variety of colors—the more colorful, the more beautiful.
Even the tiniest black or red children, barely out of diapers, steer their dugout canoes with astonishing skill: one gets the impression that these little rascals are born right here in their canoes.
These canoes, too, shine in every color, and most are carved from mahogany or red cedar - here, after all, one can afford such luxuries, since in and around the jungle grow precious woods of every possible color, from jet black to violet to blood red.
This is also where the heaviest wood (the chaparro tree) and the lightest (the balsa tree)—which is lighter than cork and frequently used in aircraft construction—grow; incidentally, the smell of burning tropical woods is wonderful, with a balsamic scent that rises up to one's nose.

We finally ended up over 300 km from the mouth of the river—so quite "close by"—in the indigenous settlement of Corralinho, to get a firsthand impression of the tropical rainforest, which we had until then only marveled at from the ship's railing.
An unforgettable experience! Corralinho, like all settlements along the Amazon, has been carved out of the jungle through years of hard work and, like every single hut on the riverbank, must be constantly defended against it, for the jungle is more voracious than a wild animal: if left unchecked, a hut can, under certain circumstances, be "eaten up"—that is, overgrown to such an extent that all human structures are suffocated—in as little as four weeks.
We now stood here for the first time—not in the jungle, for that is simply impossible—but certainly before it: there one stands speechless, and anyone who hasn't yet learned it can learn to shudder here.
I can't put it any other way: the primeval forest is a union of heaven and hell, of splendor and horror, of health and sickness, of primal power and weakness, of fragrance and stench, of the sweetest song and the most repulsive screech, of the most delicate beauty and the most repulsive ugliness—in short, the primeval forest is the union of every conceivable biological and aesthetic contrast, and in this union, it is indescribably mighty, eerily magnificent, and the dark mystery of its unexplored nature grips one even more deeply than that of the world's oceans.

At first, one stands before a single impenetrable green—and sometimes multicolored—wall, which is more solid than any man-made wall: among the giant trees, which make our forests look like mere undergrowth, there are wind serpentine plants, vines, lianas, bamboo, climbing plants, mighty parasites, aerial roots, and so on.
Among them are also giant trees: while back home we know only fern-like plants, here there are fern trees whose trunks are taller and thicker than those of a German birch, and under whose canopy many a thing could find shelter.
Has a dream perhaps transported us back to pre-Flood times? Everything is a single, prickly, gigantic tangle—nature's barbed wire!
And of all these trees—with the possible exception of the gigantic rubber trees and the sky-reaching royal palms—we recognize none.

As for the animals, aside from alligators, parrots, and cockatoos, we know at most the flamingos and herons strutting proudly far off at the edge - here, one feels quite small, along with one's "education" so far removed from nature.

Imagine one of these jungle giants—in trunk thickness, height, and crown width—about three to four times the size of an old German oak; imagine that from every knot in the branches, all the way up high, orchids grow—flowers that would cost about 4 Reichsmarks each back home.
Then imagine giant trees whose massive crowns bear flowers just as rosebushes do back home: if I recall correctly, the Indians call this tree Samaana, and we saw it again later in Trinidad and Jamaica.
There are also ironwood trees here that no ordinary axe can cut through.
Imagine this combination of power and loveliness, and you'll have a glimpse of reality - but getting inside?
One of our companions said, "If a company of German engineers were to set to work here—and weren't using dynamite—they might manage to make headway for about five minutes in a day's work" - I believe that gentleman was right, for if you peer inside through any opening, you gaze into pitch-black darkness, as light exists only where one of the jungle giants has fallen, sweeping away everything in its vicinity.

That is precisely what is so shocking—that here one is confronted with the struggle for existence in what is perhaps its most magnificent and most horrific form.
Here, the motto is not "All for one and one for all," but rather, in truly shameless ruthlessness, "All against all"; here, one literally strangles the other.
The striving of all toward the light is magnificent: that is why everything here wants to become enormous, for everything wants to reach the sun - but how horrific it is that this striving is a matter of life and death, that no one grants the light to another.
If one reaches the top, it is seized from below by a climbing vine, devoured, and finally strangled; then, from the decay of one grows the life of another—until it is the other's turn.
Is that life? In the jungle, there is no Berta Suttner[3], and the phrase "Never again war" becomes painfully clear in the jungle in all its hopeless emptiness of meaning.

I've often been asked whether the terror of the jungle surely lies in the wild animals: that is a misconception, since the "wild animals"—including alligators, jaguars, pumas, and snakes, among which the anaconda here grows to over 8 meters in length and weighs several hundred kilograms—go out of their way to avoid humans, unless you step on their tails or happen to fall right into their mouths.
They want absolutely nothing to do with humans, since they apparently sense in humans the most dangerous predator of all; there are probably only two animals that attack humans without provocation, which is the bull (buffalo) and the rhinoceros.
Even lions and tigers flee from humans unless they are driven mad by hunger - thus, hunting lions and tigers is not difficult because they are dangerous, but because it is so hard to get close to them, and one must search for and track them down.

The truly serious danger of the jungle—and of the tropics in general—is not the snake, the alligator, or any other "wild animal," but rather—the insect, for they attack without mercy; in the jungle, it is above all the countless species of poisonous spiders, caterpillars, beetles, scorpions, centipedes, ants, and mosquitoes that one must look out for, for this is a company that is as repulsive as it is dangerous.
There are, for example, disgusting centipedes whose bite causes severe agony, whose wounds do not heal, and instead, they fester and keep breaking open.

[3] Austrian noblewoman and notable pacifist. - The Translator

Mosquitoes are very dangerous, especially the notorious Anopheles, the malaria mosquito: one of us brought malaria home as a nasty souvenir from a bite by this insect.
Even more dangerous are certain ants, some of which grow to over 3 cm in size: the least harmful is the leaf-cutter ant, which strips trees and plantings bare but does not attack humans, and life-threatening is the so-called soldier ant, which roams constantly without a nest or rest.
The soldier ants march in perfect military order, and in endlessly long columns, they form orderly marching formations led by officers, with advance guards, flank protection, and rear guard; they attack mercilessly, raiding and killing every living creature that crosses their path.
Nothing can stop them—not even wildfires: the first columns march right through the fires that have been set, sacrificing themselves, while the others march over the corpses—or rather, the ashes—of their comrades.
When such a column is on the march, the natives flee their huts in a panic, taking their children and belongings with them, and seek refuge on the water; meanwhile, the sick and wounded who fall prey to these ants are hopelessly lost.
The white ants, known as termites, are also dangerous predators: they do not migrate but are sedentary, and they build fortresses over 2 meters high that are as hard as iron and impervious to any human tool. Houses that have been overrun by them must be evacuated, for they are destroyed in the blink of an eye, along with all their contents, windows, and doors: we have seen such ravaged houses.
The natives live in stilt houses whose walls and roofs are made of layers of palm leaves; the stilts are coated with some mysterious substance that termites will not approach.

The natives—who are not afraid of any alligator, even in the water—fear only one animal: the so-called piranhas.
These are fish, barely as large as a herring, equipped with predatory teeth full of pointed and serrated fangs; they attack animals and humans only when even the slightest injury has caused the loss of even the tiniest drop of blood.
It has been proven that they can gnaw a large animal weighing more than four hundred pounds—fur and hide included—down to the bones in 53 seconds; in the case of a human, this process takes barely 30 seconds.
A short distance upstream from Corralinhos, fish are no longer caught with nets or fishing rods, but shot with arrows, and birds with blowguns; the largest Amazon fish is 3 meters long and weighs over 200 kg, which the natives call the Piracucu.

It’s a mystery to me how people can live in this damp, musty heat over the long term, and yet the indigenous people seem healthy, and the mortality rate is reportedly low: perhaps this is because the Indians have access to medical remedies that we “civilized people” know nothing about yet.
I was unable to determine exactly what this entails - in the Amazon, for example, “earth” is eaten to treat certain illnesses, much like the so-called “healing clay” used here for intestinal disorders; the bark of trees and shrubs is also consumed as a remedy.

3. Trinidad

From the wondrous mysteries of the Amazon, the journey then took us past the hot coast of Guiana—including Cayenne, the French "Devil's Island"—into the even hotter estuary of the Orinoco River to Trinidad, the "Island of the Blessed."
It is more than five times the size of Rügen and, after Ceylon, is arguably England's most valuable crown colony - thus, the most beautiful things on this Earth belong to the English.

The significance of Trinidad to the Empire becomes clear as early as La Brea, where we first landed - here lies the famous Pitch Lake, an asphalt lake about 10 square kilometers in size, from which England supplies its empire with natural asphalt; there, one actually stands before and upon a wonder of the world. It is an ancient, vast crater from which asphalt—not lava—wells up, which merely needs to be purified to be ready for use in construction.
The mass welling up from the depths forms a thin, hard layer on the surface that you can walk on: during the day, black workers dig massive, deep holes out of this layer, and the extracted raw material is transported by cable car to the purification plant.
Now imagine that, every night, the quantities extracted automatically regrow from below, so that the next workday you can stand in the exact same spot and work again! I don't know if there's anything else like this on Earth: a self-regenerating raw material that no amount of mining can deplete - now that's a business!
The wonderful English colonial roads, too, are no small feat; incidentally, the magnificent paved roads in Trinidad and Jamaica were built during the war—apparently in honor of the white race—by German prisoners of war, but we'll talk about that chapter later.
This Pitch Lake has its own great scenic charms: it lies next to the primeval forest, whose colorful birdlife provides a constant concert for the great crater; sometimes a monkey, too, observes the goings-on with great expertise, but the parrots and cockatoos are the most knowledgeable of all.
Here, too, we find the same contrasts as in the Amazon rainforest: can one imagine a greater contrast than that between the magnificent triad of the bellbird (Campanero), which rings out like a fairy-tale chime from the church-tower-high giants of the primeval forest, and the mighty and vile screeching of the howler monkey, which unhesitatingly blares the full force of its conviction into the air in the deepest C key, so that all the walls of the primeval forest shake?

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Landing in Port of Spain (population 71,000)—the port city and capital of this "paradise," set against the backdrop of the green mountain range and dotted with little houses and palm-fringed huts climbing high up the slopes—is an experience in itself.
Trinidad is truly a tropical paradise with dreamlike bays, enchanting palm forests, impenetrable bamboo thickets, and an abundance of flowers that intoxicates the senses; one is positively dazed by so much splendor, for nature here is of a richness that defies description.
Here, for the first time, we saw plants bearing buds, blossoms, and fruit all at the same time: grapefruit, orange, pineapple, and banana plantations bend under the weight of their bounty; sugarcane, cacao, coffee, and tobacco plantations outdo one another in growth, and among all this, there are jungle giants of

the strangest kinds, such as breadfruit trees, sequoias, mangoes, cannonball trees—whose pumpkin-sized fruits burst with a cannon's roar—mahogany trees, araucarias, giant cacti… phew.
Here also stands the famous immortelle tree, a giant whose crown consists of glowing red flowers and which shines into the distance like a burning beacon; likewise, the supposedly largest tree in the West Indies also grows here, the saman tree, from whose knotholes orchids and hibiscus vine, and under whose massive crown an entire village could fit - in fact, an English consular official estimated that one could line up about 2,000 people beneath it.
Even German cuisine suddenly comes to life here: cinnamon, cloves, pepper, nutmeg, along with Peruvian balsam and many other ingredients, appear before your eyes in the form of trees, enveloping you in aromatic scents.

A drive across the radiant green savanna, through the fairy-tale Santa Cruz Valley, over the Saddle-back Pass to the Mareval Reservoir, and up the magnificent Lady Chancellor Road—carved out of Pitch Lake and built with the sweat of German prisoners of war—with its wondrous view of the island and the sea: could there be anything more beautiful on this Earth?
And yet—there's a catch to this paradise - more on that later.

Looming over this paradise is the "crisis"—the crisis of monoculture.
In Pará, there was no begging, but here, even in the even more beautiful British Crown colony of Jamaica, there is begging—downright shameless begging; the only thing missing is for the machete to come into play.
The "gimmi penny" is, alongside the shrill Negro songs, the island's soundtrack; it actually drowns out the parrots and vultures at times.
In the tropics, one realizes that poverty can exist even without hunger, for, of course, one cannot speak of hunger where everything grows right into everyone's mouths - but after all, shelter and some clothing are also necessary.
England, as is well known, counts itself among the "haves" and has, until now, graciously classified us Germans among the "have-nots": it seems to me, however, that the fortunate inhabitants of the English crown colonies are "have-nots" in the highest degree.
On this journey, one has gained rather peculiar impressions of the English administration and the stability of the Empire, which will be discussed later.

Trinidad possesses a peculiar charm due to its unusual mix of peoples, which is evident here not only in mixed-race individuals, but also among those of pure race: here there are pure-blooded blacks, very hardworking Chinese, very shrewd Syrians, and above all, pure-blooded Indians from the East Indies.
After the abolition of slavery, England imported considerable numbers of Indians, and regardless of whether they are Muslims, Buddhists, or followers of Brahma, they have kept to themselves and have brought with them and preserved the culture of their homeland; they are found primarily in the charmingly situated village of St. James.
Here, East India is in its purest form, with bamboo bungalows, turbans, temples, and mosques, along with Indian handicrafts, delicate filigree work, and Indian women and girls in their long, fine silk robes, airy veils, and arm and leg jewelry.
Of course, the sacred white cow is also present—one must drive carefully around her when she deigns to graciously take up residence right in the middle of the street.

In Port of Spain, too, Indian Brahma devotees squat in the middle of the busiest streets, performing their "thread game" or staring intently at their own navels, pretending to be detached from the world and to see and hear nothing, though in truth, they probably hear and see everything—perhaps more than the English would like.

From there, one need only drive a short distance further from St. James and suddenly finds himself in the middle of—Africa; there, one stands in a thicket of coconut palms before authentic African kraals with round huts and genuine black ebony.
Seeing something pure-bred is always a joy, regardless of color, but the sense of color among the lower classes of the Negro race is, however, eccentric: you see utterly indescribable color combinations on both men and women.
As is well known, a black woman is considered all the more beautiful the more voluptuous she is; now imagine such a black sponge dressed as an egg yolk or a lemon butterfly, with blue stars in the front and red stars in the back.
And then there's the jewelry! It need only rattle or jingle to be considered jewelry.

These lovely beauties will only let themselves be photographed when they're not looking, as when they notice, they scream and hold their hands over their faces: they're afraid of "losing their face" when photographed.
Some also say, "First one shilling" (first one mark); those are the enlightened ones.
The men apparently prefer pink pants; it makes you seasick just looking at it.

Trinidad is a fairy tale come to life - but even in fairy tales, the wicked fairy plays a role.

4. Venezuela

From Trinidad, the journey continued to the first German colony: this was Venezuela, which Emperor Charles V had once granted "as a fief for development and settlement"—along with the town and its jurisdiction—to the German trading houses of the Weisers in Augsburg and the Ehingers in Constance; then, thirty years later, in 1556, the Spanish Crown wrested this first colony from the Germans through underhanded intrigues and an equally underhanded legal dispute: I cannot go into further detail here, but perhaps world history would have taken a different course if the Germans had retained their first colony.

Venezuela—or, as the country calls itself, "The United States of Venezuela"—is about twice the size of Greater Germany and has a population of 3 million; I recall what I said above about its vastness and abundance of space.
Venezuela possesses immeasurable and untapped mineral resources of gold, silver, iron, manganese, copper, sulfur, as well as coal and diamonds. However, Venezuela is already one of the richest countries on Earth today, because it also possesses abundant deposits of something that has long since surpassed gold in value: petroleum.
The oil reserves in the Maracaibo Basin are worth more than gold, and its extraction, which is still in its early stages, is currently being carried out by Standard Oil and the Dutch Shell Group, "Royal Dutch Shell"; at that time, the Venezuelan government received $106,000 (about 270,000 Reichsmarks) daily from this source alone.
Venezuela no longer has any domestic or foreign debt, and there are also no income or wealth taxes: what an enviable country!

Since shaking off Spanish rule (in 1811), Venezuela has experienced a succession of revolutions, which is why it was called the "land of 50 revolutions in 100 years."
When Indio Gómez became president in 1908 and took decisive action, calm was restored; he then ruled until the end of 1935 and achieved extraordinary things.
He was friendly toward Germany, and thus we owe him a great deal - ultimately, however, he made himself hated by his fellow countrymen, and he was accused of running a corrupt crony economy, using it, above all, to secure positions for his numerous relatives (he had 70 recognized children alone).
But no one dared to take any action against the "Old Jaguar", and it was only after he died—and after people had made absolutely certain that he was indeed dead—that the uproar began: his family and supporters were targeted and driven out of the country; even today, opinions in Venezuela remain divided on "Gomez."
Since 1936 then, General López Contreras—who is also friendly toward Germany—has been president: he is a distinguished, level-headed figure, and the country is governed quite well and administered efficiently; it undoubtedly has a great future ahead of it, which could also have positive economic implications for us.
Incidentally, the same could be said of neighboring Colombia, if certain anti-German tendencies there could be eliminated.

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The landing at La Guayra is a remarkable experience: one stands in awe before the mighty Andes, which rise immediately 2,800 meters above sea level.
Alexander von Humboldt was also deeply moved at the sight:

"It is as if the Pyrenees or the Alps were rising straight out of the sea!"

The high, bare rock faces glow a fiery red, and reflect the heat even at night, so that this oven never cools down.
La Guayra is said to be the hottest place on earth after Aden; the sailors call it the "Gateway to Hell", but we were lucky however, since it had rained.
That expression is incorrect, by the way: in the tropics, it doesn't rain, but instead pours so hard that you often can't see your hand in front of your face; an umbrella is no use there, and at best, you need a raincoat.
When a tropical downpour slams into the sea, the waves look like shifting sand dunes: that's why it was only 32 degrees there, which—given the 90 percent humidity—is still quite something; meanwhile in Berlin at the time, it was 15 degrees below freezing.

From La Guayra, we took the winding road built by Gomez—a marvel of engineering—up into the Andes toward the capital city of Caracas (population 230,000), which is enchantingly situated between mountain ranges; the black chauffeurs drive past the precipices with somnambulistic confidence.
The vegetation is as previously described: wherever the mountains are barren, cacti grow upward, often as tall as houses when they are columnar cacti; most of the time, they look like natural barbed wire.
These are impenetrable barriers for both humans and most animals - thus, the primary means of transportation here, as elsewhere in the tropics, are donkeys and mules.

If the drive through the blossoming suburb of El Paradeiso, with its Spanish colonial-style villas and magnificent tropical parks, and the drive through the gleaming diplomatic quarter were already a surprise, the city itself was even more so - indeed, we have no reason to regard European architecture or the art of street and urban planning as superior to that of any of these colorful tropical countries.
Here, as mentioned, everything is rooted in ancient Spanish-Portuguese culture, and with a few exceptions, there is absolutely nothing excessive or burdensome about it: it is genuine, noble culture, and even in newer buildings, there is often an enviable sense of beauty realized in stone and wood.
The architecture here frequently recalls ancient Roman design, specifically the so-called atrium, known here as the patio: this is the ornamental courtyard with ponds or fountains, where family life takes place and to which the interior rooms open.
A feast for the eyes, for example, is the birthplace of Simón Bolívar, the South American hero of liberty—a building that appears unassuming from the outside but is extremely charming on the inside and features several such courtyards.
Facing the street, the houses have decorative iron grilles in front of their large windows, behind which women and children sit and watch the traffic.
The magnificent presidential palace is built according to the same principles, and at its center lies the large patio, adorned with tropical splendors; all the interior rooms, including the elegant audience chamber and the grand reception hall, with its classically beautiful colonnade, open onto this patio.

Incidentally, there was a surprise before the visit, for in front of the palace, a company of infantry was rendering honors: am I awake or dreaming?
These are Prussians all right, down to the very last button on their trousers, genuine old “May Beetles from Berlin”: blue Prussian tunics, white leather gear, and spiked helmets—just like back in May!
The only thing missing was for my old friend—a former major in the Guard, a fusilier, and later standard-bearer von S.—to step forward and, in his charming commanding voice, bellow his dashing “Attention”!
In Venezuela, it seems, many things are Prussian, and Germans are held in high regard here: that is valuable for the future.
I hardly believe that the U.S. will achieve anything here with their malicious propaganda against us, even though they’re doing everything possible in that direction here as well; the main target of this propaganda is, above all, Venezuela’s old hotbed of unrest, the university, whose “academic freedom” has probably been given too much leeway for too long.

The Capitol, built in the Spanish-Moorish style, also looks elegant with its large patio and colonnades.
In the reception hall, one is greeted by the motto: “Please, be a gentleman” - there is a peculiar significance in the fact that this welcoming motto is presented in English, of all languages, in Latin America.

Incidentally, among the valuable paintings in the Capitol is one by the Dresden painter Erwin Oehne.
Of course, Caracas also has a Bolívar monument on its most beautiful square—one that can be found in every major city in Venezuela and Colombia; the one in Caracas was created by the Munich-based artist Ferdinand von Miller.

Bolívar met a tragic fate: after small-minded people ruined his life’s work, he died embittered and forgotten, and it was only after his death that he was understood and honored; this has certainly happened to many others as well.
Bolívar’s coffin rests in the National Pantheon, which was built as a cathedral; also among the generals and heroes of freedom honored here alongside him are two German names: Johannes Usla and Heinrich von Lützow.
Meanwhile, across from the Pantheon, a plaque on a house indicates that Alexander von Humboldt lived here from November 1799 to February 1800.
It should also be mentioned that two original paintings by Rubens and Murillo hang in the oldest cathedral - here, tradition reigns.

Caracas is an extremely lively, bustling, and very clean city.
Despite traffic control measures, cars often come to a standstill - and yet—and we’ve observed this everywhere in the tropics—there is never any swearing, bickering, or arguing, as everyone helps one another; at most, one driver might call out to another: “Mañana” (Tomorrow is another day) or “Paciencia” (Only patience will do the trick).
There is no begging anywhere, and even the vendors at the markets, with their abundance of tropical produce, are not pushy; Spanish grandeur has evidently been passed down, here even to people of color.
There’s no sign of a “crisis” here: construction activity is extremely brisk.

The immediate and wider surroundings are breathtakingly beautiful, and as in all tropical cities, the clubs—the hubs of high-society socializing—are located far on the outskirts: when I think of the “Club Florida” or the “Country Club” with their stylish, elegant interiors, their cozy nooks and terraces with swing sofas and rocking chairs, their vast parks with golf courses, swimming pools, and the views from the spacious balconies, their exquisite food and drinks, and so on—clubs like the ones we’ve seen everywhere—that makes me think of “Capua.”

For quite a few Europeans, the “club” in the tropics has probably been their undoing, as with the inherently slow “tropical pace,” many here probably lull themselves to sleep, especially in places like these.

The tropical air saps your strength: a European must surely have a very strong character to accomplish here what he wants and what he is supposed to do; even keeping my diary has been a real struggle for me.

5. Curaçao

Then we continued on to the ABC Islands: Curaçao, Aruba, Bonaire; these are Dutch colonial possessions.
The Dutch colonial possessions are about 60 times the size of the mother country - that's nowhere near as extensive as the British Empire, though, since England covers about one-thirtieth of Europe and rules over one-fourth of the world's population—540 million people—meaning that one in every four people on Earth is, in some way, a member of the Empire; for the Netherlands, however, it's enough.

Curaçao, with Willemstad, is a Dutch idyll in the Caribbean Sea: you enter St. Anna Bay via a massive swing bridge resting on pontoons, known as the "Lange Emma."
Incidentally, the "Lange Emma" is a tax issue all its own - a tax was levied upon crossing, with those wearing shoes paying 2 cents, those wearing sandals paid 1 cent, and those who came barefoot were tax-exempt - thus, everyone took off their shoes before crossing before Holland then dropped the tax.

Once you've crossed, you're literally in Holland—except that the Dutch here are often black, brown, and yellow; the difference from the British colonial administration is immediately apparent to everyone here.
There have indeed been disturbances here in the oil town of Emmastad, but they were quickly quelled: this is indeed Holland—not a colony, but the motherland.
Here there is discipline, order, and respect for white people; here, the law enforcement officers are white (while in Trinidad and Jamaica they are black), and the troops are white; they make an excellent impression in their smart, curved straw helmets.
Nothing is "hidden" from the white authorities here; here, people of color still make way for white people on the street.

And the people of color themselves also make a good, contented, and cheerful impression - they apparently, they definitely feel like Dutch people, and in Willemstad, even in the native neighborhoods, orange ribbons hang across the streets and signs on the houses read: "Lang leve het Oranjehuis"[4]; pictures of the royal family are also frequently seen.
Here, even people of color share the Dutch penchant for cleanliness, and even black housewives scrub not only their own doorsteps, but also the area in front of their homes.
Likewise, the clothing—especially that of the black girls—is clean and neat - strikingly, they wear woolen stockings.
Here, you don't see any painted and made-up Black women in parrot-green outfits; here, everything is truly tip-top!
Based on what I've seen here, I must say: hats off to the Dutch colonial administration!

People of color here undoubtedly do not feel that they are merely victims of exploitation, and it is said that the Netherlands also administers its large and wealthy East Indian colonies according to the same principles, and that there, too—in contrast to the British possessions—calm, order, and contentment prevail.

[4] Meaning "Long live the House of Orange" in Dutch. - The Translator

Undoubtedly, the Dutch are the most successful colonizers: they respect people of color as human beings, do not attempt to artificially turn them into Europeans—and thus render them spiritually rootless—and, while maintaining their own position of authority, spread that warm, cozy comfort that is in their blood.

Perhaps the wisdom of this administration also stems from the fact that Protestant Holland has, for the most part, established Catholic churches here.
Catholicism, in its more traditional form—with its images of saints, ornate vestments, and rituals—undoubtedly has a greater impact on people of color, especially black people, than austere Protestantism with its appeal to the conscience; one must have seen this for oneself to sense that black people find fulfillment in the Catholic Church, that they apparently unconsciously establish inner connections between this rite and their own religious notions slumbering in their souls.
It is a strange sight when, during prayer, the black worshippers in the perpetually overcrowded churches roll their eyes in a state of ecstatic contemplation, so that only the whites remain standing.

Curaçao, incidentally, is the only place where a distinct and independent Creole dialect has developed, known as Papiamento: it is a dreadful mixture of Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, English, Carib, and African languages, and it sounds as if an old, worn-out parrot with severe laryngitis were making a hopeless attempt to whistle an aria.
Also, on a drive across the flat and unadorned island, I'm struck by the ancient Jewish cemetery with its wide, flat stones - apparently, Judaism once played a major role here, and the islands were once—even back in the days of the flibustiers and buccaneers—a staging ground for smuggling between the West Indies and South America.

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But what's most remarkable is this: that the ABC Islands are a prime example of the effects of deforestation.
These islands were once covered with the most magnificent forests, containing the most valuable hardwoods; however, crass greed stripped the islands bare soon after their discovery, and since then, the rain has washed away the topsoil, and with it, the climatic conditions have changed.
Because there are no longer any forests, there is also insufficient rainfall, and the result is what is common in the tropics: instead of trees and shrubs, the ground is taken over by cacti - thus, Curaçao is the island of cacti.

It is astonishing what varieties one sees on the island - here, people make a virtue of necessity.
Cacti are used to fence off properties, since a cactus hedge, which can only be "pruned" with an axe, is more impenetrable than stone or iron; blacks also use the cacti to hang laundry—a peculiar sight!
The worst consequence of that overexploitation, however, is the water shortage: all water sources have dried up, and the extremely rare rainfall is collected in all kinds of containers and guarded like the apple of one's eye; water is more valuable on these islands than wine.

The English have made repeated attempts to take these islands away from the Dutch ever since the 17th century, but the Dutch have bravely repelled all attacks, for once the Dutch have something in their grasp, they won't let it go so easily.

The economic importance of these islands, which is largely due to their extremely favorable geographical location, has since increased enormously, and today, it can hardly be overestimated: this is because Curaçao and Aruba serve as the massive storage hub and refineries for the crude oil extracted in Maracaibo.
Early in the morning and in the evening, oil tankers travel back and forth daily; here, one comes across a large tanker at every turn, and port activity is extraordinary; a visit to the beautiful terrace of the "Americano" harbor hotel in Willemstad is a true delight.
In Willemstad alone there are 750 large storage tanks, and 12,000 refinery workers live in the suburb of Emmastad; in 1936, the refineries in Aruba produced 10,336,000 metric tons of gasoline, kerosene, lubricating oil, etc., and in Curaçao, 7,200,000 metric tons.
It is precisely here, then, that one can feel, hear, and smell that one is at the very heart of the "motorized" world: our ship also refueled in Willemstad, taking on a mere 1,700 metric tons.

In this once-quiet corner, a piece of the global economy—and likely global politics as well—is now flourishing - no wonder that 27 nations have consular missions in Willemstad.
Incidentally, the 87-year-old, distinguished German consul is the last surviving official who was appointed by Bismarck.

6. Panama

Then we continued across the Shark Sea, past the Venezuelan Paraguana Peninsula—with its entrance to Maracaibo Bay—toward Panama: it's amazing what tiny fishing boats venture into these dangerous waters!
We landed at Cristóbal Colón, at the entrance to the Panama Canal. We had expected to encounter a very peculiar, if not particularly beautiful, stretch of land here; in the end, however, we couldn't stop marveling at it.

I don't intend to go into detail here about the founding of the nation of Panama or the construction of the canal, but a few words are necessary given the extremely complex circumstances; otherwise, some things will remain incomprehensible.
When, following the failure of the Frenchman Ferdinand de Lesseps—whose arrogant self-importance had cost not only billions in money, but also countless human lives—the Americans took on the canal project (1903), the future nation of Panama, with the benevolent assistance of the U.S., seceded from Colombia, to which it had previously belonged; then, with the help of the U.S., the independent Republic of Panama (officially the República del Istmo) was founded on November 3rd, 1903.
In exchange for 10 million dollars, the U.S. reserved the so-called Canal Zone for itself—an area 8 km wide on either side of the canal to be built: this "Canal Zone," which runs right through the middle of Panama, is therefore U.S. territory.
The matter is made even more complicated by the fact that within this Canal Zone—that is, within U.S. territory—lies not only the port city of Colón, but also the capital, Panama City itself, a highly unusual situation under constitutional law.
Colón's sister city, Cristóbal, is American, and Panama City's sister cities—namely Ancón and Balboa—are also American - incidentally, this led to some wild situations during the American Prohibition era.
When we were in Colón at a magnificent German restaurant with German waiters, they told us that during Prohibition, the entire population of Cristóbal had simply besieged the bars in Colón, with the Americans standing in line until dawn, and special cars would have to be arranged for the drunkards: that's how every unnatural coercion comes back to haunt you! Back then, a great deal of money was made in Colón, as well as in Panama City.

The U.S. has also reserved for itself the entire sanitation administration in the State of Panama; the latter, quite rightly.
It must be said that America truly earned great credit here by decontaminating this region—which was formerly called the "killer pit," the most health-hazardous place on Earth—before construction began, through the deployment of entire "fever brigades" (35,000 men) and measures such as draining swamps. Venomous snakes, alligators, scorpions, and similar creatures were also eradicated from this area as much as possible, with the battles against mosquitoes and other insects being particularly grueling: anyone familiar with the ins and outs of the situation can well imagine that heroic deeds were performed by members of these brigades.

Only after this task was completed did work begin on the canal, with the most difficult section being the cut through the Cordilleras at the Culebra Gap; the canal was completed on August 3rd, 1914, and officially opened on July 12th, 1920.

For us Germans, the canal offers nothing new from a technical standpoint, as the famous Gatun Locks, which raise ships by 8.7 meters in three chambers, are roughly equivalent to the facility at Hohenfinow near Berlin; the same applies on the Pacific side to the Pedro Miguel and Miraflores Locks.
But a voyage through the canal is utterly romantic! It offers indescribable sights, especially on the vast, fairy-tale-like Gatun Lake, which was created by damming the Chagres River without first clearing the jungle flooded by the artificial inundation—and from which, even today, all manner of leafless jungle giants rise alongside small islands of virgin forest.
A fantastic sight! And to the left and right, the unexplored jungle, much like the Amazon.
But it was hot - in fact, "hot" doesn't even begin to describe it, with it being over 50 degrees in the shade; every pore turned into a fountain.

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And then you arrive in the "Three Cities": Panama, Ancón, and Balboa—and thus on the shores of the Pacific, the Silent Ocean, on the other side of which East Asia burns fiercely.
When you arrive there for the first time, you can imagine what Balboa might have felt back in 1513, when he was the first European to see this new ocean, into which he rode, enraptured, bearing the flag of the Blessed Virgin, to claim it for the Most Christian Spanish Lord of the world at that time.

The views are wonderfully beautiful: Panama City (with 67,000 inhabitants, excluding Ancón and Balboa) is a little paradise in its own right, though a detailed description would go too far here.
In the commercial streets of this truly international metropolis, the flags and emblems of every nation on earth hang from every store as permanent decorations - except for the German flag, which was the only flag that was nowhere to be seen; the U.S. makes sure of that.
Anyone who has ever sat up on the gentle slopes at the delightful golf club with its park glowing in every color, or looked out over this piece of fairyland from Bellavista, will never forget it: what struck us here however, as, incidentally, in all these tropical countries as well, were the magnificent health facilities, massive modern hospitals, specialized tropical hospitals, and sanatoriums with exemplary amenities; in Europe, too, we have not the slightest reason to look down on these "savages" in this regard.

A drive through the surrounding area along the Pacific coast is a very special treat, for in the distance lies the high Cordilleras, and nearby are lovely landscapes that would remind one of Thuringia were it not for the coconut groves, the towering royal palm, breadfruit trees, and other giants that lend them an exotic character.
On the other side lies the mighty ocean, shimmering in surreal colors—the kind found only in the tropics—with towering rocky islands; also out at sea, too, was a large Argentine cattle ship unloading long-horned bulls—that is, tipping them into the ocean, which is undoubtedly a simple and inexpensive method.
On the beach, the bulls—now running wild—were caught with lassos by chasing cowboys, known here as gauchos, and herded into a corral - but then came a terrible scare: a few escaped beasts, apparently hostile

toward Germans, charged at us innocent spectators at full gallop, heads bowed in a menacing stance, without any warning; I would never have thought it possible that even the most portly Central Europeans could climb onto the highest planks with such monkey-like agility.
Fortunately, the attackers' only "victory" was the slashed sleeve of a gentleman's coat, who had taken refuge behind a tree just a little too late.

Along the way, we passed, among other things, very well-kept Chinese settlements: they grow rice, tobacco, sugarcane, and bananas here, and you suddenly find yourself right in the middle of China.
In between are animal settlements of the strangest kind, the most peculiar of all being the grotesque giant iguanas with their meter-long, hard tails, which they use as whips.

History, too, has its monuments here, and on the way out, we also came to Old Panama, the first major Spanish settlement founded in 1518.
The once-proud city, with all its valuable cultural treasures, was plundered by English pirates in 1671 and burned to the ground, leaving nothing but ruins; the ruins of the mighty cathedral still bear witness to its former splendor, and between the bare walls of destroyed grandeur, the wind sings and carries a lament across the sea.

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Two things are particularly noteworthy in the State of Panama and the Canal Zone, the first being the truly appalling racial mix - it is suffice to say here that not only do adventurers and con artists from all over the world gather here, but that every—truly every—race on earth, with the possible exception of the Eskimos, can be found here in both pure and mixed-race forms.
In the jungles of Panama, just as in the Amazon, the pure-blooded Indian still lives and knows how to handle a bow and poisoned arrows - but what one sees outside the jungle—especially in the seedy harbor districts—is something one simply cannot believe is possible.
There are blacks with slanted eyes, Indians with woolly heads, Malays with thick lips, Chinese and Arabs with black noses, Indians with Kaffir skulls, Syrians and Armenians with Japanese cheekbones, whites with every conceivable racial trait, and so on; especially among the women, these are such shocking sights that they can make one feel sick.
These port cities are like a panopticon of every conceivable racial mixture, but particularly striking is the strong Asian influence - here, the human race has erected a truly repulsive monument to itself: how low can human beings sink!

And then there is the second aspect: the military side of the Canal Zone.
Although the Americans' forts and long-barreled guns are "camouflaged," the military camps and airfields are not easy to "camouflage" - thus, the entire Canal Zone gives the impression of a single, vast military camp.
Military aircraft dart back and forth, keeping watch from above, and the streetscape is dominated by American military personnel. they are splendid, mostly blond young men who make an excellent impression, and one is involuntarily reminded of German soldiers; there are indeed a great many of German descent among them.

These are clearly handpicked individuals: I've been told that to enlist in the Canal Zone troops as a private, a completed college education (high school diploma) is required.
But these splendid, fresh-faced young men are constantly exposed to a danger that is today deliberately pitted against whites by the "colored" movement throughout the world: the "colored" brothel; it is claimed that, particularly in the Isthmus—this worst den of vice on earth—hecatombs of white blood are perishing, along with the loss of the racial instinct and of physical and mental health.
Incidentally, one also sees many Japanese in the Canal Zone: we saw them everywhere, but here they were particularly noticeable, even though they have the ability to make themselves almost invisible.
Whether the Canal could be secured against all threats in the event of war seems doubtful, but that is not our concern; incidentally, the canal is already too narrow today to accommodate the largest battleships, and that is why there is talk that the United States wants to build a second canal in Nicaragua.

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After returning to Cristóbal Colón, we had another pleasant experience, for this port city on the Atlantic coast is, even more so than Panama City, a seething cauldron of activity, noise, and international hustle and bustle.
The main shopping street is like the Kurfürstendamm of the tropics, with impressive storefront displays, the side streets being smaller versions of it.
As is typical in the tropics, all shops, bars, and the like are open to the street - so, in a sense, everything takes place outdoors—even shaving.
The exotic goods on display, which look extremely tempting in the glare of the lights, are, however, almost entirely Japanese junk, and the same goes for the "authentic Indian" wares in the big "authentic Indian" stores.
The Japanese won't be deterred by anything, and the cost of Japanese goods bypasses every customs barrier: the colorful throng of people in these streets is frightening.

Add to that the racket: everything is shouting and screaming in a jumble, but apparently that's still not enough to satisfy their musical cravings, since here, every little shop also has its own radio, set up as close to the street as possible and turned up to full volume.
On top of that, there are the "nigger songs" right on the street itself, complete with rattles, drums, and plucked string instruments: it all adds up to a hellish concert that only someone with eardrums made of elephant skin could endure.

As we struggle our way through, a spry fellow suddenly jumps out from an "Indian" shop in front of the storefront, grabs us by the arm, and whispers at max volume: "Take a look in here—you wouldn't leave a fellow countryman in the lurch, would you? I'm from Berlin, and everything I've got is top-notch and great."
Then he continued: "Buy combs or whatever else you want, it's all the finest Japanese junk - but if you want to get ripped off in this beautiful city, at least let a loyal fellow countryman rip you off."
The man was truly a delightful and refreshing character, and when asked what this myriad of shops—some of them massive stores—lived off, he replied with the utmost calm: "The stupidity of those who come here with tour groups, especially from America: Americans love to buy kitsch, and they're

loose with their dollars; the bigger the kitsch, the better the business." That put our minds at ease, for his sake.
Incidentally, there also seem to be leftover stocks of "Indian" and "Chinese" goods from other parts of the world here: one of us had purchased a "genuine" Indian snakeskin bag, which was later to be admired on the ship, but in a quiet corner on the inside of the handle, we found the words "Legally Protected" written in our native script.

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Panama, with its Canal Zone, is a mixture—baked in a blazing oven—of paradise, a panopticon, a carnival, and a den of iniquity.
But one thing here—as in all towns in these colorful countries—is simply exemplary: the ventilation system in enclosed spaces, such as restaurants, theaters, movie theaters, and so on; there's neither stench nor tobacco smoke—even though people smoke excessively here—nor musty air nor kitchen odors; you don't even need to open windows to "let it air out"; likewise, there are none of those ugly, noisy barrel organs that are built into the walls of our establishments as exhaust vents.
I first encountered this brilliant American ventilation technology—in which the air is constantly "washed," purified, enriched with oxygen, and, in the tropics, also cooled—in the U.S.
Many people here go to the theater or the movies just to breathe fresh air - and what about us; why isn't this truly beneficial technology possible here?

7. Jamaica

Now we set out across the dreaded Caribbean Sea—dreaded because of its hurricanes, which occasionally wipe entire villages off the face of the earth; we were spared, however, and this magnificent sea revealed itself to us in all its colorful splendor.
It was just hot: we entered the Gulf Stream, which only intensified the humid heat; then, finally, amid a wondrous sunrise, the second—and perhaps most beautiful—pearl in the English crown welcomed us: the crown colony of Jamaica.
We hadn't thought we could be surprised anymore, but Jamaica proved us wrong.

Sailing between fairy-tale palm-fringed islands, we entered the dreamlike bay of Kingston, and rising directly from the sea to a height of 2,300 meters are the striking Blue Mountains, which divide the island into two parts.
The rising sun bathes the massifs and jagged peaks in brilliant gold; there, climbing high up, as if placed there straight from a toy box, are the settlements and bungalows.
As mentioned, Jamaica made an even deeper impression on us than Trinidad, the famous "Island of the Blessed" - and that's saying something.

Jamaica is indeed a wondrous gem, and incidentally, it is the island with the most water in the West Indies (114 rivers and streams).
The flora and fauna are the same as in Trinidad - here, too, butterflies and hummingbirds are indistinguishable, and there are over 200 species of birds here.
An intoxicating fragrance hangs over everything (over 3,000 species of flowering plants): the riot of colors is unreal in its beauty.

Here, too, alongside blacks and mulattos, live the Chinese and Indians (40,000) who were brought over from England in their time; East Indian settlements stand alongside Negro villages, round huts with walls of palm leaves and thatched roofs.
Along the rivers, amid the giants of the primeval forest, there are often massive and impenetrable bamboo jungles: the natives have built swaying bamboo bridges across the rivers, and anyone prone to vertigo will feel a chill run down their spine.
Begging here is the same as in Trinidad; the black women all chew short sugarcane stalks, which at least looks more appetizing than the disgusting chewing gum slurping of so-called educated Americans.

A drive from one side of the island to the other across the Blue Mountain range on the magnificent English mountain road is surely one of the finest pleasures: the route winds through the enchanting gardens of Hope with their splendor of orchids, across the vast savanna with its lush plantations of all kinds of tropical fruits, and up to the pass at the delightfully situated New Castle, with its magnificent view of the island and the sea.
The British military camp is located in New Castle, though it gives the impression of being completely deserted, even though it's crammed full; we saw only a single Tommy.
England apparently "conceals" its forces everywhere: perhaps it has to do so.

The descent on the other side, through endless coconut groves and enchanting groves of mighty royal palms, past rushing waters and rugged gorges, is truly a journey through a wonderland that defies description.
Along the way, a monkey bombarded our cars with coconuts; if the rascal had hit one, he could have caused all sorts of damage.
Six-ox carts and herds of zebu pass by, and at Buff Bay and Annotto Bay—that truly dreamlike bay—you find yourself back in the heart of Africa, since white people aren't to be seen at all.
As is typical in these tropical regions, the wheels of those ox-drawn carts consist of solid wooden discs taller than a man, cut from a single piece; the axles are also turned from hardwood, which is more indestructible than iron.
Across open country, over scree and through deep sand, it's impossible to make headway by any other means - thus, when you see such a vehicle, you feel transported back to centuries long past.

The return journey takes us through the deep gorge of the magnificent Wag Water River Valley, past Castleton with its abundance of the rarest jungle trees and precious woods, and past Constant Spring with its Indian settlement.
In Kingston, we have the opportunity to view English "trophies of victory" from the First World War at the market, beneath blossoming immortelle trees, cannonball trees, and royal palms.
Battered German artillery pieces; the English brought them here and apparently set them up for the people of color in honor of "white humanity".

Just as we had seen Jamaica at sunrise, so we saw it at sunset: what an enchanting sight, as all these splendors are gradually bathed in every color!
And once again, the mighty, highly elegant frigatebirds and the large, clumsy cormorants and pelicans are circling the ship, carrying a sack on their large, thick beaks that makes them look like flying black suitcases.
The cormorant, which has remained a faithful companion to us in every port city, is a strange fellow: slowly and ponderously, it circles, and then suddenly this almost shapeless mass folds in on itself, transforms into a black arrow, and dives into the sea at lightning speed to a depth of 1.20 m; then, when it resurfaces, its entire beak pouch—a sort of market net—is full of fish.
In these waters, there are fish of downright bizarre shapes and colors: the lancetfish stands out as particularly elegant, gracing us with its presence here and shoots through the waves like a long, flexible stiletto.

In the harbors, the ship is constantly surrounded by the black divers, who swim around it ceaselessly and dive for the coins thrown into the sea from the railing; they retrieve coins the size of a Dutch 20-cent piece with unfailing accuracy, even in heavy swells.
In Madeira, one such diver climbed aboard the ship and, from the top sun deck, dove headfirst for one of these coins, retrieving it from the water: what lungs and eyes these people must have!
They use their mouths as wallets, and when their mouths are full, they swim to their "banking barge" and make their delivery; they are apparently organized as a cooperative.

Jamaica, incidentally, offers proof of nature's cruel revenge: at one time, the Norwegian rat had migrated there and wreaked havoc on the plantations, and to combat it, its most dangerous enemy—the mongoose, a type of cat—was introduced.
These mongooses eliminated the rats but, after this good deed, then turned to a terrible one: they began to eat lizards and small birds—the indispensable helpers in the fight against insects, especially the very nasty ticks found there—and the result was that the rat plague turned into a tick plague.
Ticks, however, prefer to lay their eggs in the eyebrows of newborn mongooses, which then perish in a miserable and agonizing manner: in the tropics, one is deeply struck by the merciless cruelty of nature and the plight of its unredeemed creatures.
Incidentally, in Trinidad and Jamaica there's also the real vampire—a blood-sucking bat that preys on humans as well (*Desmodus Rufus*)[5]: the vampire is not a mythical creature here, for there are bats here with a wingspan of 1 1/4 meters.

Jamaica was undoubtedly the highlight of the trip, and this island is truly a kind of Eden - but even this paradise has its flaws, for not only does the crisis of monoculture play a role here, but so does something else, which will be discussed in more detail later.
In Jamaica, people of color—especially the mostly full-blooded, very self-assured, and intelligent black people—play a special role: these descendants of the old Spanish slaves are called "Maroons", and some of them live in caves high in the mountains.
They endured Spanish rule, but they have not endured English rule (since 1655); they have never come to terms with it, and the extremely bloody so-called "Maroon Wars" are a painful chapter in English colonial history.
The last uprising that can be described as a war—in which over 600 white people were killed immediately—took place in 1865, which cost England a great deal of money - at that time, England forcibly resettled a portion of the Maroons to Africa, thereby supplying the likely even more dangerous "Ethiopian movement" with valuable agitators.

Since then, the Maroon Wars have taken the form of strikes that frequently spread across the island—and, incidentally, to Trinidad as well.
These strikes in the tropics have nothing to do with wage demands or the like, but have a completely different character than, say, the strikes we have experienced here: they are racial-nationalist movements, but more on that later.
A report from London dated August 15th, 1938, confirms this view - according to the report, "the Maroon tribe, which lives in the heart of the island and descends from immigrant (!) slaves, has recently threatened an uprising… and has already occupied several railroad stations."
As we were leaving Trinidad, another dispute broke out, and as we bid farewell to Jamaica, the last thing we heard was, "Strike!" - that is becoming a cry of terror there, for of Jamaica's 1 million inhabitants, barely 15,000 are white.
As I write this, I've just read in the newspaper that the governor of Jamaica has urgently called for British warships and military reinforcements to be sent to Kingston to quell a "strike": war in paradise!

[5] The scientific name for the common vampire bat. - The Translator

8. Cuba

It was hard for us to say goodbye to Jamaica.

We're now sailing from the Caribbean Sea into the Gulf of Mexico—a sea all its own—passing bizarre rock formations and coral reefs; the moon once again casts silver light on the choppy sea and on the reefs that disappear and reappear.
We don't want to go to bed, for we can't tear ourselves away; meanwhile someone says, "All of this isn't just simply beautiful—it's incredibly beautiful!" - and he's right.
Finally, Cuba came into view, and we sailed for hours along the flat coastline here; far in the distance, the Pico de Tarquino (2,600 m) greets us.
We land in the evening in the brightly lit city of Havana: the illuminated streets wind through the sprawling city like glittering snakes, and cars swarm like fireflies along the seemingly endless waterfront road; the images of the romantic entrance between the forts—Morro Castle with the Cabañas Battery and Punta Fortres—are a staple of every illustrated magazine.

As is well known, it was in—or rather, near—Cuba that the fate of the once-mighty Spanish colonial rule was finally sealed.
The United States had its sights set on Cuba, and following repeated uprisings by the Creoles, funded by the United States, a protracted war broke out in 1895 between the Creoles and mestizos against the Spaniards; then, amid this turmoil, on February 15th, 1898, the American warship "Maine", anchored off Havana, exploded—allegedly as a result of a Spanish attack.
This was the catalyst for the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, during which the obsolete Spanish fleet was destroyed on July 2nd, 1898, in the waters off Cuba - now, Cuba came under American administration.
But the Americans soon found a fly in the ointment, for in 1902, Cuba became a free republic; now, instead of an iron chain, America placed a golden one around its neck.
But that chain is becoming increasingly frayed: it is said that the Creole knows how to deal with troublesome creditors in the proper manner.

In Havana, one is met by all the old Spanish splendor in its stone-clad grandeur; even for new buildings, apart from a few American skyscrapers, the charming Spanish colonial style has been favored.
Old Spain, incidentally, must have possessed a vast wealth of marble and alabaster, as marble and alabaster predominates everywhere; even in the Old City, with its mulatto and Chinese quarters, one sees stately marble staircases and marble tiles in the oldest shacks, which make a peculiar impression - here, new life does not spring from ruins, but old life endures within them.
The city proper, the New City, is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful major cities (with 590,000 inhabitants): magnificent, spacious squares and wide streets lined with blooming oleander, tall laurel trees, royal palms, and mighty rubber trees give it the character of a large, light-filled garden city, and even the Prado and Paseo Martí, the bustling commercial street, give the impression of an extended park.

Today we have to tear down our big cities to create light and air, but here, that's not necessary, as a great deal of urban planning artistry went into the design of this old Spanish city: there is hardly a single important building here that isn't situated in or in front of a magnificent, ornate square.

The elegant Presidential Palace is particularly beautifully situated in front of the vast square that stretches all the way to the sea.
The houses and villas, with their marble-columned porticos in the classical Spanish style, are a feast for the eyes; you'd be hard-pressed to find the kind of kitsch that often spoils the mood in American cities here, but where you do find it, it's surely American.
The crowning glory is the famous Capitol, said to be among the most beautiful buildings on Earth: it is indeed classically beautiful, and there is absolutely no sense of bulkiness, for despite its marble splendor, this towering structure exudes a fairy-tale elegance.
The interior matches the exterior - here, too, everything is "authentic," and despite the lavish combination of marble, alabaster, gold, and mahogany, nothing seems oppressive or kitschy—except for the Statue of the Republic erected in the vestibule, the second-largest indoor monument in the world, though that, however, is a flabby, clumsy female figure that almost gives the impression of being a mulatto.
In the center of the colonnade, that precious diamond is set into the floor, from which all distances in Cuba are measured as "kilometer zero."
The Capitol was completed in 1929 with a cost of over 20 million dollars, and its furnishings have still not been paid off to this day; the suppliers' enthusiasm for the Capitol is therefore dampened, and English carpet suppliers have consequently removed the large carpets: in the tropics, the sublime coexists even more closely with the ridiculous than in old Europe.
Less appealing is the overwhelming abundance of marble and alabaster at the vast Columbus Cemetery, where one drives along the wide avenues in a car: the splendor of the massive monuments leaves us unmoved, for this is not a cemetery, but an overloaded museum - in contrast, how much more beautiful and soulful is a quiet German forest cemetery!

In Havana, one now stands everywhere on the historic ground of the old Spanish empire: the Cubans cherish this tradition, and they are right to do so.
Let us mention just two witnesses to a proud past: first, El Temple, a small, ancient temple with historical paintings, which was once built on the spot where, after the discovery of Cuba (1492), the first Mass was celebrated under a massive breadfruit tree; then there is the venerable old Columbus Cathedral in the old Spanish Baroque style.
The cathedral is connected by secluded passageways to an old monastery, on whose open balconies the monastery students used to play ball; behind the high altar in this old cathedral stood Columbus's sarcophagus from 1794 to 1898, after which it was transferred to Seville.

A special treat is a drive along the wonderful waterfront road (Antonio Maceo Malecón) mentioned earlier and on to Avenue Miramare into the actual villa suburbs: on one side, the sea crashes over the seawall, and on the other, the abundance of flowers in the large parks wafts their heady scents.
And yet, people told us that this winter was an exceptionally "harsh" one: it was impossible to determine exactly what they meant by that, since for us, the warmth was more than enough.
How delicious that glass of fresh beer tasted in the heat at the Hiero Brewery in the romantic Tropical Gardens! The streets grow even wider and more beautiful as they lead outward, eventually becoming magnificent avenues lined with tropical trees.
Outside lie the various clubs, each vying for supremacy, as well as the golf and tennis courts, the large airport, and above all—in the most beautiful spot—the military installations: on one side are large, airy barracks, and on the other, the officers' villas; more on that later.

A nighttime tour of Havana is also quite impressive, and you can experience all sorts of things there: when we arrived, it was Carnival, and people of color apparently celebrate it by recalling the jungle; Kölner humor[6] is better and more uplifting.
Even more enjoyable is a visit to the large sports hall at the Frontön to watch Yai-Alai, the ancient Basque national ball game: it's astonishing to see the power and precision with which the players handle the throwing paddles strapped to their arms.
As is always the case on such occasions, the audience is the most remarkable part - there, you can still find authentic Spanish folk life.
We also visited the famous and infamous Casino Nacional, the Cuban Monte Carlo: it's in a beautiful location, and in the park in front of the entrance stands a famous alabaster monument—a group of nude dancers brought to life by the moonlight.
The casino is lavishly furnished, and in the dining and dance halls, you even have to pay for the chair you want to sit on, which costs 2 1/2 dollars - it was a German-Swiss waiter who pointed this out to us: "Be careful—as soon as you sit down here, you'll have to pay up!"
The gambling itself strikes us as utterly mind-numbing: gambling dens of this sort are places of intellectual degradation, and a good, honest game of German skat is a cut above them all.
Much more appealing was a visit to a down-to-earth nightclub, the beautifully situated Sanssouci - here, people literally dance under palm trees, and the entire venue is decorated in the Spanish colonial style. The dance hall here is the large patio, shaded by mighty royal palms, and the surrounding expansive park is home to rare plants and magnificent trees - here one could experience "Negro" dances and Cuban dances—especially the famous "rumba"—in their natural authenticity, dances that, when mimicked in a monkey-like manner back home, come across as completely different—and certainly not more beautiful. Despite their sometimes strongly sensual nature, these dances appear natural—and at times beautiful—where they belong and where they are folk dances; in contrast, where they do not belong and are merely mimicked, they come across as distasteful.
I have seen these dances, for example, in major American cities: a sultry, repulsive sight! We Germans, in particular, should be wary of importing rhythms from other cultures, for after all, others do not mimic our folk dances either.

In Cuba, the 1907 census recorded 1.5 million whites (Creoles), 620,000 blacks and mulattos, 335,000 other people of mixed race, and 15,000 Chinese, though in recent years, Cuba has expelled 60,000 blacks to Jamaica and Trinidad - apparently, the Creoles do not want to be overwhelmed by African influences. The Creole men (descendants of the colonial Spaniards) are handsome, and the Creole women are known for their grace; Napoleon's wife, the beautiful Josephine Beauharnais, was, incidentally, also a Creole from the West Indies, and has a monument in Martinique.
This makes it all the more surprising that Creole women, whether old or young, paint their faces in a way that is anything but beautiful: this is no longer a matter of powder or makeup, but is pure porcelain painting; the only thing missing is for them to wear a sign around their necks: Caution, Fragile!
To top it off, there are not only red-painted but also green-painted fingernails and—toenails: all that grace is of no use here, and it "gets to you," as the Berliners say.

[6] "Kölner Humor" is a style of humor rooted in the Rhineland region, which is heavy in its use of irony and its expression during carnival seasons. - The Translator

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So what is Cuba, really? In truth, it is a pure military state under the dictatorship of Batista, a former noncommissioned officer and alleged communist revolutionary, though if he had really been a communist, he would certainly have made his peace with "capitalism" very thoroughly, since communists who come to power usually learn to adapt very quickly.
But apparently it is true when people say that Batista was not a Bolshevik, but a nationalist—and still is.

Batista is the real ruler of Cuba; no one even mentions President Larede Bru.
In a relatively short time, Batista has managed to build up a formidable and highly disciplined military force - thus, it is understandable that the army stands united behind him.
In Cuba, everything is done for the army first, and everything else comes second or third: the military facilities, barracks, etc.—including the welfare of officers and soldiers—are exemplary.
An American major general who happened to be present stated verbatim:

"Nowhere in the entire United States do we have such excellent barracks and facilities as are, of course, found here in Cuba."

The military therefore also makes a very good and very self-assured impression.

The consequence of this one-sided focus on military welfare is, of course, the neglect of civilian and economic administration; in addition, the country suffered from a severe sugar crisis.
Cuba was once Spain's sugar treasure trove, and still relies heavily on sugar exports (three-quarters of total exports) and tobacco exports.
There are 200 sugar mills in Cuba alone - thus, the crisis of "monoculture" is having a severe impact here as well, though since the United States granted preferential tariffs for sugar, the situation is said to be improving.
Furthermore, the economy is heavily bureaucratized: we were told that the economy is entirely in the hands of officials, some of whom receive their salaries from the state for only 10 days and are then—reliant on corruption; meanwhile, agriculture is in a state of decline, and the land is being ruthlessly exploited for the military.
Thus, behind much of the marble splendor lies bitter poverty, and the fact is that in many houses—especially in some of the magnificent villas—several families and related clans live together simply to maintain ownership of the property - here, too, reality and appearance often diverge.

I also found it remarkable to take a look inside the famous tobacco processing plant of the global company Alvarej Lopez & Cia., where the famous "Corona" is manufactured, where the production itself is done entirely by hand.

Social welfare here extends only to entertainment: in the work hall, a reader sits on a high chair, but even here, there are complaints about falling prices and a slump in business.
The impact of the destruction of Central European prosperity and the economic ties to former export markets—brought about by the dictates of Versailles—is difficult to make clear even to intelligent people

abroad; it is appalling how long the most obvious global folly can persist in minds once clouded by delusion!

9. Florida

The journey continues along the cliff-lined Florida Strait to the American peninsula of Florida.
Florida is the southernmost state in the U.S., the only one with a completely tropical climate, since it lies at the same latitude as Luxor.

To enter the United States, special entry permits are required—permits that do full justice not only to excessive American bureaucracy, but also to its endearing naivety.
The official questionnaire asks, among other things: are you mentally ill; have you ever been insane; in which prisons have you served time; do you intend to assassinate the President of the United States; do you intend to forcibly alter the U.S. Constitution? etc. - if someone is crazy, has served time, and harbors all the aforementioned "laudable" intentions, would they probably answer these questions with "Yes"?

Our destination was Miami and Miami Beach, the dream of American billionaire girls - and iIt really is a dream!
Miami (with a population 150,000) lies on the mainland coast, while Miami Beach—with its magnificent buildings and miles-long beach lined with royal palms—is separated from Miami by Biscayne Bay and situated on a long peninsula jutting far out into the sea.
Miami is connected to it by three engineering marvels: three wide roads built firmly into the sea, on which cars sometimes drive in rows of six (Causeway, Venetian Way, County Causeway); it takes about half an hour to drive across these stone causeways.
Along the County Causeway were moored the famous luxury yachts and private planes of America's financial tycoons. The Vanderbilts' estate looks like a floating poem; it is sheer folly to dismiss something so truly beautiful as "kitsch."
The peak season runs from December to April, as later on, it gets too hot: when we were there, for example, the temperature was over 28 degrees.
At the same time, the American mid-wave radio was abuzz with reports of what were supposedly the coldest winter storms on record: America is, in every respect, the land of the most striking contrasts.

As you arrive, the skyscrapers of Miami greet you from far away: that's when you know you've arrived in America.
Some people, too, turn up their noses smugly at the skyscrapers—especially those who haven't seen one yet - for example, I can hardly imagine anything more wonderful than sailing into New Dock Harbor with Manhattan's stone jungle, and similarly, the view from Lake Michigan of the kilometer-long, Dolomite-like landscape of Chicago's skyline is breathtaking.
Heinrich Heuser, who has a decidedly rural outlook (author of "Feldwege nach Chicago" [*Country Roads to Chicago*], says of Chicago:

"This is the most beautiful city in the world, a technological dream of aluminum, glass, steel, concrete, and light: fantastic, like a novel by H. G. Wells come to life.
In no other city have I ever felt as free and happy as I do in Chicago."

Anyone who has seen the skyline of New Dock or Chicago will understand this exuberance, for such a sight is surely among the most powerful impressions created by human works.

Quite apart from the fact that, when standing before these towering monuments to human creativity, one is facing one of humanity's greatest technical achievements, no serious observer can deny that this longing for the sun, transformed into stone and iron, is poignantly beautiful in its grandeur.
Admittedly, a few of the oldest, still unstructured buildings—especially when they stand side by side—look like boxes pushed upward; incidentally, too, such structures already exist in Europe as well.

The art of building bridges and halls from iron and steel girders was applied to residential construction in America in the 1880s: this marked a revolutionary innovation in construction technology.
After an inauspicious start, this technique also gave rise to a new style, and very soon, giants over 100 stories tall were erected - however, with their delicate articulation and their form tapering toward the top in terraced fashion, they no longer give the slightest impression of being massive or oppressive—leaving only one thing: alongside amazement at this human achievement, a profound sense of aesthetic satisfaction.
Anyone who, for example, looks at the Empire State Building or the Rockefeller Center in New Dock with their wonderfully balanced proportions without being moved by these feelings either lacks objectivity or a sense of beauty; furthermore, anyone who, at night, stands on the rooftop garden of the 30th or 40th floor of a New York or Chicago hotel and gazes down into this world of countless fireflies—this fairy tale from *One Thousand and One Nights*—must possess a considerable degree of callousness if their heart does not lift at the sight.

Certainly, the skyscraper is not the "ideal", for the ideal is the little cottage in the woods - but who, amid the crowded masses of our so-called civilized world, can afford this ideal?
This brings us to the social problem of the skyscraper: when a European hears that some 30,000 people work in a single skyscraper in New York, it sends a shiver down his spine, and he is overcome by the image of these poor people crammed into that "stone coffin."
But what a naively foolish notion that is! Just ask the "poor, pitiful people" who have to work there—as I have asked them—whether they'd like to trade places for the workspace of a five- or six-story office building in London, Paris, Berlin, or Stockholm, complete with backyards and all the trimmings!
The office workers, engineers, lawyers, etc., in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and so on, consider it a stroke of good fortune to be allowed to work in a skyscraper—and the higher up, the better - but why is that? Because here they have light, air, sunshine, magnificent views, and peace away from all noise—in short: because, of all places, it is here that they feel much more closely connected to nature than in an office building in a mid-sized city.
To put it bluntly, one could say that the skyscraper is an attempt by crammed-together humanity to return to nature, but at the very least, it is a poignant expression of the human soul's longing for sunshine and purity: it fulfills not only a financial purpose, but also a social and ethical one.
Please forgive this skyscraper-related digression, but it always gets under my skin when I hear know-it-alls loftily condemning the "concrete megalomania" of American skyscrapers.

Even the—incidentally modest—skyscrapers in Miami offered a charmingly beautiful view, not only as a welcome sight but especially at night when viewed from the sea.
Miami itself, particularly in its villa-lined suburbs, is a tropical garden city that is almost suffocating under hibiscus and other floral wonders - after all, Florida is called the "Island of Flowers."

And since we are once again on so-called “cultured ground” and in the midst of the most refined “civilization,” the magnificent parks and grounds of the mansions and castles are once again fenced in: in Miami, one sees some over-the-top kitsch, but also a great deal of admirable beauty.
A drive from Biscayne Boulevard via Point View—with its delightful view of the bright-green sea here—through Millionaire’s Row, past Silver Bluff to the large seaplane base of Pan American Airways, then through the coconut-palm-lined suburb of Coconut Grove to the actual billionaire district of Coral Gables with its wonderfully quiet hotels (the university is also located here), —such a drive would be an unforgettable experience even without the fiery magic of the hibiscus and other tropical beauties, and without the birdsong.

Of course, we also visited the Seminole settlement with its large alligator farm.
Florida was once home to the brave Seminole tribe, who long resisted the seizure of their homeland; even today, people in the United States look back with unease on the last bloody Seminole War of 1836–42. At that time, the survivors who had not been massacred were relocated to “reservations” deep in the interior: only one tribe of 660 people has remained together in the impenetrable forests of Florida, living by its own laws and within its own culture, and to this day has not concluded a peace treaty with the White House in Washington.
Dozens of punitive expeditions have been sent against this tribe over the years, and all have returned defeated - thus, for several years now, Washington has tried “kindly” to persuade the tribe to recognize American sovereignty and pay taxes, but that, too, has been in vain, for the tribe lives in proud and mysterious seclusion, maintaining its protest against the plundering of its homeland, protected by swamps and forests that white hunters are reluctant to enter due to their abundance of silver lions, panthers, alligators, poisonous spiders, and snakes.
Their chiefs are excellent drivers and drive the most expensive cars: whenever one of them comes to Miami, he causes quite a stir with his old Native American costume—complete with eagle feathers, just as we know them from our youth magazines—and his “moccasins” on the gas pedal; everyone then carefully gives them a wide berth; no one dares to refuse their purchases, even of weapons and ammunition - thus, the romance of Karl May[7] extends right into the sober present!
People in Miami aren’t entirely without concern however, for in the past a few Seminole families were forcibly kept on the coast, and American commercialism has crammed these few—with their wives and children—into a display area near Miami - thus, the children of this once-proud race were and still are forced to beg, and the whole affair gives the impression of a distasteful tourist trap.
It’s an uncomfortable feeling to see how the misfortune of a people is being exploited for profit here: it keeps reminding us of Versailles.

Miami is surpassed by Miami Beach, which is truly a dream: flamingos strut about in the hotel gardens, and the highly elegant beach life (it was 20 degrees below zero in Berlin) is familiar from the illustrated magazines.
One might wonder which is more beautiful: this magnificent beach stretching for kilometers beneath pine trees, royal palms, and blooming oleander, or the sea, which here takes on an almost unreal hue far out to sea—it is a very light green and looks like liquid emeralds.

[7] Influential German author known for his adventure stories in foreign locales, very popular in the Third Reich. - The Translator

Out in the sea, large stakes have been driven into the water, spaced 1–2 apart, to protect against sharks: it is a curious fact that sharks never swim through such a barrier, even though they could easily pass through it; therefore, no netting is needed to keep them out.
It also seems quite remarkable that a section of the beach is set aside for Jews, and that there are even hotels and inns that do not accept Jews - nightingale, I hear you singing![8]

We then drove across the entire long peninsula and continued a good distance on the mainland along the famous New Dock–Miami highway.
In the fastest car, the trip from New York to Miami takes about 3 1/2 days, and the direct New York–Miami express train is a bit faster.
These trains are marvels of technical ingenuity: among other things, they feature special concert cars, dance cars, movie theater cars, and whatever else the hearts of overindulged "haves" might still desire.
The true "haves," however, spurn both cars and express trains, and they instead fly in their luxury private jets - so, someone who can afford it can go snowboarding in the Rocky Mountains and, if the mood strikes, bask in the hot sun in Miami the day after tomorrow.

Just outside Miami, there's also a massive parking lot for the new American RVs: you can see license plates from almost every U.S. state there.
An RV like this does indeed seem like something worth emulating, especially given the housing shortage, and the lucky owners save on the expensive cost of housing in Miami, for it is an expensive place to live: in the large hotels, a room without a bathroom costs $26 (about 68 Reichsmarks) per night, but one can also find cheaper accommodations, especially in the charming little bungalows.
Incidentally, the American economic crisis was even felt in wealthy Miami: truly, the "golden heart disease" of the U.S. is leading to economic distress.
In Miami, some complained that "prosperity" isn't quite what it used to be, and that the specter of bankruptcy was already looming over one of the major hotels—a specter that is undoubtedly more unpleasant than its black counterpart.

As for the fact that the smear campaign against Germany isn't effective everywhere, Miami, of all places, provided us with gratifying proof.
We had booked a chauffeur for an afternoon outing and asked for the usual deposit, whereupon theu replied: "Oh no, sir, German people are true" (Out of the question—Germans keep their word).
Incidentally, even in Miami there was the most absurd rumor-mongering—and not just about Germany: with deep seriousness and relish, it was spread that England had just declared war on Japan, and that the British High Seas Fleet was on the march via the Philippines to Tokyo; the American imagination is constantly running wild.

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[8] Could possibly be referring to how the nightingale bird is associated with mourning or longing, due to its bird song; therefore, Bang would be saying that the Jew is lamenting his inability to bond with common society, forever an outsider. - The Translator

With Miami, we bid farewell to the tropics: it was not an easy parting, for it was as if the fairy-tale beauty of these lands wanted to send us one last, particularly enchanting farewell.
When we left, it was late in the evening, and Miami shone and sparkled with its skyscrapers aglow with a thousand lights; we drove close to the County Causeway, one of the wide roads leading to Miami Beach, and along this road, endless rows of illuminated cars accompanied us.
An indescribable sight—this torchlight procession of cars, this glowing, golden serpent following us! And then, as the finale to this fireworks display, came the radiant ribbon of Miami Beach; we were already far out at sea before this unforgettable symphony of light and color faded away.

One more word about the wondrous world of the tropics as such.
In Jamaica, we asked German and English consular officials who visited us on the ship: “You really do have an enviable lot in life! Isn’t it wonderful to be able to live in this paradise all the time?” The reply, almost excited, was: “Only someone who occasionally gets a whiff of life here could ask that” - even Heaven can become a torment.
“Year in and year out, from dawn to dusk, unceasing sun, light, radiance—nothing but a blaze of colors, nothing but harvests, nothing but intoxicating scents—no one can endure that in the long run, and it can ultimately drive one to despair - but one thing is true: once you’ve been away for a long time and are back in your old homeland, you’re always gripped by a consuming longing for these damned tropics.”
There is a deep truth in these words - we, at least, can now relate to that.
Undoubtedly, our climate, with its changing seasons, is the most blessed and fortunate from every point of view—at least for us—and nothing beats our cozy German forest and our German spring! But it would be nice if spring and summer lasted a little longer here.
Living in the tropics all the time is certainly not a desirable goal, but it’s just as certain that the longing for them never leaves anyone who’s been there once.

10. Bermuda and the Azores

Just a few brief words about the rest of the journey:

Accompanied by schools of dolphins and flying fish, we sailed through the very choppy Sargasso Sea—which the Gulf Stream fills with seaweed, algae, and memories washed away from the jungle—on our way to Bermuda (with a population of 28,000), nestled in a light-blue sea, with its port cities of St. George and Hamilton.
Bermuda consists of 360 small islets, reefs, and cliffs, five or six of which are inhabited and connected by a picturesque railroad that winds its way across frighteningly narrow isthmuses and over high bridges; it is also a British Crown Colony and an important naval base for England, but its economic trade is almost exclusively with America, since it is the main supplier of vegetables to New York and a popular seaside resort for the "haves" from Dollarica[9] in need of relaxation.

The entire area resembles a Nordic archipelago beneath palm trees: Bermuda is truly evergreen.
The flora is a peculiar mixture of tropical and European plants, with German pines growing right next to oleander groves, and Nordic oaks and spruces standing alongside palm trees, rubber trees, hibiscus, and flowering agaves; German vegetables also sprout alongside coffee, tea, indigo, tobacco, and cotton.
Bermuda has a wonderful climate, yet the proud Bermuda cedar dominates it all - nowhere, however, is there water—no springs and no streams: that is why massive cisterns are found everywhere, in which rainwater is collected and channeled for irrigation.
The large white domes of these cisterns shine out into the distance; it certainly takes a great deal of hard work to keep these waterless islands evergreen.

A ride on the aforementioned railroad is exhilarating, and there's probably nothing quite like it: on one side of the cliffs, the vast ocean, shimmering from deep green to light blue, and on the other, the view of the charming islets with their bays.
And one more thing: there are no cars on these islands. Cars are banned! They are the "car-free islands" - how wonderful!
There are only horse-drawn carriages - and what horses! You really get the impression that even the cabs here are drawn only by thoroughbreds, and the pace reflects that, too.
For the first time, we saw beautiful dogs here again, for in all the tropical regions we've visited, we haven't seen a single decent dog—just a pitiful, desolate, run-down breed of the worst kind of mongrel, enough to make a real dog weep.
One of us—from the countryside—expressed this profound thought: "Oh, how lovely this is! The sound of horses' hooves and horse droppings again! How homely!"
The familiar sparrows also greeted us here for the first time again: they don't exist in the tropics either, apparently because there the source of food for all sparrows is replaced by the donkey.
The noble sparrow is a gourmet: it wants nothing to do with donkeys or mules!
There's no sign of a crisis in Bermuda; their agricultural sales are secure, and Americans are happy to pay high prices for good vegetables.

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[9] A German slang term to refer to rich Americans. - The Translator

As we set sail, the setting sun bathed the entire peculiar archipelago in violet light: we were now headed for the Portuguese Azores in five days—a region sometimes notorious for its treacherous weather for shipping.
Apparently, certain air currents meet or cross paths here, and we felt this quite strongly later on as we set sail: during the storm, a massive ship's rope snapped like a thread.

The Azores consist of nine islands of volcanic origin, with the most notable being São Miguel, with its port and capital, Ponta Delgada (with a population of 18,200), where we landed.
The large harbor, whose breakwater must be constantly extended further out to sea due to the very strong surf, is of the utmost importance for transatlantic traffic as a coal and oil supply station; during the First World War, this was the base of the American fleet, secured by minefields.

Ponta Delgada is picturesquely situated at the foot of a high mountain ridge: windmills dot the slopes, and many houses, built with a combination of black and white stones smoothed by the sea, give the impression of a black-and-white drawing.
Due to the risk of earthquakes, there are many single-story houses, especially in the outskirts - there, one can still see ruins from the last earthquake.
Many houses have beautiful palm gardens, and of particular note is the old Baroque church of the Jesuit monastery, the Collegio, with its large altar carved from cedar wood and its old, valuable wood carvings: they give an overloaded and confusing impression; the carvings of our old German masters are more beautiful, purer, and more refined.

The island itself is extremely peculiar, for here we have what is probably the most distinctive and extensive crater landscape in existence - in fact, every mountain here is a crater.
These mountains, which run the entire length of the island in a jagged chain, look like green sugar loaves with their tops broken off: one cannot help but describe this peculiar impression as a distinct lunar landscape.
One is left with a profound and unforgettable impression when driving up through blossoming countryside to Sete Cidades, a massive extinct crater which, according to legend, is said to have once swallowed seven flourishing cities: the crater rim has a circumference of 15 km; at its base, the crater is 5 km long and 3 km wide, and from this bottom, about 400 m deep, two lakes shimmer—a small one emerald green and a large one deep blue.
On its shore far below, reached by winding mule trails, lies a dreamy little hamlet with a church—as if a giant had built it there from a toy box.
Down the crater walls stretches a rock-clinging plant with bright red pods, and looking down from above, you feel as if you're in a fairy tale, especially when the sun shines into it: the sight is enchanting in the truest sense of the word.
You keep rubbing your eyes to make sure you're not dreaming, and when you turn around on the crater rim to face the other side, you gaze out at the endless expanse of the ocean, along whose shores settlements dotted with local windmills stretch out - truly, it was a trip finale that was something else—one you'll never forget.

The island is fertile - here, for the first time, we saw organized farming again, and for the first time, we saw and heard native larks taking flight.
The beautiful calla lily grows wild here between the fields and along the roadsides; blooming camellia trees and similar beauties—oranges, grapefruits, and pineapples—are a reminder of tropical flora.
Vineyards, tobacco fields, and tea plantations are bountiful, with some crops yielding 3–4 harvests a year here; in addition, intricate embroidery and basket weaving are practiced.
But poverty is also widespread here: daily wages range from 48 to 72 Reichspfennig, and the problem of land ownership and land encumbrances is the same as in Madeira; donkeys and mules are the primary means of transportation here as well.

The Azores are beautiful, valuable and a hub of global trade - they should therefore actually belong to England, if their logic is anything to go by; it also violates the divine world order here that others have established themselves at this hub of global trade, for the English, who are known to like to meddle with Portuguese colonies, have sometimes lain in wait here as well.
There is a delightful story that has the merit of being true: in 1811, there was a massive undersea earthquake off the coast of São Miguel, as a result of which, in June, a new island rose 4 km away from the sea, which is 4,000 m deep at that point; the British frigate “Sabrina”, which was anchored near the Azores at the time, rushed over and—planted the British flag on this new Azores island, which rose 80 meters above the sea, and solemnly named it “Sabrina.”
For the astonished Portuguese, this was a nasty surprise! It must undoubtedly be a dubious pleasure to have an English fort planted right under one’s nose on a valuable possession - and since a League of Nations with a “worldly conscience” and “worldly reason,” which supposedly helps small nations, did not yet exist at that time, the dismayed Portuguese did not know what to do.
But heaven really did come to the rescue: on October 3rd, 1811—exactly 118 days after the English flag was raised—the new island vanished just as it had appeared, and it vanished along with the English flag: it’s a shame that something like this doesn’t happen more often!
The Portuguese are said to have laughed! It is unknown where England filed its “claim for reparations” at the time, but if the incident had happened today, Germany would, of course, be to blame.

As we set sail, a colorful rainbow connected the island’s green massif with the heavy swell of the sea: it was as if a gateway had been erected through which we sailed back home from a strange, fairy-tale world.

Nothing more will be reported about the return journey, though just as on the outward voyage, we also had to stay 50 miles away from the Portuguese and Spanish coasts on the return trip; the insurance companies required this because of the “danger of war” in those waters at the time.
We noticed nothing of this danger, however, and only nightly searchlight drills indicated the surveillance activities of the international patrol ships.

In the Bay of Biscay, we passed an English troop transport coming from Palestine - truly, the Empire is ablaze, and it is ablaze where we were as it is ablaze elsewhere: a sign of things to come!

II. Results

As I said, I will record here essentially only one finding from this trip, namely what I had the opportunity to observe regarding the “colored” movement, and what I have been told by outstanding experts about similar conditions in Africa and Asia.
I am addressing this in more detail precisely because I feel that many among us have no real sense of this issue—its truly astonishing development, its profound gravity, and indeed, its danger: this is understandable, because, in a nation that had become as spiritually and politically ailing as ours—and which, under strict leadership, first had to find its way back to itself—the direction of its gaze necessarily had to be “inverted,” that is, rigidly turned inward, at first.

However, we must prevent that initially necessary “inversion” from becoming an end in itself and, despite our best efforts, from impairing our ability to see into the distance: the time has come to sharpen our vision for what is taking place—even beyond the immediate effects of the Treaty of Versailles that affect us directly—on and behind the great world stage, and what will in some way also affect our destiny - this includes, to a very significant extent, the “colored” movement.

A “colored” movement has only existed since the war, as before that, there were only “colored” issues—namely, more or less significant local matters concerning the various white colonial powers—but not as an issue spanning the entire globe and affecting all white nations, regardless of whether they themselves had colonies or not.
Since the First World War, however, this has fundamentally changed, so that anyone who has ever been abroad and taken an interest in these matters is overwhelmed by what they see - thus, since the First World War, the issue of people of color has taken on far-reaching significance, and has evolved into a movement that seeks to unite more and more people of color, including those of mixed race—a movement in which common threads and common slogans can be identified.
But where there are common threads and slogans, there must ultimately also be unified leadership.

Where does this transformation since the First World War come from?

1. The First World War and People of Color

When we think of the First World War, we think first and foremost—and rightly so—of the nearly two million fallen soldiers of the finest German stock; we think of the cowardice involved in mobilizing the entire world to attack an innocent, hardworking people; we think of the crime of Versailles, of the plunder of German lands and German resources, and of the sadistic bleeding dry of the German economy, pushed to the point of utter exhaustion - and yet, that is not the worst of it, for future historians will likely identify as the most horrific and far-reaching aspect of the First World War the fact that this war against Germany was waged as a race war.
Even if the cause of the First World War lay outside the realm of racial issues, it was nonetheless waged in the manner of a race war: this war was and remains, quite simply, a monument to the shame of the white race.

England, France, and their allies can never make amends for what they have wrought, for hovering over this war are two fateful phrases: one by Clemenceau—"Vingt Millions de trop" (20 million Germans too many)—taken from a propaganda pamphlet published in Paris as early as the beginning of 1913, and the even more candid statement by French General Castelnau:

"This war is aimed at the destruction of the German race."

These were not mere figures of speech, but were deadly serious statements that originate from a truly suicidal sadism.

Not only were people of color of all shades forced to participate in a European war for the first time—elevated to the status of "Allies and fellow associates", and thereby made "alliance-capable" for whites—but France also deployed its own colonial troops of all colors on all fronts across Europe. According to the committee report of the Chamber dated May 31st, 1923, France alone deployed 845,000 black, brown, and yellow peoples to the European battlefield, and while we have no statistical evidence to verify the size of the non-white auxiliary forces brought to Europe by England and the Allies, we know only that England sent one million Indians into battle against us, of whom 100,000 were killed, and that India supplied billions' worth of war materiel.
Added to this was the humiliation of Germans in our colonies perpetrated by France and England during the war, which escalated to the point of publicly chastising white Germans in front of people of color: the colonial practices of these "democratic" countries found no better means of trampling on respect for Germany among people of color after they had brought the war into the colonies in violation of Article 10 et seq. of the Congo Act, and in their sadistic fury, they apparently did not realize that they were thereby trampling on something entirely different.

Incidentally, one of my bleakest memories is that, during a debate at the time about this humiliation, a representative from Bethmann managed to reject the demand for immediate retaliatory measures, explaining that the enemies were merely acting "ab irato" (in anger) - and yet, nothing more had been demanded than imprisonment for captured foreign officers until such conditions were remedied: it is truly no wonder then that while we won the battles back then, we had lost the war.

This also includes the fact mentioned above that in Trinidad and Jamaica, England had German prisoners of war work on its highways for the amusement of the watching people of color in the scorching tropical sun, and that it brought “trophies of victory” over white people to the tropics as exhibits for people of color.

I do not wish to be misunderstood: we Germans, of all people, do not despise any people of color, and we undoubtedly have more respect for people of color than those who see them merely as objects of exploitation; we wish every people of color their own happiness, and with the utmost respect and sorrow, we commemorate our brave and proud askaris in German East Africa, who, with 14,000 fallen, made the ultimate sacrifice for Germany.
We also remember with grateful respect all those in our colonies who have remained loyal to us to this day, and who continue to demonstrate this loyalty to their “German massa” in ways that are often deeply moving: it is also a shining testament to the German colonial economy that the Hereros, despite the bloody suppression of their uprising, buried their chief Samuel Maharero—who died in 1923—with German flags and insignia, and that they inscribed a German inscription on the stone monument they had erected for him, his father, and his grandfather in Okahandja.
Instead, this is about something entirely different: first, it concerns the peaceful resolution of the racial question itself, and second, the fact that it would never have occurred to either Germany or its allies to deploy people of color against white opponents on European battlefields.

The racial desecration of the war then continued after its end, possibly in an even more extreme form: the black disgrace along the occupied Rhine truly cries out to Heaven, and we shall never forget that shameless remark by General Mordacq, the French commander on the Rhine, that they intended to “reforest” the Rhineland with the brave Moroccans, and to “fertilize” Morocco with the German Alsatians.
Was the nature of the “peace treaty” anything other than the crowning achievement of this monument to white racial disgrace, when the German “criminals” were led before the famous horseshoe-shaped table at Versailles, who pronounced judgment upon them, who decided the fate of the white people in the heartland of Europe? Not only white judges, but also black, red, brown, and yellow judges: what must the Muslims have felt when they were allowed to help put a white Christian people in a stranglehold; what must have been going through the minds of the Indigenous peoples of Central America, the Haitian mulatto Tertullian Gullbaud, the Liberian Black man Dunbar King, and the mixed-race leaders from Panama when, as allies of the “Big Four,” they were allowed to place their foot on the neck of a desecrated white people!
These “allies” of color then, of course, all asserted their claims, and to the extent that they acted as “dominions,” they all achieved a significant strengthening of their administrative and constitutional status - thus, England must not forget that the intensification of all centrifugal tendencies within its empire—which cause it such grave concern today—has its roots in the First World War.

To take that desecration to its ultimate extreme and to cement the Germans’ depravity in the eyes of people of color for all time, Germany was not only declared, upon the plunder of its colonies, to be incapable and unworthy of colonization, but was also forced to promise—as a sign of repentance and atonement—to hand over a holy Koran to the Muslims and the skull of a Wahehe sultan to the Negro peoples (both of which were ancient gifts to the Kaiser).

One wonders today whether this appalling act of harakiri[10] by a white world that had gone mad was actually reality or merely a wild dream; one is left scratching one's head, wondering how it was even possible that so-called civilized white peoples could have sunk so low as to engage in such shameless self-humiliation—and that there ever existed a heroic white people who, in a state of mental collapse, allowed themselves to be subjected to this defilement.
What came afterward was merely a continuation of this self-degradation - after all, the League of Nations was and is nothing more than a color chart, and if the war revealed white technology to people of color, then the League of Nations revealed white politics and diplomacy to them in all their "beauty."
Respect for European culture, too, is largely a thing of the past: Europe is no longer a spiritual source for people of color, but at best a ready-made store of civilization!

The consequences of the racial war against the Germans are far more serious than some assume, but they are different from what the guilty parties themselves expected: the guilty parties, whose guilt can never be forgiven, have in truth destroyed not respect for Germany abroad, but respect for the white race—and above all, respect for themselves; this is a strange fact that already struck me during my study trip to the U.S.
Let me offer a hint here: anyone who travels abroad and wants to learn something about the true attitudes of people of color should not turn to any "authorities" or Cook's agents, but rather talk to black chauffeurs, for in the tropics, they are the newspaper—and sometimes even more!
In the regions I traveled through, for example, the propaganda issued by the U.S. against Germany failed to take hold among people of color of all people, as respect for Germany was just as palpable there as aversion to France and hatred of Anglo-Saxon culture: this may perhaps be related to the fact that Germans are seen as sharing in the suffering of the "haves."
Above all, however, Germans are rightly viewed as the white people who respect human beings regardless of their skin color, and who do not see people of color merely as victims of exploitation - it is, for example, a well-known fact that educated people of color prefer to travel on German ships.
There is also another factor at play that is indeed significant today: the term "European colonial imperialism" has become a catchphrase and a term of hatred within the black movement, around which many issues revolve - thus, the fact that Germany is not involved in this "European colonial imperialism" is viewed by black people abroad as a major advantage.
I am also convinced that, above all, the agents of the "Ethiopian movement"—which will be discussed later—are very well informed about how exemplary and humane Germany, supposedly incapable of colonial rule, once administered its colonies, for these people know that Germany was right to call its colonies "protectorates", and it is precisely this that strikes me as remarkable: that, of all things, the "völkisch" attitude of the new Germany—with its sharp emphasis on race—is the least misunderstood by people of color.
After all, what good does it do a black person to have had "equal rights" in the U.S. since Abraham Lincoln, and yet still frequently be treated like a black animal? As strange as it may sound, it is precisely German racial legislation that finds understanding among people of color.

One can hear the following from people of color abroad—a sentiment similarly reported by Frank in his book "Paradies mit Vorbehalt" (*Paradise with Reservations*):

[10] A form of Japanese ritual suicide. - The Translator

"We understand Hitler: he is the only leader in Europe who understands the foundation of politics, and that foundation is race; what Hitler wants for himself, we also want for ourselves."

While I repeatedly emphasize here that people of color direct their aversion to whites least of all toward Germany—indeed, that one often encounters a surprising understanding among people of color for developments in Germany—a notable exception must nevertheless be made: this concerns the black movement in South Africa.
Here, a growing hatred of Germany has recently become apparent in the indigenous press, especially in the communist *Bantu-World*, published in Johannesburg; significantly, this agitation began with the increasing immigration of Jews to South Africa, and this cannot be a coincidence, if only because this smear campaign against Germany is being waged almost exclusively under the banner of "Jews in need of protection."
Vicious smear pieces are appearing in which the authors speak out "in the name of the black people of Africa on behalf of the Jews persecuted by Germany," and in which the moral inferiority of the Germans is exposed from the lofty vantage point of the "jungle ethics" of Negritude, using the appropriate means: even a blind man can see that this lofty vantage point is not on the Zambezi, but on Mount Lebanon.
The same applies when, in due course, the Father Divine[11], who is described in more detail below in the section on New York, stages parades of black and white angels from his "Heavens" against Germany in support of Judaism.

I have repeatedly warned in this book against allowing oneself to be distracted from the actual danger of the "colored" movement by the convenient dismissal of all "colored" events as falling within the realm of the "Third International"; anyone who sees only Bolshevik implications or aspirations in events involving people of color will never grasp the essence of the movement.
A completely different picture, however, would emerge if, for example, world Jewry were to succeed in subjugating this movement - thus, we have every reason to keep a close eye on this development.

There is no doubt that, since the First World War, the white man as such has lost the halo of superiority and the reverential respect he once enjoyed: in this respect, Germany, too, is naturally a victim of the great racial war.
For people of color today, white technology—including military technology—is no longer something to be feared, and during and after the First World War, they have become all too familiar with the internal divisions that have long plagued white humanity, and are drawing their own conclusions from this: for all these reasons then, a movement among people of color has existed since the First World War, and the idea of an alliance is prevalent within this movement.
In the Near East, it has already been realized, and in East Asia, it is only a matter of time - thus, the question arises: was the First World War perhaps the beginning of the great conflict between whites and people of color?
If it was, then the "Allies" were on the side of people of color! In this context, it can only be described as a shameful fact that even in England after 1919, books such as F. J. Joelson's *The Tanganjika Territory*

[11] This so-called "Father Divine" is a Negro apostle who lures black and white believers and takes money from them, even having them name him as their heir; he was accused of fraud and extortion.

(published by Fisher Unwin Ltd., London) are printed, in which Lettow-Vorbeck[12]'s band of heroes is denounced as "bastards," the German farmers and workers as "Huns" and "Boches," and which states, among other things:

"The German flag, that infamous tricolor, signified, wherever it was hoisted in Africa, a bondage worse than slavery: never again will such a man rule over millions of natives who are defenselessly at the mercy of his brutal whims."

[12] Paul von Lettow-Vorbeck was a German general who led the German East Africa Campaign during the First World War, defending against 650,000 British, Indian, Belgian and Portuguese troops with 14,000 men (3,000 Germans and 10,000 Africans). - The Translator

2. France's Military Policy Toward People of Color

There is one more thing to add—namely, France's sinful and suicidal military policy.
It poses a life-threatening danger to the entire white world, not only because of its stubborn and blind hostility toward Germany to date, but also for the following reasons:

First of all, it must be said that French politics, which is under Jewish influence, has never shown any understanding of the racial question, but rather consciously rejects it; nowhere, therefore, is the rejection of German ethnic legislation—with its concept of racial blood purification—greater than in France.
Evidently, the French people, a race in the process of dying out genetically, intend to "replenish" themselves with people of color, and thus, people of color become French citizens with full rights, and mixed-race marriages involving people of color are recognized by the state.
The tangible results of this can be seen in the kindergartens of Paris, Marseille, Toulon, and so on - the fact that, as some say, this "blackening" is not yet noticeable in the countryside is entirely irrelevant.
Moreover, this previous statement is not actually true, for while France's fate is being shaped in the major cities, especially in Paris, hand in hand with depopulation, racial foreign infiltration is advancing in France.
Since 1918, over 150,000 people of color from North Africa have settled in France, called "Sidis"; today, Paris alone is home to, among others, 65,000 Algerians and Moroccans, and people of color dominate the brothel and pimping industries, as well as the drug trade.
Professor Leclaire, a member of the "Academy of Sciences," estimates that there are well over 5 million foreigners in France, a number that is constantly growing due to uninterrupted immigration; V. I. Schuster has also provided valuable material on this development in his commendable book "Der Nachbar im Westen" (*The Neighbor to the West*), Deutscher Verlag für Politik und Wirtschaft G.m.b.H., Berlin.
He states, among other things:

"Mixed households are becoming increasingly numerous: on the Ebre River and in the Tours area, there are already entire settlements populated solely by families consisting of Arabs suffering from consumption and venereal diseases and European women.
Along the western coast of the Mediterranean, all the way to the outskirts of Lyon, these questionable fruits of an optimistically pursued "policy of assimilation" are multiplying: anyone who has the time and inclination to hike through the Rhône Valley will, to their astonishment, come across entire villages where children with strange rashes on their foreheads play in the dusty streets, staring blankly.

In these villages, there are almost no French married couples left—oh, what am I saying—there is not even a single European couple!"

For a long time, the French have sought to delude themselves about the racial sacrilege of this kind of population policy with their so-called "theory of assimilation"; the rotten pillar supporting this doctrine of assimilation—which is equally insane both biologically and politically—is the boundless French vanity, which here turns against its own master.
The line of reasoning goes something like this: the greatest happiness on this imperfect earth is to be allowed to be French, and the noblest blood on earth is that of the French; moreover, this blood is so

powerful that it absorbs everything that comes into contact with it in the blink of an eye, thereby ennobling the inferior.
Indeed, it is enough simply to breathe French air and enjoy French "culture"—or even to acquire French citizenship—to be French not only politically, but also biologically, and thus to stand above all other white peoples: this "assimilation" is France's noble mission in the world!

As the leader of the Republican Right, Marin[13], stated in August 1938 in the newspaper *Epoque*:

"The nationality of our people is far from being diminished by racial diversity; rather, it gains from it, and the national character is by no means weakened—quite the contrary!"

Well, enjoy that then! There is nothing more to be said about such preposterous nonsense.

In truth, this concept of assimilation coincides completely with that of "blackening", and the results of this assimilation are therefore already so shocking today that even serious-minded French people are alarmed.
People are still trying to beat around the bush, but they are beginning to see the reality - for example, the Frenchman Pierre Descaves wrote in the magazine *Le Mois* in October 1937, among other things:

"Even though France is uniquely capable of absorbing foreign influxes, the mass of foreigners has grown to such an extent that it now appears to be beginning to exceed that capacity - here, certain sociologists feel compelled to ask themselves in all seriousness whether France is not in danger of seeing immigration become a force of displacement rather than a factor of renewal (!!)."

It is highly characteristic of the blind French obsession when Pierre Descaves continues:

"As long as the pace of immigration allows for educational influence, the danger is not great, for on the contrary, it then represents an enrichment! The danger arises only at the moment when the reduction in the number of native teaching staff and the growth of foreign contingents—and above all, the corrosive elements within these contingents—make assimilation (!) virtually impossible."

One can only say that here, madness has a method.

Just how severe the racial disintegration of France already is can be seen from a publication by the aforementioned Professor Leclaire, where he says:

"Every year, thousands of immigrants of all colors and races come to us, and a large number of them settle here permanently; they then, or their children, intermarry with the French population.
In 1931, there were 3 million foreigners living in France; today, 7 out of every 100 people in the total population are foreigners, and in two departments, the ratio reaches as high as 28 and 23 per 100 - however, this figure does not include only foreigners who have retained their nationality, and one must also add to this number the 2 million who have been naturalized.
Together, that makes 5 million foreigners out of 37 million French people—a ratio of 13 to 100!"

[13] Louis Marin, French politician and leader of the "Republican Federation". - The Translator

This ratio is constantly worsening, and yet it still sounds like a voice crying in the wilderness when Raymond Recouly[14], in *Gringoire*, sounds an SOS call under the headline "Un cri d'alarme" (*A Cry of Alarm*) regarding the issue of France's depopulation and racial degradation.

It is understandable that sensible circles in France are fearful for the future, for after all, the trend described above is further exacerbated by the country's own declining birth rate.
In 1876, France still had over a million births, but by 1933, that number had fallen to just 610,000; since then, the number of deaths has exceeded the number of births by 12,000 annually: it is obvious what must become of a people that builds more coffins than cradles.
This is likely the real explanation for the peculiar French security complex that has existed since 1918, and this assumption is confirmed by a very noteworthy book written by none other than the man who, since the outbreak of the new war in September 1939, was appointed by the Quai d'Orsay as Secretary-General for Information to stir up the then-nonexistent French war fervor: Jean Giraudoux.
He would probably not want to have written his book "Pleins pouvoirs" (*Full Powers*) today, for in this book, he states, among other things:

"The assumption that the war we are to wage consists of a conflict between democracy and tyranny is dangerous nonsense... We are in complete agreement with Hitler in recognizing that politics finds its highest form in racial legislation."

Following an apt characterization of postwar French policy as "highly selfish ambitions for absolute hegemony over Europe by any means necessary," comes the admission of France's secret fear:

"After the First World War, French leaders for the first time had a distinct feeling of insecurity, indeed fear, that the inexhaustible reservoir of national strength and racial vitality might no longer stand behind them - thus, Versailles was the last chance for a nation of 40 million to impose the rights of the weaker party on the world!"

Now, even if all this is known in France as well, it remains all the more baffling why they allowed themselves to be driven by England into a new war, for however it may turn out, it is obvious what a new loss of white blood must mean for France in particular.
When, in the last week of February 1938, the major political debate on the German Führer's speech of February 20th, 1938, took place in the French Chamber, the session was presided over by the Vice President; this Vice President of the French Chamber was a full-blooded Negro.

Militarily, France began racial mixing very early on: when black soldiers—the "Turcos" and "Zouaves"—appeared in Europe for the first time during the War of 1870, the whole of England, for example, was horrified by this "racial disgrace", and the German soldiers took it as a kind of joke at the time when they first encountered these black men near Wörth, initially believing them to be Frenchmen painted black; some of them, as one of the participants himself told me, even washed the prisoners and were astonished that the paint wouldn't come off.

[14] French journalist and prominent war correspondent during the First World War. - The Translator

France then not only established a large colonial army, but also introduced units of people of color into its own country even during peacetime; General Mangin even explained as early as 1910 in his book “La force noire” (*The Black Force*)—which laid the groundwork for this development—that the next war would have to be fought largely with troops of color.
When, before the First World War, during the Moroccan Crisis, General von Liebert delivered his famous warning to the “High House” in the Reichstag and, citing extensive documentation, explained that North Africa, with its inexhaustible masses of black people, was intended to serve as a French reservoir of soldiers and officers, and that in a coming war the German army would face a wall of black, brown, and yellow people, he was openly mocked—amid the cheers of this “High House”—by the shifty and irresponsible windbag, Reich Chancellor von Bülow, for his “Pan-German” predictions.
Then came the race war described above, and as a true monument to this race war, the French erected a monument to the Negroes in Reims - on October 29th, 1922, in the presence of War Minister Maginot, a document of French racial humiliation was walled into the base of this monument, bearing the following text:

“In remembrance that this monument was dedicated to the glory of all our dear comrades, known and unknown, who were born in the steppes of Central Africa and fell on European battlefields in defense of France’s greatness: with love and gratitude for our Black Army!”

After the First World War, France continued its military policy, which posed a danger to the entire white world: the colonial armies, both abroad and within France itself, were constantly reinforced, and the decline in the number of white French conscripts was more than offset by the influx of people of color.
As early as the 1890s, the then French Foreign Minister Hanoteaux, when asked by King Leopold II of Belgium why France was so committed to Africa, replied:

“Your Majesty, you seek gold in Africa, and we seek soldiers!”

Today, France has introduced universal conscription in its colonies and, in its colonial conscription law, stipulated that the conscripted natives “may, under all circumstances, be assigned to perform their military service outside their homeland”: this means that the deployment of people of color on European territory is even enshrined in law.
According to a report by the Army Correspondent in the French Chamber, the implementation of universal conscription in the “colored” territories is expected to yield at least 3 million “colored” soldiers! Consequently, 40% of the French army would consist of “colored” soldiers in the future, and currently, the number of people of color in France who have already received military training is reported to be 230,000 on active duty and 1.7 million in the reserves.
Even before the current war, seven divisions of people of color are standing ready for battle—primarily along the Franco-German border—as a strike force - but the intention is to go even further.
On December 28th, 1938, even Prime Minister Daladier declared in the Senate that the colonial troops must be brought up to the strength of the metropolitan army, and that the path to an officer’s career must be opened to non-white non-commissioned officers, for “as far as effective strength is concerned, France cannot keep pace with the fertile peoples” - no comment needed!

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Ever since Mandel—a Jew and ardent hater of Germans—became Minister of the Colonies, France's military policy toward people of color has taken on forms that leave little doubt as to France's future.
On May 17th, 1938, with the establishment of a colonial General Staff, new, expanded conscription drives were carried out in Africa and Indochina (initially an increase of 70,000 men), primarily to reinforce the units of people of color stationed in France itself; at the same time, the percentage of non-white enlisted reserves was significantly increased to form additional contingents and to establish new Senegalese and Tonkinese rifle regiments.
With a new decree, Mr. Mandel has even opened all ranks in the army and administration to the Annamites, including access to the higher military academies in France - indeed, he has gone even further than that, for at his instigation, in January 1939—for the first time in European colonial history—a person of color, the Negro Felix Eboué, was appointed governor of an important colonial territory! This is the territory stretching from Libya to Lake Chad, though the governing powers of this Negro governor naturally extend to the white population as well.
This French military policy toward people of color, blessed by Mr. Mandel, is crowned by two decrees announced on June 29th, 1938, according to which the army corps and the various branches of service in the "motherland" are to be reinforced by people of color to an even greater extent than before, and according to which the French Air Force, in particular, will now be opened up to people of color due to a lack of white volunteers of its own!
Even now, the motorization of the French Army is no longer conceivable without people of color - thus, there is no doubt that France is now also securing a high-quality workforce for its Air Force in this way, and no one who is familiar with the outstanding performance of black chauffeurs and pilots in America and the West Indies will doubt this.
The technically trained black person possesses, to a particular degree, a steady nerve, a steady hand and eye, and a fatalistic willingness to serve - but isn't all of this nothing less than one great crime against the white race?

Today, France has already reached the point where, even during visits by foreign royalty, it essentially uses troops of color for guard duty and parades - thus, when the British royal couple was in Paris in July 1938, the guarding of all access roads and bridges from Boulogne to Paris—and within Paris itself—was entrusted exclusively to troops of color!
And the French newspapers proudly emphasized that the majority of the troops used in the July 21st parade (50,000 men and 300 tanks) were also colonial regiments of people of color, just as in the motorcade that greeted the royal couple upon their arrival in Paris, "the African cavalry and the black riflemen took the front row!"
Who, in the face of all this, does not think of a dying Rome? Things must truly have come to a head in France if one is still proud of this proof of one's own senility and bloodlessness; the French do not seem to credit the English king with much intelligence if they believe they can impress him with precisely this.

But such demonstrations of their indispensability constantly give the people of color new impetus and foster a sense of self-confidence among them—the consequences of which should not be underestimated - is it any wonder, then, that in July 1939 a black man in Paris declared, "The blacks saved Europe from destruction by the German barbarians during the First World War"; has France lost all sense of the

humiliation such a statement inflicts upon the entire white race? Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first blind.
Thus, the black civil servant and the black officer are gaining more and more influence in France, and according to reports from experts, the fact that the Popular Front deception did not lead to widespread bloody uprisings in France at the time is largely due to the working masses' fear of the colonial regiments, who are eager for the opportunity to shoot white people and who have already become a decisive force in French domestic politics.
France itself is evolving into a non-white power, and if this continues, France's future will be that of a European province within a non-white empire; this development is further reinforced by the fact that France—whose white population is neither growing nor even declining—is no longer able to send white reinforcements to its own colonies, with the result that these colonies are becoming increasingly homogeneous: the ongoing unrest in Morocco, Algiers, and Tunis demonstrates the gravity of the situation.

In any case, France is training soldiers and officers for the "colored" movement and, in particular, producing brilliant representatives of "Ethiopianism."
The slogan of Ethiopianism—"Africa for the Africans", coined in Harlem—has found an extraordinary resonance in French North Africa and Equatorial Africa: one need only look at black literature, where the white population of France may well be in for some nasty surprises.

As is well known, there are cannons and rifles that can backfire! Even during the First World War, there were serious disturbances during the conscription of people of color, both in Algiers and Tunis, as well as in the rest of Africa and Indochina.
Governor-General Clozel of West Africa reported on November 10th, 1916, that "any significant recruitment could only be carried out through the use of terror," and the district commissioner of Buena stated in 1917:

"Only the threat to destroy the villages could make the people compliant."

There were serious revolts in Perigaux and Bellazama, and in Batna, in the province of Constantine, the French vice president and his deputy were "massacred" by rebellious troops of color; meanwhile, the serious mutiny of French core troops in June 1917—in which 75 infantry regiments, 23 Chasseurs Alpins battalions[15], and 12 artillery regiments, and in which 300,000 men deserted the front (unfortunately without the German intelligence service being aware of it!), had, if not its cause, then at least its impetus in conflicts with troops of color.
Enthusiasm for French military service among people of color has remained the same even after the First World War, and the introduction of compulsory military service has led, especially in Africa, to conditions such as those we know only from the old slave hunts: entire villages flee from the traveling conscription commissions.
According to a report by the British governor, two million black people fled from French territory to British Nigeria alone between 1923 and 1925, and half a million fled from the French Ivory Coast to the British Gold Coast; even as early as November 9th, 1939, Mandel announced on the radio "that the

[15] Bataillons trained to serve in mountainous terrain. - The Translator

French colonies had already sent more black troops to France in the first two months of the war than during the entire First World War."

All in all: with its military policy toward people of color, France is playing a game that is not only suicidal, but also a danger to the entire white world.
Essentially, this anti-racial policy of France began with Louis XIV's unscrupulous alliance with the Ottomans against the Holy Roman Empire, and the fact that France has so far been supported by England in all of this is undoubtedly of fateful significance for the white world—and thus for England itself.
One can only understand this by recalling the words of Lord Beaconsfield, the Jew Disraeli, who was appointed Prime Minister of England at the time:

"We are an Asian power."

3. Africanism

But what, exactly, is the black movement, and what does it look like in the places we've traveled to?
It is the conscious mental attitude of the entire black world toward whites, resulting in organizational efforts that have undoubtedly long since moved beyond their initial stages - I am not, therefore, claiming that this organization already exists, but am merely asserting that serious efforts toward such a comprehensive organization are underway, and that they are bound to succeed if the self-destruction of Europe—desired and driven by England and France—continues.

Leaving aside certain developments in East Asia, the movement for people of color had its starting point and initial driving force in the already widely organized Ethiopian movement, and alongside it, in recent years, the resurgent Muslim movement has gained increasing prominence: today, it is experiencing a religious and political rebirth, and therefore, anyone wishing to investigate these matters would do well to first examine the Ethiopian movement, which is particularly noteworthy precisely because the slave trade led to a "black migration" that carried black people to various parts of the world.
Ethiopianism, which has evolved from a religious to a political movement, has its leadership and core group not in Africa, but in North America - thus, the fate of Africa will be decided not in Africa, but in Harlem (the black suburb of New York) and the "Black Belt" of the United States.
It is said that statistics are also being kept in Harlem on all black combatants, which are to be expanded to include other people of color who have served in the military; it can then be safely assumed that these combatants, above all, will be selected for leadership positions and as agents of Africanism.

At the 1924 Negro Congress in New Dock, one of the speakers declared amid thunderous applause:

"Who won the last war? The blood of black people on the battlefields of white people!"

When you first come to New York and head up 125th and 126th Streets—that is, to Harlem—you are startled, for here, several hundred thousand black people are crammed into narrow streets: it is the black slum.
The noise and stench are terrible, but one thing immediately catches your eye: clean and well-dressed children, for in this slum, which harbors many secrets behind its dark walls, sits the leadership of the Ethiopian movement; the word "Harlem" resonates today and serves as a rallying cry for the entire black world.

A surprisingly different picture emerges, for example, in Chicago - here, the black neighborhood is one of the most beautiful residential areas.
When I saw this for the first time in 1934, I was somewhat astonished, and when I asked a high-ranking city official about its background, I received the following explanation:

"When the war hysteria against Germany began back then, our young white men—especially the German ones—joined the army in droves; the factories were thus depopulated, and the demands of the war effort then made it necessary to bring in large numbers of black people from the Southern states.
These people were hardworking and earned good wages, and they pooled their money, with one of them purchasing a villa through a straw man; then, once it was occupied by black people, the value of the

surrounding land immediately plummeted, and the white people moved away because they didn't want to live alongside black people.
It took barely a year and a half, and the neighborhood was black - and that's one more thing, that every black family is a rabbit hutch.
For every ten black births, there's one white birth: that's how the neighborhood grew!"

So here, too, is a special episode of the First World War.

There I also saw a black theater: black theaters in the U.S. are top-notch and offer something truly excellent!
Back then, there was a sign in the lobby of that theater that said, "White men are admitted only to the gallery" - that's how it was as early as 1934!

When I asked Americans how such a thing could possibly be, they shrugged; meanwhile, in beautiful Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in the Midwest, I asked a young student of German descent about his club life, and when I asked whether some student clubs also admitted black people, he looked at me in surprise and said, "But of course—they're citizens, after all."
Even back then, I could not shake the impression that Abraham Lincoln—by not only abolishing slavery in 1865 but also, as a true proponent of jingoistic sentimentality, establishing the principle of "equals among equals" for the freed slaves and granting them full civil rights—had set American history on a dark course, the outcome of which can hardly be in doubt anymore.
Even today in the U.S., there is no longer any important issue—especially of a social nature—that can be resolved without taking black people into account, and just how strong the sense of racial solidarity among black people in America is today is demonstrated by the events that came to light on June 23rd, 1938, following the victory of the black boxer Joe Louis over Max Schmeling: the frenzy of celebration among Black people, which immediately escalated across the entire United States to the point of bloody riots, did not stem from sporting exuberance, but from the open eruption of hidden racial hatred.

On the surface, the situation in the U.S. is as follows: in 1790, there were 750,000 black people there; by 1860, the number had risen to 4 million; by 1910, it was 9 million, and today it stands between 12 million—14 million, when including mulattoes: I recall the term from Chicago referring to a "rabbit hutch".
Even if there are "only" 12% black people in the entire U.S., they already constitute the majority in economically and politically important states, with the proportion of black people being 32% in Florida, 40% in Louisiana, 42% in Alabama, 42% in Georgia, 51% in South Carolina, and 52% in Mississippi: this black encirclement in the U.S., which encompasses the eleven Southern states, is called the Black Belt.
Only recently, on July 7th, 1938, did Roosevelt himself, in a message to a conference of Southern politicians and business leaders meeting in Washington, describe the key position of the Southern states as "the primary economic problem of the United States": he stated that the disruption of the economic balance in the U.S. was largely rooted in the crisis facing the Southern states, and that eliminating the causes of the crisis in the Southern states is of decisive importance for the entire country; if Roosevelt holds this view, he will have to admit that the centrality of the Negro question in the Southern states of the U.S. must also be of fateful importance for the nation as a whole.

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Now, many among us have false notions about Negroes, and I, too, used to hold such notions.

One must not judge black people by the figures one might see in the sewers of the harbor, for that is just as wrong as if one were to judge white people—and certainly Germans—by the degenerate figures that can also be seen there in white skin, and who often bring a blush of shame to one's face.
The black person—including the black laborer—is, through and through, a proud and self-assured individual; he is also hardworking, thrifty, and above all—very clean! He remains so even where he lives in palm-leaf, bamboo, or bast huts in the primeval forest or the karst region of Jamaica, for he bathes as often as possible: the Negro keeps vermin at bay.
For example, when we were at Pitch Lake in Trinidad, where the Negro has to perform heavy, dirty work, I didn't look at the white men's settlement, but at the Negro settlements, and one can only marvel at them: people there live in lovely bungalows that clearly show the love with which they are cared for, for no bungalow is without an ornamental garden, which is equally well-tended; the laundry that the black maids had hung out to dry was spotless, and the well-dressed and well-behaved children are also striking here.
Something similar can also be observed in the U.S - when large hotels, sanatoriums, the big luxury ships on North American lakes, the railroads, etc., prefer to employ black male and female staff, it is not because these people work for less than white workers (which is not the case at all in the U.S.), but because the well-bred black person is modest, reliable, hardworking, and very clean; moreover, they are agreeable and resourceful; black chauffeurs and black pilots achieve outstanding results over there.
Of course, it makes for an awkward impression when black people are already in positions of authority over whites (which is, after all, also becoming commonplace in France) - it thus struck me as strange when, at the time, an American friend of mine, who had just come from the tax office, told me that he had discussed his tax return with a black tax inspector.

The "Negro proletariat", as a collective term, has long been a foolish European notion: in the U.S., for example, there are over 3 million wealthy farmers of color, and these are not only black and Native American mixed-race individuals among them, but also black people.
This likely represents the first result of the Ethiopian movement, which began with a purposeful educational effort: as late as 1816, black people were being lynched in North America simply because they could read and write, and it was not until 1865, with the abolition of slavery, that they gained the right to self-education.
What has been accomplished in this field since then—in America itself and far beyond—defies all imagination: the great founder of this educational work for black people is the intellectually outstanding black man Booker T. Washington (1850–1915), and educational scholars rightly call him the "Black Pestalozzi."
The foundation of the school system he created—which ranges from elementary school through the gymnasium (high school) to the university—is twofold: the conscious rejection of the idea of "whitening" black people—that is, educating them to become white—and the combination of intellectual education with physical training.
The educational goal is an "autonomous Negro civilization" as the foundation for a culture and politics unique to their race - thus, the guiding principle of the teaching method and education is: "Being better than white" (we must surpass every white achievement).

It should be noted here that, in adapting this school system to Africa, Ethiopianism has very skillfully taken into account the lower educational level of its fellow black people there by employing “education by doing”— that is, a kind of work school, where economic training takes center stage alongside character building and athletic training, with the goal of educating people to become “skilled workers” and specialized workers and integrating them—as representatives of the Ethiopian movement—into the African production process and as teachers among the still “primitive” tribes.
It should also be noted here that the new national educational program of the Indian nationalist movement, which was launched in October 1937 at the Wardha Conference, and which likewise places decisive emphasis on the economic perspective and makes “productive work” the foundation of education, is undoubtedly under the intellectual influence of this “Black Pestalozzi.”
Because this Wardha program aims to turn the schools themselves into workshops that are to cover their own expenses on a self-financing basis, some see this as an adoption of the so-called Bolshevik educational ideal - while the influence of Bolshevism on certain rootless circles within the Indian educated class cannot be overlooked, I nevertheless believe that this is an incorporation of Booker T. Washington’s educational plan, and even today, 90% of India’s population is illiterate, and “education by doing” has a different purpose there than merely that of externalization in the sense of Bolshevism or Americanism.

In Africa, the vehicle for this educational work was the Negro Republic of Liberia, which was founded in 1827 by 88 freed American Negroes and declared an independent republic in 1847.
From the very beginning, the acquisition of land by whites was prohibited there! Now those 88 founders and their followers have today some 30,000 descendants of pure lineage, from whom the country’s government is formed, which governs the 2 million mostly racially pure inhabitants.
I met the representatives of Liberia at the 1933 World Economic Conference in London: they are proud, racially conscious people.
Attempts to establish schools had already been made in Liberia as early as 1856, when they had established a black high school, Liberia College; since then with the war and with the organizational launch of the Ethiopian movement, the expansion of not only elementary education, but also higher education has been proceeding purposefully, with the goal of establishing an African Negro university.
In Tanganyika (German East Africa), 100,000 pounds were reportedly spent on this school system in 1939; in Uganda, 250,000 pounds; and in Kenya, 150,000 pounds - and yet, in the British territories of Africa, there are white families so poor that they cannot even send their own children to elementary school!

The establishment and expansion of this school system have been facilitated by three factors: first, the fact that black people in North and South America live everywhere in self-contained neighborhoods or gated communities; second, the fact that the severe oppression of black people in the past, especially during slavery, has led to a form of natural selection—a factor that is often overlooked—and finally, by the sentimentalism of wealthy Americans who believed they could ease their own guilty consciences here, in a supposedly innocent region, through generous monetary donations, land endowments, and the like: in particular, the Carnegie Foundation’s contributions to black education have been—and continue to be—truly extraordinary, though this may yet come back to haunt both America and the white population of Africa very bitterly.

As mentioned, the results of black educational efforts are beyond all expectations! According to American statistics, illiteracy among people of color has dropped from 90% to barely 12% within 60 years, and experts report that today, both the standards and the achievements of black high schools and universities—with their select faculty and student body—often already surpass those of white institutions, not only in athletics, but also in academics.
The professors are blacks, Indians, and, as they say, even Japanese; among them are recognized academic luminaries, and today, some 150,000 blacks work in academic professions in America.

It is somewhat naive to deny that blacks have the ability to organize, for according to U.S. statistics, there are currently 42,000 black churches, 26,000 elementary schools, 1,400 middle schools, 500 technical and higher education institutions, and several black universities, the latter of which were attended by 32,000 black students in 1939; in the Northern states, white institutions are also open to black students, and on December 13th, 1938, the Supreme Court ruled in a case that white universities must also admit black students.
According to the latest statistics, there are 54,440 black male and female teachers, 2,150 professors, 25,000 educated clergy, 10,000 musicians, 3,805 doctors, 1,750 dentists, and 1,230 lawyers and judges working in the United States; there are also over 80,000 independent businesses—some of them large corporations (including banks!)—that are operated exclusively by black people.
To cite just one example: in the state of Texas, 215,000 black schoolchildren are taught by 6,000 black teachers, over 600 of whom hold a university degree: if one wants to get a picture of the "world," one must know such things.

It is therefore no wonder that the African movement in North America and the West Indies is gaining ground more and more—not only in terms of population but also intellectually.
This is also reflected in the social sphere, as blacks are playing an increasingly important role among the American working class: when I was at Ford in Detroit at the time, I saw black foremen, and I was told that they were gladly hired because they worked "meticulously."
Marcus Garvey made the first attempt to found a black labor union; however, this idea was soon abandoned, and the position was taken that it would be wiser to join the white labor unions.
At the time, the unions affiliated with the formerly labor-friendly "Committee for Industrial Organization" excluded black people from the very beginning, but since 1930, the major American labor movement, the "American Federation of Labor," has also opened its doors to black people.

The black issue is thus becoming increasingly pressing in America, and the human and social devaluation of "black men"—which persists even in the Northern states despite legal equality, and has escalated to an offensive degree of brutality in the Southern states—must have a bitter effect precisely because of this "equality," and can only serve to bind the African community even more closely together as a community sharing a common destiny, giving it an all the more determined impetus.
Sociological scholarship in the U.S. is beginning to recognize the dangers of this issue; however, proposals are emerging whose implementation is likely already too late.
For example, sociologists Madison Grant and Stoddard Lothrop propose abandoning the theory of equality and introducing—in the U.S.—racial legislation! The idea of resettling black people is also already being advocated: in early May 1939, Senator Bilbo of Mississippi submitted a motion to the U.S. Senate to resettle 2.5 million black people in Africa.

The rationale behind this motion is noteworthy:

"A threatening intermingling of whites and blacks is underway, resulting in the birth of approximately 20,000 mixed-race individuals (mulattos) each year: if this intermingling continues unchecked, the U.S. would become a country of decadent mixed-race people, and ultimately constitute a new kind of yellow race."

All such proposals amount to a correction of Abraham Lincoln's views, however, are 75 years too late.

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In this context, "Father Divine" should also be mentioned.
In our newspapers, the story of "Father Divine" has been presented merely as a typical example of American nonsense, as a kind of madness born of American sensationalism, and as a massive fraud perpetrated against the believers he deceived.
Of course, from our standpoint, the events that have come to light are utter nonsense, and it is shocking that this black "saint" has also brought great suffering upon white families: but the issues run much deeper, and this "Father Divine" cannot be dismissed as either a charlatan or a grand swindler in our sense of the term.
This—incidentally, highly educated, eloquent, and worldly black man—is undoubtedly one of the key organizers of the Ethiopian movement and fulfills a specific role within it, which can be characterized as the creation of general educational institutions and the gathering and care of the lower strata of the black community: to this end, he employs ostensibly Christian events and plays the role of an infallible Black Pope—that is, the old medicine man in American garb.
Since he exerts an immense influence, he is, for his followers, the representative of God, regardless of what they individually imagine God to be: it is a kind of Black Salvation Army.

But let's take a look at the institutions founded by this black man.
In major American cities, they consist of a combination of a retirement home, a dining hall, a shelter for the homeless, a bathhouse, a club, a church, a library, and an educational institution—all in all: a charitable institution and a black community college on a grand scale.
These institutions are called "Heaven," where the "divine Father" "reigns"; even the American federal police—who have at least once taken action in New York—have been unable to determine where the enormous sums of money needed for such institutions come from.
Fraud or extortion in the criminal sense cannot be proven against this black Pied Piper, for everything is conducted "honestly" - it is equally clear, however, that the contributions from event attendees and residents are not even remotely sufficient to cover even the running costs of administration.
The idea that the Third International is behind this endeavor can also be ruled out, for the "Father Divine"—like almost all black leaders—is an enemy of international communism - ultimately, then, there is no other explanation than that, in addition to donations from Americans who have lost their minds, funds from some collective assets of the black movement are being made available to this black man to achieve a significant special purpose.

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The Ethiopian movement, which initially seeks to achieve "true" equality in America and which coined the slogan "Africa for Africans" for Africa, is today sending its emissaries—equipped with extensive knowledge and funds—into the black world, establishing one organization after another, and, in particular, extending its ever-strengthening ties to Africa: when the English press today notes with concern that, for some time now, even in inner Africa the old tribal feuds among black people have ceased, such an observation can only serve as proof of the influence of pan-African organizations.
One of the most gifted and dangerous leaders of the Ethiopian Movement in Africa, the historically and philosophically well-educated black man George Padmore, says:

"We have slept for a long time, perhaps too long - but beware! Those who have slept long and deeply will not, once awakened, fall back asleep so easily, and as far as Africans are concerned, they are no longer asleep: it is too late today to turn back the hands of the clock!"

It almost seems to me that today the roles have been reversed, and that Europe is asleep; England, with its new war against Germany, is singing the lullaby to accompany it.

This cannot be discussed in greater detail here, but in any case, this development is one of the most remarkable phenomena of contemporary history.
In Africa itself, as mentioned above, black people are being purposefully trained as skilled workers and administrative officials, and are entering the colonial service of the white powers - thus already today, these representatives of Africanism are indispensable to the white colonial economy, for they are the agents who supply the white-owned mines, factories, and farms with the necessary workforce, who draw up the employment contracts, and so on.
But all of these are workers who have somehow gone through—or are going through—the movement's indoctrination imbued with the idea: "You must keep quiet now, you must work and save, you must remain silent until 'the day' comes!"

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Added to this is the fact that in Africa itself, black labor is actually cheaper than white labor, and this "cheaper black labor" plays a very dangerous role in this development in Africa: it can already be said today that, for example, South Africa and Rhodesia would already be in dire straits without the assistance from the movement, which is still being granted for the time being.
In Africa, there are about 120 million blacks and only 3 million whites; in South Africa, 7 million blacks—some of whom are being strictly indoctrinated in Africanism and imbued with a fierce determination for the future—stand in contrast to 1.5 million whites, and added to this are 700,000 mixed-race people and 200,000 Asians, mostly Indians, whose immigration continues to rise.
This ratio is constantly deteriorating—and very rapidly at that—even setting aside the fact that the population growth and influx of whites are steadily declining.

The population problem, which was already mentioned in the discussion of the situation in France, is also playing an increasingly serious role in England: at a public health conference in Edinburgh on September

7th, 1938, the renowned scientist and physician Sir Leonard Hill, citing remarkable evidence, spoke of the "decline of the British Empire caused by artificial birth control" and stated:

"The British race is in decline throughout the world."

On July 20th, 1938, the House of Lords held a thorough debate on the population issue, and it was openly stated that

"...the Empire would not be able to hold onto its territories in the long run if vast tracts of land were sparsely populated, while a number of foreign states were suffering from severe population pressure."

The Under-Secretary of State for the Dominions, the Duke of Devonshire, also presented highly significant figures regarding emigration and return migration: according to these figures, in 1913, 285,000 people emigrated from England to the dominions, and 61,000 returned; then, in 1937, emigration totaled 26,000, while return migration totaled 34,000.

The most alarming aspect of this development is the fact that in England, the old colonial drive and will have been greatly weakened, and that England itself, much like France, is apparently no longer able to replenish the territories it controls and on which it depends with white people of its own race: this is also suggested by England's undoubtedly unfavorable demographic situation.
England's birth surplus, which once exceeded 15 per thousand, has now fallen to 3 per thousand - thus, even in all the dominions, the decline in births is astonishingly sharp despite favorable living conditions, while in contrast, what was described to me in Chicago with the crude phrase "rabbit hutch" applies to all non-white races.
Overseas territories can only be held if they can be populated, at the very least, with a healthy ruling class of one's own race; if one is no longer willing or able to do so, then one must ultimately lose them.
Colonies, too, can only be held if one settles and builds them oneself, and they cannot be held with people who merely want to make money in the colonies, for only peasant settlement can transform colonial possessions into one's own property and preserve them as such; incidentally, it is also from these perspectives that the German colonial claim gains its fateful significance for the entire white world, including England.

The population trend in threatened South Africa is particularly noteworthy: there has been no increase at all in the established white population in recent years, but rather, the white birth rate has been steadily declining.
Between 1927 and 1934, approximately 5,000 whites immigrated from Europe annually; in 1935, the figure was 6,500, while 1,800 emigrated back - it should be noted, however, that until 1934, 25 percent of these immigrants were Jews, and that this percentage is rising sharply.
In the first five months of 1935, 5,600 Jews arrived, and in the first five months of 1936, 12,370 Jews arrived in South Africa—and the actual number is likely even higher, as many are not included in the statistics.
At the same time, an issue of great concern to the reputation of white South Africans is at play: the issue of the "poor whites," the so-called "poor Blanks," as they are also mockingly called by blacks; this refers

to a white proletariat of about 300,000 people who are barely able—or no longer able—to clothe and feed themselves, and who are gradually falling prey to commercialization.

A troubling turn of events is unfolding for South Africa—and likely not only for South Africa—due to a strange shift in the fundamental English attitude toward the issue of whites versus people of color in general, a shift that would have been considered hardly possible just a few years ago - indeed, a sentimental, emotionally misguided attitude toward the "colored" issue is increasingly emerging in important and influential circles in England—an attitude that bears a desperate resemblance to Abraham Lincoln's fateful principle of "equals among equals."

The leader of this movement is the influential Sir John Harris, head of the "Society Against Slavery and for the Protection of the Indigenous Peoples": this society is nonpartisan, counts important figures among its members, and wields considerable influence, with the wife of Minister Sir Simon also being a member. The society's official organ is the *Manchester Guardian*, and the fundamental ideas being advocated in it amount to a complete overhaul of the existing English approach to colonization—that is, in truth, a rejection of the very foundations upon which the Empire has grown, and upon which it is built, for institutions and powers can only be sustained by the forces and principles from which they arose; therefore, if this fundamental shift in British thinking were to ultimately prevail, it would have implications extending far beyond the British sphere of influence.

That fundamental shift can be summarized most succinctly as follows: in its relationship with people of color, England is now to exercise merely a "trusteeship"—that is, it is England's task to support people of color in building a culture and economy appropriate to their own nature, to make them equal contractual partners, and thereby to establish a connection between the resulting entities of people of color and Europe.

However, this already goes beyond any reasonable limit, and the maintenance of the "color bar" (the racial barrier between whites and blacks) and the physical separation of whites and blacks is denounced as a violation of the most basic human rights, and the principle of "equal rights" is openly advocated - thus, for example, it is welcomed when, in Northern Rhodesia, the Labor Party rejects any government that is not accountable to the natives and is not controlled by them.

The aforementioned "Society Against Slavery and for the Protection of the Indigenous People" goes even further, and takes a stand against the settlement of whites in the agricultural areas of Northern Rhodesia! There are even voices calling for the creation of an independent black militia, to be commanded exclusively by black officers - in this context, people also recall the words of Sir Donald Cameron, former governor of Tanganyika (German East Africa):

"Our policy amounts to replacing the European with the Negro!"

Where have the days gone when Cecil Rhodes proclaimed the proud slogan "Fighting for the expansion of the Empire" and said:

"Since it is evidently the will of Providence to make the English people great and powerful, I believe I best serve that will by helping to make as much of the world as possible English!"

The effect of that white agitation on black people is obvious - when, in August 1938, a British commission traveled through the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland to investigate the question of uniting

these territories, it was presented in Salisbury with a resolution from the "Colored Community Service League," which demanded, among other things:

"Equal rights for the 'Colored Community' with Europeans and whites, and their permanent guarantee."

This new British attitude is undoubtedly well-intentioned, and essentially amounts to replacing the colonial mindset with the idea of bringing happiness to others - but it is equally certain that the principle of "equal rights for all races" would today amount to nothing less than the suicide of European identity. Nothing can certainly be achieved in these extremely serious matters through sentimental humanitarianism and ideas about the happiness of humanity; such approaches have always brought only the gravest misfortune upon humanity.

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This New English movement is by no means merely a frivolous intellectual exercise—of the sort sometimes common in England to conceal its true aims—or a mere theoretical debate, but rather a serious endeavor that is already beginning to have practical effects - and it is doing so, of all places, in the area of South Africa, which is so sensitive for England.
Here, conflicting ideas are already clashing fiercely - the Union wants to break free from the consequences of the ill-fated—though at the time not seriously intended—provision in the 1853 Cape Colony Constitution:

"Equal rights for all civilized people without distinction of color, race, or nation…"

and seeks a return to a reasonable application of the old Boer racial principles - thus, under pressure from the circumstances, the South African government began to implement its "Negro" legislation in earnest in 1938.
This legislation, following the old, tried-and-true Boer colonization methods and the "color bar," essentially amounts to a strict spatial separation between whites and blacks and an unambiguous establishment of white supremacy; now, however, that segment of British public opinion is now up in arms against this legislation.
In August 1938, Sir John Harris wrote several essays in the *Manchester Guardian* that not only offer a well-founded critique of the social failings of the British colonial administration, but also provide striking evidence of the aforementioned fundamental shift in British thinking - among other things, they state:

"The native today demands his rights as a human being; he has believed the British proclamation that all men are born free, created equal, and entitled to the same degree of happiness, but unfortunately, he must now realize that these rights are being denied him."

As early as June 14th, 1938, there was a significant prelude to this in the House of Commons during the debate on the colonial budget, when Labor MP Wedgwood demanded that universal suffrage be granted to the natives so that they could voice their grievances; then, Independent Labor MP McGovern also spoke of "the exploitation, plunder, and mistreatment of people of color by the British government."
Lloyd George took the cake with the statement:

"It looks as if the British Empire were a bankrupt corporation."

Similar sentiments were expressed during the colonial debate in the House of Commons on June 7th, 1939, with MP Wedgewood stating:

"England's colonial policy is at such a low level that unrest is breaking out everywhere in the colonies because the inhabitants simply believe that the British Empire is coming to an end: the English would do well to get it out of their heads that they are the divinely ordained rulers of inferior peoples.
If the English were to compare their colonial administration with that of other nations, they might not be so presumptuous and conceited."

The situation in South Africa is such that legislation concerning black people is, so to speak, up in the air if the three black protectorates under the control of the British government—Bechuanaland, Basutoland, and Swaziland—are excluded from the Union of South Africa, and since at least 60% of the population of these territories works in the Union, it is impossible to pursue a unified indigenous policy without the incorporation of these territories, which also geographically belong to the Union.
The transfer of these territories is therefore being demanded with great urgency by the South African government—today (September 1938) even under open threats—on the basis of solemn promises made to the Union by Great Britain at its founding, that is, at the time of the merger of the Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal, and the Orange Free State - after all, at one of the most recent Imperial Conferences, the elderly General Hertzog, as Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, declared—without any objection from the British government—that South Africa was a member state of the Empire solely of its own free will, and had the right to secede whenever it saw fit!
The British government now finds itself in a very difficult position, one that is, however, highly indicative of the shift in British attitudes: it would indeed like to carry out the promised transfer of those protectorates to the Union, but has so far not dared to do so in light of the public opinion described above, the growing significance of which is thus amply demonstrated.

Perhaps all this is a twist of fate—a retribution for that short-sighted and dangerous policy once pursued against the Boers in an effort to wear them down.
At that time, the Bantu were pitted against the Boers, and no effort was spared to incite blacks against whites - even back then, one of those involved declared:

"We are already observing the first signs of an awakening sense of solidarity among the black indigenous people of this country; we may yet be driven out of this continent much more quickly than we entered it!"

At the very least, one thing emerges from all this: that in England itself, people are quite at a loss when it comes to the race issue, but on the black side, however, there can certainly be no question of such helplessness; added to all this is the shift in British colonial practice toward the principle of "indirect rule," which will be discussed further below.

There are also black labor unions in South Africa: the black "Industrial and Commercial Workers Union" was founded as early as 1919, and its leader is the black man Clemens Kadalie.

The spirit in which these unions operate is evident from Kadalie's open declaration at the 1927 Black Trade Union Congress in Durban:

"Once our 50,000 organized members have grown to half a million, we will have South Africa in our hands through the general strike."

Here, the Third International has a dangerous point of entry.

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Perhaps one of the most noticeable results of the Ethiopian movement is the following, which must strike anyone who travels in America and takes an interest in these matters.
We knew black people as naive, curious, and above all very talkative individuals who wore their hearts on their sleeves - how is it, then, that this black person has become an extremely secretive and reserved individual, whose eyes practically radiate mistrust and caution?
The curiosity remains, but the mouth is sealed: these "deaf-mutes" are frequently encountered today in black and Native American communities, and oh, how long does it take to get black waiters and black chauffeurs to talk! Following up on what was already mentioned above, it should also be noted here that the phrase "I'm German" works almost like "Open Sesame."

The Ethiopian movement, which today has its own newspapers with its own news service (the *Negro World* alone has over 2 million subscribers today!) and shortwave radio stations—indeed, one that is even rumored to have its own "secret service" in America—is fostering the development of a unified consciousness and sense of community throughout the entire black race, a unified stance on all economic and political issues, unified slogans, and, above all, the cultivation of an intellectually superior upper and lower leadership class: as outlined above, France largely handles its military training, while England's new colonial practices provide training in administrative techniques, a topic that will be discussed further below.
The development described is exacerbated by the ruthless methods of exploitation in the British and, to some extent, the French colonies, as well as by the fraud perpetrated against the indigenous peoples even in the old German colonies: no further details need be given here regarding the "mandate fraud" itself, which was used to conceal the plunder of the German colonies.
Of the conditions under which the predatory coalition—disguised as the "League of Nations"—divided up the German colonies as "mandates," the following are of particular interest here:

1. A ban on all forced labor and all compulsory labor, with the exception of important public works, for which a fair wage is to be paid;

2. Protection of the indigenous population from abuses and from fraudulent and violent methods through careful monitoring of labor contracts and employment practices;

3. Strict control over the trade in arms and alcohol.

The aforementioned black man, George Padmore, writes on this subject:

"With the exception of the arms trade, which is strictly monitored for obvious reasons, none of the other conditions of the League of Nations have been observed by the Mandatory Powers - it is, after all, naive to believe that these imperialists would suddenly play the role of 'defenders and protectors of the indigenous races' in the Mandate territories, as that would truly be expecting too much... It is not without reason that the people of color have grown mortally weary of the hypocrisy of the white man... Strikes and bloody revolts occur very frequently in Africa, even if nothing about them is reported in the European press... We, the subjugated races of the British Empire—who once looked upon Whitehall as the bastion of justice, honor, and decency in the white world—now see how solemn promises, treaties, and obligations are treated as mere scraps of paper, even by responsible statesmen."

Reports on British and French colonial exploitation reveal the most severe abuses: fraudulent and violent land grabs, the uprooting of indigenous peoples to the point of enslavement, extreme overtaxation, and the collection of taxes by draconian means—including the use of bombs—are just a few examples of a grim overall picture.
The following examples are worth mentioning: in 1922, the Bondelzwarts, a Hottentot tribe in the former German South-West Africa, were bombed, killing over 100 men, women, and children because they were unable to pay a dog tax; in 1932, a tax protest strike in Ovamboland in the former German South-West Africa was crushed through the use of air forces and armored vehicles, and when, during a severe agricultural crisis in Nigeria in December 1929, women in the palm oil district demonstrated against excessive taxation, they were dispersed with machine-gun fire, leaving 80 dead on the spot; something similar also happened in 1935 in Northern Rhodesia when the poll tax there was raised from 10 to 15 schillings.
The conditions in the French colonies have already been described above - a black man writes about the former German Togoland:

"The situation, particularly in the French part of Togoland, has become so unbearable that the inhabitants are simply fleeing."

The method of exploitation, as practiced above all in India, turns the natives into a mass of people who are emotionally and intellectually uprooted - but the forces of hatred and destruction always take root in the emptied souls of uprooted masses, and thus, England and France are sowing the wind and will reap the whirlwind; also alongside this ruthless system of exploitation stands, as we shall yet see, a colonial practice that grants people of color rights that do not belong to them.

An even more appalling picture emerges when one examines the means by which England and France acquired their colonies inhabited by people of color: let us mention here just one example from more recent times, taken from an English source.
Between 1900 and 1903, the English invaded the Hausa lands in northern Nigeria, and the ruthlessness and barbarism that characterized the campaigns of conquest during this period were described by Brigadier General Crozier, who participated as a young officer, in his memoirs, *Five Years Hard*.
One of the most outrageous incidents he reports is the account he gives of a British officer who ordered his men to cut off the natives' hands and feet in order to take the gold they were wearing on their limbs:

"During the battle, Charlie [that's his comrade's name] and I crawled around among the corpses to see if they had anything on them worth the trouble of taking.
'Not much here,' said Charlie, 'I wonder if this anklet is Ashanti gold?'
'Look here, cut off this foot with the Adda (knife), and pull the anklet off.'
Clack! Splash! Two swings, and it's done—the anklet comes off.
Charlie holds it in his hand as if estimating its weight: 'If that's gold,' he says, 'then my trip to Kokoto was worth it.'
'Come here, Momma, get me that bracelet, too.'
Clack! Splash! The adda strikes again; the arm flies off in one direction, while the bracelet sails through the air in the other."

No further explanation is needed for all this: this is what colonial rule looks like for the people who, to whitewash their plunder, denied us Germans the right to colonize from a lofty moral high ground.
This hypocrisy is aptly characterized in Sir Strickland's sensational book titled *The Dark Spot in the East* where, among other things, it states the following:

"The British Empire resembles the Phoenician Empire: it consists of a host of entrepreneurs who pounce on the lands of other peoples, not to develop their agriculture for the benefit of those peoples themselves, but to steal their valuable resources; wherever these robbers appear, the pattern is the same...
But the English do not merely go there and quietly appropriate these things; they also revile and insult those they have robbed in the most brutal manner... Truly, the blindness of the English people, who think only of themselves, is sometimes phenomenal...
The root of the evil is their incorrigible selfishness and the pathological notion that the whole world is their monopoly—a view that expresses a very repulsive trait of the English."

This is not said by a person of color, nor by a German, but by an Englishman!

4. Arabia and Asia

The Ethiopian movement has long since ceased to operate in isolation, for today it goes hand in hand with an old adversary: Arabism and Islam.
The connecting line runs through the North African colonies of France and Italy, through Egypt into the secret Arab world of Ibn Saud, and from there through Iraq, Iran, and Afghanistan to India: we will not discuss these aspects of the overall development in greater detail here, but a few points should be noted to aid in understanding the whole picture and to clarify the "colored" movement as such, based on reports and documents from outstanding experts in the field—especially since, in the Central American and West Indian cauldron we have traveled through, all issues concerning people of color are intertwined and play their part.

The situation in France's North African colonies has already been described above; in Morocco, the "Comité d'action Marocaine" is active, and Tunis, for example, is already in a state of constant nationalist uprising.
In May 1938, the illegal organization of people of color distributed leaflets there to the troops of color, which stated, among other things:

"The blood of the martyrs calls upon you to now embark on the path of sacred duty; the call of your upright leaders pierces the prison walls and urges you to take genuine action and to continue the struggle.
Think of your fate and of the victims who, in prisons, must endure the persecutions of the tyrannical regime of colonial imperialism without mercy!"

In Algiers, where Europeans make up barely 15% of the population, the determined Dr. Ben Djellul is a leading figure in the Arab freedom movement; this liberation movement collaborates with the "Comité d'Action Marocaine" and with the Moroccan branch of the "Union of Young Muslims" (headquartered in Cairo!), as well as with the Islamic liberation movement in Tunis (the Destour Party), which openly campaigns under the slogan "Down with France"; as a proponent of pan-Arab nationalism, it, too, maintains close ties with the Egyptian freedom movement.

Incidentally, in its protectorate of Tunis—which is, in reality, a French colony—France is conducting the dangerous experiment of diverting the growing anti-French movement toward Italy; it is obvious that this does nothing to enhance the white world's standing, and whether the attempts to sow discord between the Italians and Arabs—who have lived together in peace until now—will be successful is, at the very least, doubtful, but what is known is that France is shooting itself in the foot in the process: Daladier's trip to Tunis (1939), which was staged with great pomp and glorified as a success, led to strong counter-demonstrations in both Tunis and Bizerte.
How long the Gallic rooster will be allowed to crow in these regions—and thus also in Equatorial Africa—no longer depends solely on France - one can only say, to borrow a French phrase: qui vivra verra![16]

[16] French for "whoever lives will see". - The Translator

The situation is similar in French Indochina, which comprises five states (Cochinchina, Annam, Tonkin, Cambodia, Laos), and is administered by the French Governor-General based in Hanoi - here, too, there are no longer any white reinforcements, neither for the administration nor for the army; here, too, there are ongoing revolts, and here, too, there is a rich educational system for people of color, ranging from elementary schools through secondary schools to a university for people of color; this educational system is also the vehicle for a sense of community among people of color and for the nationalist liberation movement, and the "French" troops consist largely of Tonkinese and Annamite regiments.
The internal unrest in Indochina is exacerbated by two factors: first, by the rising power of Siam, which is as large as Greater Germany and possesses an excellent army trained by Japanese instructors—an army more than twice the size of Indochina's entire military force—and, above all, an outstanding air force that is also a cause for concern for the British; "France Militaire" is already speaking of "Siamese imperialism."

Furthermore, France's concerns are heightened by the Sino-Japanese War, as Japan's occupation of Hainan Island could prove to be of the utmost importance.
It is obvious what a definitive Japanese victory in this context would mean for the "world powers": the political replacement of China by the heavily armed and determined Japanese power would, of course, also have consequences in South Asia that are impossible to foresee for either France or England, and even the Siamese breakthrough at Kra, which would render Singapore worthless, would then likely be only a matter of time.

In any case, France is mistaken if it believes it can finally put an end to the black, Muslim, and Malay freedom movements through new and increased recruitment of troops from among these ethnic groups - in reality, France is merely strengthening the forces that are waiting for "the day."

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As for the so-called Middle East, let the following be briefly stated first:
In May 1916, England and France agreed in a secret pact—the so-called "Sykes-Picot Agreement"—to partition the Near East, while at the same time Colonel T. E. Lawrence, misinformed by his government, promised the Arabs on behalf of London the establishment of a Greater Arab Empire as the price for their participation in the war against the Central Powers.
England's war aim in the Middle East was to extend its rule over the Near and Central East—that is, over the land bridge to India—specifically over Palestine, Transjordan, Arabia, Iraq, Iran, and Afghanistan; the implementation of this plan failed, however, as a result of the unexpected resurgence of Islam, for even after the war, they no longer dared to directly annex these territories and instead "disguised" their rule under mandate and friendship treaties.
Under Mustafa Kemal Pasha (Atatürk), Turkey first tore apart the fabric of the great powers and ultimately even secured sovereignty over the Dardanelles at the final Montreux Straits Conference; then, with the exception of unfortunate Palestine, one of the aforementioned countries after another achieved freedom and state independence—first Afghanistan in November 1921, and most recently Iraq in 1930–32.

France, too, pledged in a 1936 treaty to terminate its mandate over Syria and Lebanon, and a struggle is currently underway to ensure the fulfillment of this treaty, which has not yet been ratified; meanwhile, in February 1939, the Syrian National Bloc issued a declaration of independence.
But England was not even able to maintain the economic rights it had established in those countries to their original extent, for these rights pertain primarily to oil in Iraq and, above all, in Iran - here, too, England has gradually retreated in the face of Islamic nationalism, and has been forced to recognize the ownership and privileges of the states in question.

England's concerns in Egypt and Palestine are well known, and here, too, they have severely shot themselves in the foot, for in these regions, it was above all the British wartime alliance with world Jewry—as documented in the infamous "Balfour Declaration" of November 2nd, 1917—that, with its Zionist promises, incensed all Semitic peoples, of all people.
In that letter from Balfour to the Zionists via Lord Rothschild, the British government promised the Jews a "homeland" in Palestine—not, however, all of Palestine as a state, which is what the radical Jewish movement demands today, and are even demanding Transjordan: their claims have gradually grown boundless.
According to official British reports, over 250,000 Jews immigrated to Palestine between 1922 and November 1938, and the Arabs fear, not without reason, that if this influx continues, the land will ultimately be taken from them altogether through a referendum planned by Britain - thus, in the process, Britain has made ever greater concessions and has even attempted—with Jewish assistance—to subdue the Arabs, who were outraged by this: the Jews have been pitted against the Arabs.
In September 1938, according to British Colonial Secretary Malcolm Macdonald, 758 Jews had been enlisted in the regular British police force, in addition to 3,040 Jewish special police officers and a Jewish police reserve of 2,400 men: the principle initially upheld by England—that the Zionist movement should be secured militarily by Jews themselves—led to alarming consequences.
Jews abroad, especially in former Poland, received military training in special organizations such as the Brith Trumpeldor and the Brith Hachajal; meanwhile, in Palestine itself, the Haganah was formed under the command of former Jewish officers, with its headquarters in Tel Aviv.
The result, of course, was the fierce outrage of the Arabs, which has escalated into open conflict since April 1936, and the attempt to restore peace and order by dividing the entire country into three parts—that is, by establishing separate Jewish and Arab states with a British corridor between them—has only intensified the unrest.
Since 1921, six British commissions have tried in vain to reach a solution, and of the findings of these commissions, only the remarkable omission by the so-called Peel Commission is worth noting here:

"A continuation or even a worsening of the current situation cannot be viewed without the gravest concern, for it means constant unrest and uprisings and a potential danger in the event of a (European) war; it also means a constant diminution of our prestige!"

There are still some peculiar individuals in England who believe that this policy toward the Jews must be continued, and that the best way to deal with the rebellious Arabs is by supporting the Jews; this madness sometimes takes on forms that are nothing short of treason.
There are people in England whose friendship toward the Jews is so great that they do not hesitate to incite the Jews against their own British Mandate government - for example, on May 30th, 1938, the

British Labour Member of Parliament Wedgwood wrote a letter to the president of "Erez Israel," the Association of Former Jewish Officers in Tel Aviv, in which he stated, among other things, that the Jews were morally justified in arming themselves to protect themselves and their outlying colonies in Palestine; incidentally, he also advised passive resistance, as practiced by Gandhi in India (!), with forms of this passive resistance included refusing to pay taxes, breaking the law, participating in illegal demonstrations, distributing illegal propaganda material, and being willing to go to prison for it!
Well, that's quite something - it seems then that there are Englishmen for whom love of the Jews takes precedence over love of their homeland, and one cannot take enthusiasm and friendship for Judaism any higher than that.
The Jews' response is accordingly: the apparently confidential letter from Mr. Wedgwood—who, of course, is also a vocal opponent of Germany—was distributed on July 14th, 1938, in Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, and Haifa in illegal Hebrew leaflets, which call for resistance against British state authority, urge the cessation of all tax payments, and brand the Zionist leaders of the Balfour era as traitors to the people; at the same time, however, according to a report by the *United Press* on July 28th, 1938, the Arab "War Council" resolved to wage the struggle from then on under the slogan "Against the Jews and the British!" - this is certainly a remarkable combination of events of great significance.
At the same time, however, *The Times* also notes that the general situation has been steadily deteriorating since February 1938, and that cooperation between the military and police and the Mandate administration is "surprisingly cordial, but strangely ineffective" - perhaps a bit of black humor?

From Syria to Arabia, the conflict is raging fiercely, and in Syria and Lebanon specifically, the Mufti leading the freedom movement has implemented a full-fledged recruitment system; the northern border of Palestine was so threatened that, in May 1938, the British Mandate administration was forced to seal off the border with an 80-kilometer-long barbed-wire fence 5 meters wide; this barbed-wire fence is also electrified, and alone cost 150,000 pounds.
The British Army in Palestine now (September 1938) numbers over 12,000 men, up from 2,000 in 1936, and continues to grow; casualties are rising steadily, and the economic costs amount to many millions of pounds, creating a situation so grave that, despite the brigades it has deployed there, England can no longer manage by military means alone and has resorted to the cruel tactic of terror, which can only intensify fanaticism on the other side.
To this end, the British Mandate government has enlisted the "world's greatest specialist in terror," Sir Charles Tegart, who "cleaned up" Bengal in his day and who acts like a red rag to the entire Islamic world: he has had the aforementioned barrier reinforced and expanded, which is now therefore called the "Tegart Barrier"; also, among other measures, bloodhounds have been imported from South Africa, and the Arabs therefore call the British Mandate government "Haqumet-El-Kaleb" (the Dog Government).

As a result of its policy toward the Jews, Britain finds itself caught between a rock and a hard place in these territories—and today, caught between two fires, as for now, even some of the Jews who had previously been protected are turning against it.
Palestine is in a state of upheaval, and the Jewish insurrection leader is the communist Jew Vladimir Jabotinsky; the Arab freedom fighters are Anim El Husseini, who lives near Damascus, and Auni Bey Abdul Adi, based in Cairo.
The insurgents are well-supplied with weapons and money, and the British are racking their brains trying to figure out "from what sources" all these abundant resources are coming, as their constant inflow eludes

any control by the British authorities; meanwhile, by Easter 1938, British troops had already suffered 2,000 casualties—killed, wounded, and sick.
Here, too, England is atoning for a war crime, for in England itself, it is believed that the Arabs owe the brilliant art of guerrilla warfare to none other than the famous and enigmatic Colonel Lawrence, whom England—as its finest secret agent during the war—had entrusted with inciting and training the Arabs against the Central Powers.
On December 7, 1938, the Palestine Conference began in London, at which attempts were made to reach a peace agreement by playing the various powers off against one another—a time-honored tactic. However, this effort failed, and the conference ended virtually without result - thus, the new European war instigated by England can only exacerbate the situation described here for England itself.
In these regions, England is defending not only its tarnished reputation, but also one of its lifelines: the famous "pipeline" of the Iraqi Petroleum Company; at times, there were even concerns that oil pumping through the Palestine branch of the pipeline might have to be suspended.

Particularly troubling for England is the impact of its Palestine policy on Islam - for example, in August 1938, the Egyptian Wafd Party organized fundraisers to finance the Arab war effort, and at the same time, the rector of Al-Azhar University in Cairo proposed salary cuts for his ulema to benefit the fighting Arabs; furthermore, in Baghdad in August 1938 a "fatwa"—a religious edict—was issued declaring the Arab war in Palestine a "holy war."
On August 19th, 1938, the Grand Ulema, the committee of Islamic legal scholars, issued a protest in Cairo against British policy in Palestine and against the partition plan, as well as a call to all Muslims to cooperate in support of the Arabs of Palestine; this resolution was delivered to the Egyptian Minister of Foreign Affairs and Deputy Prime Minister Jehia.
Similarly, on August 12th, 1938, the Indian Muslim Congress in Delhi lodged the strongest protest against British policy toward Palestine, and called for a boycott of all British goods.
Finally, to round out this picture: in October 1938, the Pan-Arab Congress—which had been in preparation since the spring—convened in Heliopolis, a suburb of Cairo, attended by delegations from Morocco and Algeria, Lebanon and Saudi Arabia, Yemen, and Sudan; since the congress has received declarations of support from across the Islamic world, and since Iran has also already sent representatives, the Arab press refers to the congress not as "Pan-Arab", but as "Pan-Islamic"; incidentally, it is also a sign of Egypt's growing prestige within the Islamic world.
This Congress has been met with extreme bitterness by Zionist Jews, and we can imagine that it is viewed with similar sentiments in England - the *Daily Telegraph* wrote on October 11th, 1938:

"Chaos reigns in Palestine; British authority is now confined solely to the city limits of Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, and Haifa, while the rest of the country, especially the south as far as the Egyptian border, is controlled by the Arabs."

This is no longer an uprising, but war!

Undoubtedly, the revival of Islam has produced very significant leading nations and outstanding leaders, and above all, Ibn Saud—that powerful dictator of Arabia—has emerged as a very shrewd and determined leader of the nationalist movement, in whose hands many threads likely converge; he is undoubtedly a thorn in the side of the secret service.

Although Ibn Saud has rejected the title of caliph, his position is certainly that of a caliph, and his voice is heard today throughout the entire Muslim world, all the way to West India.
Recently, voices have been raised claiming that not Ibn Saud, but the young King Farouk of Egypt will be the future caliph - in any case, the fact is that Egypt has increasingly assumed a leading role within Islam in recent years.

Important political developments are also already taking place within Islam.
We already have two cohesive Islamic blocs: on the one hand, the political alliance of Saudi Arabia, Yemen, Iraq, and Egypt, and on the other, the alliance concluded on July 8th, 1937, between Turkey, Iran, Iraq, and Afghanistan. Iraq (Mesopotamia), which was granted state independence in 1932 and whose king is the son-in-law of Ibn Saud, is a member of both blocs and thus serves as the connecting link.
As early as 1933, Ibn Saud had concluded a treaty of friendship with Transjordan - in reality, therefore, this is already a pan-Muslim confederation of states, and when a pan-Arab conference was held in Bludau near Damascus in September 1937, declarations of support had already come in from all parts of the Muslim world.

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The most important—and arguably the most dangerous—aspect of this part of the "colored" movement, however, is that it is driven by Islam, and that Islam has experienced an extraordinary resurgence since the war.
As already mentioned, Islam is today undergoing a full-fledged religious and political rebirth, perhaps precisely because it once again has a goal: against Europe! It is perhaps also because it no longer has a religious adversary, which is a self-contained Christianity: Islam is entering the fray with a worldview of its own, but where, then, is there still a unified intellectual stance within the white world that could oppose it?
Today, Islam is in full missionary mode, and Islam is making tremendous progress with its mission not only in Africa, where it already counts 65 million believers among the black population, but its influence extends as far as Japan, where the intellectually outstanding Mohammed Abdul Hai is playing a growing role with the prestigious "Islamic Association."
Islam is making steady progress in Japan: there are already numerous mosques and Muslim schools, and a Muslim university is being established; it is certainly significant, after all, that Nohara can report that "certain political circles in Japan," with the aim of unifying all of Asia, had once conceived a plan to persuade the Emperor of Japan to convert to Islam, in order to make him the "Sheikh al-Islam" and thus the leader of the "holy war."
In 1936, an Islamic congress was held in Tokyo (!), and one of its resolutions states:

"Japan is on the path to realizing the great Asian empire, and Islam forms the vanguard of this movement."

Given this emphatically pro-Islamic stance alone, it is no wonder that Japan's economic expansion in all Islamic countries since about 1931 has been such that no superlative is sufficient to describe it.

It is in the very nature of an expansionist Islam that every Muslim ultimately becomes a political missionary: this involves far-reaching ideas, for Islam has, after all, already ruled Spain once and advanced as far as the gates of Vienna.
As astonishing as it may sound, Islam—which, in its new form, has learned the art of adapting to different peoples—is today playing a role, as mentioned, all the way to East Asia, even as far as Japan; at the same time, however—as we have seen and heard ample evidence of in the West Indies—it has long since buried, within its leadership, the bell of war against former non-white adversaries, such as black people, Brahma, Buddha, and Confucius.
Now, today, it knows only one adversary: Europe, and above all England and France.

From the intellectual center of Islam—the famous Al-Azhar University in Cairo, which today has 5,300 students—the ulemas are spreading out to all non-white mission territories, especially to Africa, where they proselytize and educate in the spirit of a coming Islamic empire; Islam already dominates the entire northern coast of Africa outright, and counts 65 million believers in the rest of Africa: no serious-minded person can doubt today that Islam intends to conquer Africa.
One of the most remarkable figures on this global political chessboard is the Aga Khan, whom I have had the opportunity to meet - the English themselves made him great—as they have done with so many things that now haunt them like a nightmare—but in any case, they owe him a great deal, both in India and in the Middle East; the British monarch has therefore conferred upon him the title "His Highness," with all the privileges that this title entails throughout the Empire.
But the British have, in this physically small yet intellectually significant man, nurtured a force that may one day play a very special role in the anti-British game, for the Aga Khan is one of the richest people in the world; he is accepted at the English court, and is just as at home in English society as he is in Parisian society; he also owns the finest racing stables in England.
In his homeland, as the alleged descendant of Muhammad, he enjoys almost divine honors, and he is also credited with miraculous and healing powers: when he is in East Africa, he resides in Nairobi, the beautiful capital of Kenya, and people flock to him in droves from far and wide.
The missionary zeal that emanates from this remarkable man is just as extraordinarily significant for Islam as the resources he makes available to the Muslim missionary cause.

The political struggle that Islam is preparing for—and in part is already waging—is entirely rooted in religion, for Islamic mission always entails political conquest: it is no coincidence that the Green Banner of the Prophet bears the inscription:

"Paradise flourishes only in the shadow of the sword."

As will be explained later, this involves a spiritual confrontation with a Europe that, in Islam's view, has become rotten and faithless.
In his highly readable book "All-Islam! Weltmacht von morgen?" (*All Islam*! *World Power of Tomorrow?*), [Paul] Schmitz cites an excerpt from a leading Egyptian newspaper from 1937:

"Our submission (to Europe) is temporary, and will last only until the opportune moment when it becomes possible to shake off the foreign yoke."

And that moment will come and is drawing nearer as the fragmentation of Europe and the loss of its spiritual unity progress: in the fragmentation of the Western spirit lies the driving force behind the greatness of the Eastern future.
It is a very bitter assessment when, in light of the de-Christianization of the Western world, Schmitz maintains that, especially in Africa, "an unstoppable spiritual victory of Islam over Christianity is taking place": if this judgment were correct, it would mean not only victory over Christianity, but victory over Europe.
Whatever one's stance on Christianity may be, no one can deny to someone who was once outside it that abandoning—or even merely weakening—the Christian mission would be a disastrous folly for the entire white world - but what do so many people today imagine a Christian mission and a Christian missionary to be!
One thing is beyond doubt: wherever the Christian mission is forced to pack up today, the Islamic mission automatically takes its place, and what that means for the white world should surely be clear.

Incidentally, it should be noted here that the mission, as many a veteran German colonialist confirms, has avoided the worst mistake in the education of people of color, namely, by raising them to be caricatures of Europeans, for an education for people of color that is not adapted to their imagination and their unique nature only renders them rootless and exposes them to every dangerous influence.
One achieves the opposite of what is intended when one seeks to educate people of color—especially black people—into, so to speak, artificial Europeans, as is the general practice in French and, frequently, English colonial policy.
In this context, however, it should also be mentioned what a shameless self-degradation this has meant for both the white race and the Christian faith when our enemies, on the occasion of the plunder of German private property—which violated international law and was the greatest act of plunder of all time—was decreed in Article 438 of the Versailles Dictate as the expropriation of all German missions.
Even before that, the German missionaries had been driven out amid the mocking laughter of people of color, and in East Asia, some were chased from their posts with the whip: this shamelessness on the part of England and France went too far even for some in America—which, after all, is saying something. American newspapers wrote at the time, horrified, that England and France were orchestrating modern-day persecutions of Christians: is it any wonder that this disgrace—not only to Germany but to the white world—was bound to have nothing short of devastating consequences in the non-white world? England and France should not be surprised if, today, they are reaping what they have sown in their own non-white territories - the judgment "weighed and found wanting" hangs not only over every individual, but also over peoples and races.

Here, too, is the remarkable fact that the aversion—which has escalated to a burning hatred, especially among the Arabs—is not directed against Germans, though I do not know these regions from personal experience; however, one of my sons has traveled there and reports that professing German identity virtually transforms the people there, to the point that one must resist the overly friendly expressions of Arab hospitality; the situation is similar in Egypt.
It was therefore one of Mussolini's most astute moves when he sought to make himself the protector of Islam, for which in England, people were more alarmed and outraged by this than by the entire Abyssinian War: whether Mussolini will achieve his goal in this way remains to be seen, but in any case,

this development proves that he understands the nature of this trend, and that what is written here is correct.

What was Mecca before the war? Nothing. And today? A hive of Islamic activity; what was Baghdad before the war? A sleepy ruin - and today? A bustling center of anti-European agitation.
Here, new life is truly springing from the ruins: is world history perhaps turning on its head?

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Islam's shift toward a common enemy also applies to India, where British rule was built not least on the contrast between Islam, Buddhism, and Hinduism.
While religious disputes may still flare up here and there, today they are merely echoes and superficial manifestations: they are joining forces against the white man; Mahatma Gandhi and, above all, Subhas Chandra Bose and the radical Jawaharlal Nehru know this well.
I would like to suggest just one thing here: if these freedom fighters achieve their true, grand goal—namely, the social integration of the pariahs and thus the creation of an Indian nation—they will have won the game against England.

The true state of affairs in India is evidenced by the fact that the long-overdue Indian imperial coronation of the English king had to be postponed time and again.
In mid-May 1935, England finally fulfilled its wartime promise—at least outwardly—and introduced the India Bill in the House of Commons, which would grant India a freer constitution beginning in 1937 - at that time, Winston Churchill declared:

"May the applause for the minister not be mingled with the tolling of death knells for the British Empire in India!"

In 1937, Indian nationalism achieved a complete and decisive victory in the general elections - here, too, the liberation movement is based on an educational plan that has already been discussed.
One of India's leading academics says on this subject:

"Education is the instrument for building a common ideology among the people, to hold them together for a common purpose."

Incidentally, it is true to say that England was the one that first created what is today called India as a unified whole, with the result that there is now a pan-Indian sense of national identity.
In the past, an "Indian" from the Himalayas knew just as much about an "Indian" in Bombay as, say, an Australian knew about a Bantu; now in today's India, with its 400 million people and an annual population growth of over 3 million, issues are emerging that would be too much even for the wisest British government to handle.
The fanatical fakir of Ipi and the dangerous insurgency in Waziristan are not merely local phenomena, but rather, these events are symptoms of a broader condition—and this condition could not be better characterized than by the quiet—and in some cases already loud—Indian battle cry: "Away with England!"

What does the mere fact mean in this context that England, against the will of the Indians, maintains the opium trade as a British state monopoly, thereby poisoning thousands upon thousands of starving Indians: is that worthy of a civilized white people who call themselves Christian?

Today, Indians who were transplanted to the West Indies several generations ago know their homeland, "India," very well, and Mahatma Gandhi plays the same role in Trinidad and Jamaica as he does at home - indeed, today we have reached the point where India is voluntarily emulating the British practice of deporting Indians to the West Indian Crown Colonies: the Gandhi movement has already embarked on the path of ethnic expansion!
One example is the massive influx of Indians into Tanganyika (German East Africa), where the situation is similar in other parts of Africa: as a reward for their wartime service against Germany during the First World War, the Indians received from England not only the promise of "self-government," but also the promise that they would be allowed to immigrate to East Africa - thus, everywhere, one thus encounters the First World War as the cause of British hardships, and thus, too, Tanganyika, Kenya, and Uganda today almost give the impression of being Indian provinces.
In Uganda, for example, the entire significant cotton trade is already in Indian hands, and South Africa, too, is being flooded with Indians - incidentally, Gandhi himself lived in South Africa for 30 years and laid the groundwork there for his compatriots; it was not until 1916 that he returned to his homeland. Immediately after the war, German farms were purchased by Indians, and over the past ten years, more than 30,000 Indians have immigrated to German East Africa: these are not "coolies", but are Indian cultural pioneers who have been provided with sufficient financial resources by the movement, and who already dominate both small and large-scale business life in Tanganyika.
Thousands of Indian "dukas" (shops) are scattered throughout the country and serve the black population not only as stores but also as clubs, savings banks, and centers of education: the English have watched this development with a resignation that can only be incomprehensible to those who still refuse to acknowledge the loss of English prestige and the waning of English self-confidence out in the world.
I have spoken with Englishmen about these circumstances, which really get on their nerves - when you tell them, "They're all Gandhi's people and agents," they just shrug; the only thing missing is for them to give you the answer that used to be common in Vienna: "There's nothing you can do about it."

The Copenhagen-based *Berlingske Tidende*—which is certainly not anti-British but pro-German—writes the following, among other things, in a sensational series of articles published on December 26th, 28th, and 30th, 1937:

"In Tanganyika, one gets a deep, almost frightening sense of the crisis the British Empire is going through—a paralyzing feeling of uncertainty, a doubt about England's ability to stand firm in the decisive hour—and one also realizes that if the true leaders of the Empire fail to put an end to this uncertainty, it will mark the beginning of its dissolution…
What fills a stranger who comes here with unease first and foremost is this: while the Europeans look at one another jealously from their own trenches, the Asians are quietly and silently taking over the country...
What is disturbing is that the Indians are in the process of seizing actual economic power in the Mandate territories—and under the Union Jack, no less—in a manner that is dangerous for all of Europe...

This situation is completely untenable and utterly intolerable: it is a threat to the power and prestige of the white man in Africa, and it is a threat to the self-confidence of England and the English, which is the very foundation of the British Empire; it is also, however, a question of whether these conditions do not pose a greater real threat to world peace than a brutal English rejection of German claims...
Among the English, one hears only this bitter remark: 'The most beautiful view in Tanganyika is the harbor in Dar es Salaam, seen from the deck of the steamer taking one back to England!'"

And then comes this sentence, which is certainly quite remarkable in a Danish newspaper:

"Under German rule, the development of these things would simply have been impossible!"

Here is just one example of how closely the threads are interwoven in the colonial world today.
In June 1938, the radical nationalist leader of India, Jawaharlal Nehru—incidentally, also a favorite of the secret service—openly chose the Egyptian nationalist leader Nahas Pasha for talks on closer ties; it was then announced to the press that "both men desire complete freedom and independence from England." Before the First World War, such a meeting—and, moreover, such a joint resolution—would have been a completely impossible, unthinkable thing! If the "world" has changed as a result of the First World War, this applies to an even greater extent to the non-white world; indeed, it is only since then that it has truly existed as a "world" at all.

It should also be noted that Egypt has doubled the size of its army since 1936: the number of officer cadets rose by 600 in 1938, and in August 1938, a law on universal conscription was passed in Egypt, which went into effect on January 1st, 1939, introduces a two-year term of service, and eliminates the possibility of "buying one's way out of service."
Over the course of five years, the active-duty strength of the army is to be brought up to 100,000 men; the trained reserve is to be expanded to 1 million within ten years.
Concurrent with the law, a regulation comes into effect requiring all university students to undergo special military training during their studies: the aim is to establish a reserve officer corps in this way, but it is noteworthy that this regulation also applies to students at Al-Azhar University in Cairo, a Muslim institution known throughout the Islamic world; this university is regarded as the center of the anti-British movement.
England reportedly welcomes this development, as provided that Anglo-Egyptian friendship is maintained, England apparently regards a formidable Egyptian army as an alliance factor in its Mediterranean policy: only the future can tell whether this calculation is correct.
England's influence on military development in Egypt has diminished significantly since the signing of the 1936 Independence Treaty - previously, British officers held command authority in Egypt, but now the British Military Commission in Egypt plays only a role similar to that formerly played by the German training officers in Constantinople; here, too, one can only say of future developments: "qui vivra verra."

In this context, one should also read, for example, a resolution issued in May 1938 by the people of color in Australia—the so-called "Native Progress Association"—addressed to the white population:

"You are the new Australians, but we are the old ones.

You arrived in Australia only recently, and you took our land by force; you have nearly exterminated our people, but enough of us remain to expose your claim that you are a civilized, progressive, and humane people as humbug: these are harsh words, but we urge you to face the truth and examine our accusation. We do not wish to be viewed with sentimental sympathy, nor do we want to be preserved like bears; we do not want to be museum pieces...
We are no dirtier, lazier, more criminal, or more immoral than white people... You, who defeated us—who had only spears—with your guns, now rely on your superiority to uphold false claims of moral and intellectual superiority."

This probably requires no comment.
In Australia, the demographic situation is exactly the same as in the other British dominions: from 1925 to 1930, Australia had an annual immigration of 25,941 people of British origin, and from 1933 to 1936, the annual immigration was 1,781 people; therefore, more people of British descent are emigrating from Australia than are immigrating.
It is estimated that, as a result, the Anglo-Saxon population in Australia has lost over 20,000 people over the past seven years; in New Zealand, too, white emigration has exceeded immigration since 1932.
At the British Empire Migration Conference, held in October 1937 at the Guildhall in London, it was noted, among other things:

"...that in the classes from which most emigrants should come, the prevailing view is that emigration is a thing of the past."

Incidentally, Australia is also constantly threatened by serious strikes.

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The belt of the "colored" movement then extends further across the Malay states - here, England believes that with the naval base and the massive fortress of Singapore ("the strongest citadel in the world"), inaugurated on February 11th, 1938, all its concerns have been resolved; enormous resources have been expended on this.
Of Singapore's 550,000 inhabitants, 400,000 are full-blooded Chinese and 70,000 are full-blooded Malays, while only 9,000 are Europeans: if the Japanese were to break through the Kra Isthmus into Siamese territory, Singapore would be rendered worthless and left hanging in the air, and it is thus understandable why England is practically fawning over the Siamese today.

Only in the fairy-tale land of Insulinde, Holland's marvelous colonial possession in the South Seas, are people of color not on the move, and what was said above in the travelogue about the Dutch colonial administration applies here as well.
The Netherlands is demonstrating a deft hand here, too - one occasionally encounters the view that the Netherlands, even in the face of potential East Asian threats, is entirely dependent on the protection of England (Singapore), Australia, and New Zealand, but that seems at least doubtful; experts report that the militarization of these territories, including air defense, is being carried out so thoroughly and effectively that the Netherlands has no need to wait in the antechamber in London should the need arise.

The “colored” ring is thus closing in East Asia, but one thing is certain, however: that today, the rallying cry throughout the entire “colored” movement is the old Japanese motto in contrast to European customs, which is “Acquire, train, then strike with your own weapons!”; the so-called Tanaka Plan (“Petition to the Japanese Emperor regarding Manchuria and Mongolia, submitted on July 25th, 1927, by Prime Minister Tanaka”) also contains much that is revealing in this regard.
It is quite understandable that Japan wants to see an end to the abuse of the “open door” policy—that is, the political hegemony of England and America, concealed under the guise of trade—in the Asian region, and numerous documents show that, in the eyes of certain circles in Japan, the war in China was not merely a domestic conflict.
For example, General Tada, who was commanding in northern China at the time, stated to Japanese journalists on September 24th, 1935:

“If we now consider the world situation, the backwardness of the white race, and the uprising against the cruelty and injustice of the white race and its oppression of the non-white races—that is, the majority of humanity— then liberation from the enslaving oppression by the white race, which will bring a just peace to humanity, marks the beginning of the racial struggle.
Secondly, the desire to correct the materialistic culture of the West through the ancient spiritual culture of the East marks the beginning of the spiritual struggle.”

As early as May 1933, the then Minister of War, Araki, declared in the Chamber:

“Show that the spirit of Japan and Asia is directed against Europe and America.”

One need only mention the fundamentally important statement by Japanese Minister of the Interior Admiral Suetsugu from January 1938, which was explicitly published as such in the journal *Kaizo* - the official version reads as follows:

“The purpose of Japanese policy in China is to achieve cooperation between Japan and China: whether this implies the exclusion of whites or not is an important question that would mark a turning point in world history.
The concept of humanity and justice, as so zealously taught by the whites, would remain nothing more than a myth if the colored races were not granted such equality that they could share in the blessings of heaven, and if the world dominated by the whites were not restructured in accordance with this purpose: it is therefore my conviction that lasting peace in the world can only be achieved if the races of color, who today lead a miserable existence, are not left at the mercy of the white man’s shackles.”

Whatever the case may be, there is no doubt that Japanese cultural propaganda is currently at work in the world of color by every means possible.

Incidentally, many people are unaware that one in four people on Earth is Chinese and one in five is Indian - thus, I can think of no better way to conclude this chapter than with the well-intentioned warnings of the astute Japanese scholar W. K. Nohara in “Die Gelbe Gefahr, Japan und die Erhebung der farbigen Völker” (*The Yellow Peril: Japan, and the Uprising of the People of Color*, published by Union Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft:

"It is the strength of the Asian that, in a foreign land, he is invariably regarded as the enemy—one who is used, exploited, and drained as long as he is stronger, and destroyed as soon as he is weaker...
What is of my own blood is cherished and defended tooth and nail; what is of foreign blood is destroyed tooth and nail... Anyone who approaches the East with the intention of colonizing it has lost from the outset, for they face the Yellow Peril—from China, from Japan, from everywhere...
Anyone who refuses to learn from the East because they consider the West to be culturally superior will find themselves at a disadvantage in the coming decades or centuries!"

At the same time, Nohara rejects "the specter of the Yellow Peril" because it "should actually be called the colored peril": that is also our view, for the issue at hand today is not a matter specific to one part of the world, but a matter of destiny for the white world.

5. The Third International

There are also those who believe that the Third International is the leadership of the black movement, and who therefore classify all economic and political activities of the black movement as “Bolshevism”: this is as convenient as it is false, and it merely obscures our understanding of the true nature and the real danger of the black movement.

Just as it is clear that the Third International seeks to co-opt the colored movement—and in particular to exploit the strong educational needs of people of color for its own ends—so it is clear that Americans and British in the tropics seek dollars and pounds, while the international communist seeks souls; just as clear is also the fact that the leadership of the colored movement and its sub-organizations rejects, indeed combats, any form of internationalization, for this is, after all, in the nature of things and in the racially and nationalistically grounded essence of the black movement.
Only one person has so far made an exception here: that would be the leader of the Jewish terrorists in Palestine, the aforementioned Vladimir Jabotinsky, who has already all but sidelined the old Zionist leader, Professor Chaim Weizmann, who owns a large chemical laboratory near Tel Aviv.

The more racially conscious a people or a nationalist organization is, the more vehemently it will reject internationalism - thus, the fierce and determined struggle waged above all by Japan against communism—which is also infiltrating its working-class masses—can be found on a smaller scale in all parts of the non-white world.
American Africanism, for example, expresses a strong interest in ensuring that blacks do not organize within the Communist Party of the United States, and the Communist Party leadership in the U.S. is fighting against this stance using the most reprehensible means and seeks to deprive blacks of their own leadership - for instance, in 1939 the Communist Party opened a special recruitment office on Lennox Avenue in Harlem, intended to ensnare black people with propaganda promoting racial mixing under the slogan: “White women for black men!”; in the process, the most shameless propaganda leaflets are distributed, and while the New York press is content with mere protests on paper, the police stand by and watch, for they are, after all, “democratic.”
But precisely because communism believes it must work among people of color using such unspeakably despicable means, it has so far been unable to gain a foothold in the black movement.

Communism, which is geared toward mental and physical slavery, also completely contradicts the nature of black people—or even Native Americans—whose ideal is undisturbed self-possession; at most, communism might gain a foothold among people of mixed race, and in fact, it is precisely over these individuals that the Third International and the black leadership are currently locked in a struggle.
It was therefore also wrong to classify people such as Cárdenas in Mexico or Batista in Cuba under the heading of “Bolshevism”, for all these movements and their leaders are engaged in black nationalist uprisings; these people have no intention whatsoever of pulling the Third International’s chestnuts out of the fire.
Even the provocative Cubist paintings by the notorious and allegedly communist painter Diego de Rivera in Mexico are fundamentally directed not against “capitalism,” but against the white race; the social question—as a wage issue—plays, in a sense, a secondary role in all of this, particularly in the British Crown colonies.

If individuals, such as the aforementioned Jawaharlal Nehru, have believed—and in some cases still believe—that they can use the Third International for their own purposes, this stems from a different motive, as does the fact that some view communism as a teacher in the art of revolution and use communist slogans to stoke ethnic nationalism; however, it cannot be overlooked that Pandit Nehru in particular—like, in general, a certain rootless, educated segment of the Indian national movement—exhibits his own communist leanings, giving England every reason to keep a close eye on this situation.

Communism can become dangerous within and alongside the non-white movement not so much in the social sphere as in the religious one, for Communism knows what the de-divinization of the world means - thus, the de-divinization of the world is the breeding ground for communism, and that is why it seeks to exploit the lower educational levels in certain non-white regions, as well as the bloodless intellectualism of educated classes alienated from their own culture—for example, in India and Turkey—in order to strip them of their inner stability: in other words, it is godless propaganda that serves as a means to an end for communism.
For this reason, the godless university in Moscow has separate departments for people of color, where Indians, Chinese, Arabs, Malays, and blacks are trained in godless propaganda to be carried out in their home countries; the same applies to the Native Academy in Fort Hare, South Africa, where Professor Dr. Tengo Jabavu serves as a communist university instructor.

However, one cannot say that communism has thereby made inroads among people of color, apart from certain circles: the pronounced nationalism within the movement of people of color is evidently an insurmountable barrier for communism, and this nationalism is mostly—as in Islam, but also in Africanism—strongly rooted in religion.
Certain communist educational pamphlets aimed at people of color, such as Jarowslawsky's *The Struggle Against Religion* and (!) *Nationalism Is the Struggle for Socialism*, often have the opposite effect of what was intended: after all, the Devil is always foolish.

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I may therefore summarize as follows: it goes without saying that international communism operates among people of color just as it does among white people, and that it employs the most despicable means in doing so is an indisputable fact; however, it would be incorrect to assume that it has had more success among people of color than among white people thus far, for on the contrary, some non-white peoples have demonstrated greater spiritual resilience against the communist poison than some white peoples: this applies above all to Islamic tribes and, to a special degree, to Japan.
In all Islamic states, international communism is fundamentally rejected, despite occasional economic ties with the Third International, such as those temporarily maintained in Turkey and Iran; in Turkey and Iran, communism has even been officially declared an enemy of the state.
Islam is particularly immune to it precisely because the Third International's main tool—its agitation against everything "metaphysical," and thus against the godless movement—is not only misunderstood in Islamic regions, but rejected as an aberration; it would be an error then—one that is downright dangerous for understanding the nature of the development discussed here—to attempt to subsume all the movements of the non-white world under the term "Third International": that is out of the question!

I can only strongly warn against such a convenient interpretation, and science and political and economic practice must finally accustom themselves to including the term “non-white nationalist” in their lexicon as a distinct, independent concept.

To be perfectly clear, perhaps I may put it this way: if the Third International were to disappear tomorrow—it would not affect the movement of people of color in the slightest! It would not be eliminated in any way, and would remain exactly as it was before, with all its substance and consequences; that is what must be recognized!

If the Third International were to triumph, it would spell the end not only for us but also for the people of color; their leaders know this—including the chanting “Father Divine.”

6. The West Indian and Central American Cauldron

The regions we have traveled through are, so to speak, a crossroads of the issues discussed here.
Here, the "colored" movement generally proceeds in three columns: the indigenous movement, the black movement—which today includes people of mixed race—and the fluid mixed-race movement.

The Indigenous Movement

As for the indigenous movement, it came as a great surprise to us, since after all, back home we always read and hear only about "Indigenous peoples on the verge of extinction" - but that is a very serious misconception!

Indigenous peoples are alive and well, not only in South and Central America, but also in North America: in the former regions, the Indigenous movement stretches from Paraguay through Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia, then across the Central American countries (except Panama) to Mexico; its leadership centers are in Peru and Mexico.
In almost all of these countries, the indigenous population (referred to here as "Indio") is also the largest in terms of numbers, and spiritually, they are the dominant force among the people.

A proud awareness of their ancient culture fills these people, and examples are the best way to illustrate this:

Let's take Peru as an example: Peru has 6 million inhabitants, and of these, 3 million are full-blooded Indios and 2.5 million are Mestizos (a mix of Indigenous and white); barely one-tenth of the population is white.
The indigenous movement, known as "Aprism," originated in Peru; this is the abbreviation of the indigenous party's name, the "Association Popular Revolutionaria Americana": the party's name alone indicates that this is not merely a Peruvian matter.
At the helm of the Apra movement stands the educated Indio Haya de la Torre, and the movement is forming APRA cells everywhere - thus, with zeal and success, the movement is preserving the ancient, proud Inca culture, and here, too, new life is blossoming from the ruins.

Incidentally, the example of Haya de la Torre shows just how misleading—and therefore troubling—it is to dismiss people of this caliber and their work as "Bolshevism": while Haya de la Torre is denounced as a "Bolshevik" by Portuguese reactionaries, he is also, at the same time, is branded a "fascist" by the communists he fiercely opposes.
He is, however, neither: he is, quite simply, an indigenous leader of the freedom movement who is to be held in the highest regard, both intellectually and as a human being, and he proclaims: "Indigenous freedom and rebirth!"
When he sets forth, among other things, the "expropriation of non-indigenous capital" as a fundamental demand in his program, the emphasis is on the second word, and just as in Mexico, this has nothing to do with communism, but rather offers a deep insight into the nature and goals—and at the same time into the dangers—of the indigenous movement as such.

Or let us take Guatemala from among the Central American states - here, 60% of the total population is full-blooded indigenous, 30% mestizo, 5% black, and 5% white; here, the ancient, noble Maya culture is consciously preserved.
Guatemala has a well-led and disciplined, entirely indigenous army, in which—as in all these nations, especially Mexico—indigenous traditions are upheld with the utmost sense of purpose.
One must not underestimate the armies of all these states—especially the Cuban one! These are excellent and disciplined troops, all united by a common ideal.
In the core indigenous regions of Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador, of the approximately 12 million inhabitants, over 5 million are full-blooded indigenous people and 4.7 million are indigenous mestizos.

The situation in Mexico is most indicative of this development, where Carranza's 1917 slogan holds true: "Mexico for the Mexicans."
Here, the nearly decade-long indigenous revolution, which finally came to an end only in 1925, led to ultimate victory - incidentally, when considering the situation in Mexico, one must not allow oneself to be misled by the internal strife within the state that is instigated and funded by the U.S, as after all, paid traitors exist everywhere, and the Mexican government is now dealing with them.
However, some of the rebel generals were also pure nationalists who simply felt that the nationalist purge was not proceeding quickly enough: the U.S. has always had an interest in stirring up trouble in Mexico.
The situation on the Mexican-American border remains, to this day, one of constant guerrilla warfare: American border guards mock the Mexicans as "Greasers," and the Mexicans insult the American guerrillas as "Gringos"; bullets and knives fly freely along this border.
In Mexico, the memory of the old Greater Mexico—which only lost Texas, Arizona, Nevada, Colorado, and California in 1845 and 1848—is still alive; indeed, there are people both inside and outside the border who quietly promote the idea of independence or even the annexation of the eleven American Southern states (the Black Belt): who's to say that such dreams might not one day become reality?
To experts, at any rate, the hypocritical grandstanding of certain American newspapers—especially toward Germany—stands in strange contradiction to the stability of the United States, and Alexander von Humboldt himself predicted:

"The United States will seize all of Mexico and then fall apart itself."

Well, perhaps the latter will happen before the former.

In Mexico, too, the shifts in the population are particularly telling: in 1805, there were one million whites, 2.5 million Native Americans, and 2 million mestizos here, and by 1910, the number of whites had remained at 1 million, but the number of Native Americans had risen to 6 million, and that of mestizos to 8 million; then, by 1936, there were only half a million whites left, who, as will be shown, have since been increasingly displaced through economic means.

In Mexico today, the ancient Aztec culture is cherished with pride and self-confidence; the Inca, Maya, and Aztec cultures were anything but "primitive", and one should be much more cautious with this term.
Even the Christian beliefs that have been adopted are being reshaped and adapted here: in Guadalupe, the famous "Red Madonna" hangs above the high altar, which is Christianity in a colorful guise!

Incidentally, let us not forget that Christianity in this colorful guise was brought to the Indians by two white Catholic priests; in the War of Independence against Spain (1821), it was the Catholic priests Hidalgo and Moreles who led the Indians into battle under the banner of the "Red Madonna."

The preservation and revival of these ancient cultures necessarily entail, however, the memory of white crimes, and thus become a constant source of seething hatred toward whites: it seems strange, but it is indeed the case that in all these regions, the call for revenge for what once happened—especially in the 16th century—has become a living reality.
The names of the Inca emperors and Aztec princes who were once murdered, and of the tortured Native American heroes, rise from the grave today as the names of Apra cells, streets, and fields; the last Aztec king, Cuauhtémoc—brutally tortured to death by Cortés—now has his own monument, and is coming back to life in the popular consciousness as a perpetual accuser; even among the people, it is whispered that today there are elderly Indigenous people who, through their family traditions, know the location of the never-found hiding place of the gold treasures belonging to those who were once murdered.

In truth, what the inhuman greed for gold of the Spanish and Portuguese conquistadors of Charles V wrought in these paradisiacal lands is a single, horrific crime—one that goes far beyond what the Anglo-Saxons and French committed during the "conquest" of North America with the massacre of initially trusting Native American tribes.
Just one example: after the discovery of Haiti, the Spaniards were welcomed as "white gods," and the harmless Arawaks brought them everything they had; then, in 1507—that is, 15 years after the arrival of these "white gods"—60,000 of the 80,000 Caribs were still alive, and four years later, only 4,000 remained!
In Trinidad, the indigenous population—the Arawaks—now numbers a mere 50 people; what we witnessed among the Seminoles in Florida is also described above.
In the black communities of South America, it remains unforgotten to this day that the Spanish and Portuguese once had defenseless Native Americans torn apart by bloodhounds during festivals in their South American colonies to entertain their guests.
When the demand for rubber grew at the beginning of our century, and the vast rubber tree forests in the swampy and hot fever swamps of the middle Amazon—where human beings, including Indians, cannot live—became a "black gold mine," white greed managed to lure entire Indian tribes from their homelands and, after disarming them, drive them into the fever swamps to work.
So-called "correiras"—human hunts—were organized, and anyone who refused to work was shot or whipped to death, while those who allowed themselves to be driven to work also met a miserable end.
Even shortly before the First World War, there was outrage in Europe over the so-called Putumayo atrocities, and people in these regions go out of their way to avoid white people: it is not just hatred, but contempt for white skin that one senses here—if one still has any feeling at all for what "is in the air."
Is it any wonder that hatred glows in these people's eyes; is there perhaps a special significance in the fact that it was the first indigenous head of state, President Benito Juárez of Mexico, who—on the occasion of Napoleon III's dismal invasion of Mexico—had the unfortunate Archduke Maximilian, of all people a great-grandson of Emperor Charles V, killed in 1868, and that even then the European powers had to accept this with impunity?

Moreover, what black people experienced during and after slavery is certainly not exactly a page of honor in the history of white humanity, and has likewise become a source of strong feelings of vengeance today: the “Congo atrocities” are, after all, a fairly modern phenomenon.
On English ships alone, 2.13 million black people were transported to America as slaves between 1680 and 1780, not counting those who perished en route; it was not until May 1st, 1807, that the “Abolition of the Slave Trade Act” abolished slavery in England, and not until 1833 that a supplementary law did the same for the Empire.
Incidentally, the dates are as follows: on the prohibition of the slave trade, this happened in France in 1816, Spain in 1817, Portugal in 1823, and Brazil in 1830; the abolition of slavery itself occurred in France in 1848, the U.S. 1865, and Brazil in 1888.
As astonishing as it may sound, the fact is that slavery and the slave trade existed in British possessions until quite recently: in Sierra Leone, for example, slavery was still considered legal as late as 1927, and at that time, the Supreme Court of Sierra Leone handed down a ruling that granted a slave trader the right to recapture his runaway slaves; the embarrassment caused by this ruling stirred public opinion in England, prompting the Colonial Secretary to urge the government in Sierra Leone to issue a decree declaring slavery illegal.

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The Native American movement briefly described here must be taken very seriously, not least because the proportion of Native American blood is constantly increasing.
Like the black race, the Native American race is extremely fertile, and in addition, Native American blood possesses astonishing biological vigor: experts assert that it “sucks the life out of” black blood, so that the red-black mixture—from which “Zambos” arise—produces Indians as early as the third generation; the same applies to mestizos (which is white-red).

There is only one bloodline stronger than the Native American one, and that is the Chinese; the Chinese are probably the only people who assert themselves over all other races, even the Jews.
As is well known, the biologically weakest blood is white blood, and it shares the fate of all that is noble—a grave omen for the white race!
The resulting conclusions and demands are obvious, but so far, they have been recognized only in Germany: more on that later.

The Native American movement is also gaining ground in North America, and the term “re-Indianization” has already been coined.
Among the leading Native Americans here are extraordinarily wealthy people—major millionaires—who know how to put their wealth to good use: in America, jingoistic sentimentality is fueling the advance of Native American culture, and as is well known, Americans consider “people of color” to mean only black people, and “colored men” to refer only to those with black ancestry; Native Americans are not regarded by them as people of color.
Among the upper crust over there, it used to be considered particularly prestigious if someone could prove their descent from the Mayflower settlers (the first immigrant ship), but as early as my trip in 1934, I was told that a new fad had broken out in these circles: the person who could prove they had ancient Native American blood felt the most distinguished; perhaps this explains certain trends in American politics.

The Black Movement

The black movement (including mulattos) is based in the West Indies, and its local leadership is perhaps in Haiti, which is, after all, divided into a purely black republic and a mulatto republic, the latter's last president having been Leonidas Trujillo—who, incidentally, was as astute an economist and administrator as he was a determined statesman.
If the old feud between blacks and mulattoes flares up here and there, as it did some time ago in Haiti, one must not allow oneself to be misled by it, for against whites, they stand united.
About 12 million people live in the West Indies, of whom just under 1 million are white; almost the entire West Indies is black.
When Bernard Shaw once said that it seemed to him as if the skin color of the people in the West Indies were "pink," he was evidently trying to mock the beautiful pink pants worn by the blacks, which I mentioned above.

Of particular interest here are the British Crown colonies of Trinidad and Jamaica: in Trinidad, 50% of the population consists of blacks and people of mixed black descent, along with 200,000 Indians and Chinese; Indians and Chinese make up one-third of the total population, while the white population is negligible. Meanwhile, Jamaica has about 1.2 million inhabitants, and according to the 1921 census, a mere 14,400 of them were white! At that time, 660,420 blacks, 18,600 Indians, 3,700 Chinese, and 157,220 people of mixed race were counted.
Then comes the remarkable observation that, as a result of "widespread intermarriage," no racial characteristics could be identified at all among 3,700 people; these must therefore have been cases of intermarriage similar to those described above in Panama.

Nevertheless, in Trinidad as well as in Jamaica and also in the other British colonies of the West Indies—Robinson Island, Tobago, Barbados, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Dominica, Antigua, Mavis, St. Kitts—where blacks hold the overwhelmingly dominant position—commercial life, much like in former German East Africa, is in the hands of Indians and Chinese - specifically, the Indians control the large stores and department stores, while the Chinese own the small shops and taverns in both urban and rural areas; the Chinese even have their own newspaper today.
The fertility rate among East Asians is just as high as that of blacks, and their numbers are constantly growing - as a result, since 1921, the aforementioned population of people of color has increased by several hundred thousand, and only the number of whites has not risen.

Particular hotbeds of the black movement are Trinidad, Jamaica, Barbados, and St. Kitts.
In Trinidad, shortly before our arrival, following severe unrest, the British governor, Sir Murchison Fletcher, had been dismissed and a commission of inquiry established; then, as we were leaving, the word was again "Unrest!
In Jamaica, after our departure, the situation was ablaze—so much so that military forces were insufficient to quell the uprising, and England resorted here as well to the appalling measure of ruthless terror."

The British governor of Jamaica, Sir Edward Denham—whose magnificent palace with its fairy-tale park we were still able to admire—died of shock during these disturbances: this alone gives a sense of the nature of these disturbances.
His body had to be sunk into the sea - apparently, there were fears that his grave would be desecrated.

It should be emphasized once again here that it is a mistake to view these ongoing "strikes" merely as wage protests, for undoubtedly the British colonial economy is anything but social: the wages of black workers and employees are pitiful, no provision whatsoever is made for their housing, and social welfare is completely unknown; such welfare existed only in the colonies of the German Reich, which made it (perhaps for this very reason?) "incapable and unworthy" of colonization.
Nevertheless, the fact remains that these are not work stoppages, but uprisings—and indeed, ongoing uprisings; the British cable naturally has an interest in portraying the situation as if it were merely a matter of Marxist wage strikes, but that is not how things really are: this is not a struggle against "capitalism," but a war against white rule.
At the head of the movement in Trinidad stands the fanatical Negro Uriah Butler; in Jamaica, meanwhile, there is the equally fanatical and very dangerous wealthy mulatto Alexander Bustamente.

With all this, however, England is atoning not only for social sins, but also for administrative methods that seem completely baffling to us: with the best will in the world, one cannot explain this any other way than that England has lost a great deal of confidence in itself, that it has fallen into a sort of spirit of resignation abroad, and that English colonial policy has become a "head-in-the-sand" policy.
The consequences of the First World War mentioned above—with their increasing strengthening of all the diverging forces within the Empire—have, in fact, prompted England to make a virtue of necessity, in that its more recent colonial practice has increasingly been based on the principle of "indirect rule," that is, on the idea—originally conceived in British Nigeria by Governor Lord Lugard—not only of involving people of color in their own administration, but also of partially transferring British state authority to them; it is, after all, obvious that such a practice has no choice but to select, among those entrusted with responsibility, the best and most educated people of color.
But throughout the Empire, these are the very people who have been educated and trained by the people of color movement—above all by Africanism—and who are often its representatives and emissaries - thus, England today is feeding those who are waiting for "the day."
It has already been mentioned that, for example, the labor brokerage in the territories of the white powers in Africa and in South Africa is today essentially in the hands of these people, and that African production can no longer be sustained at all without this brokerage: just consider for a moment what it means that, for example, the entire gold production of the Johannesburg mines—that is, over 50% of the world's gold production—is entirely dependent on the goodwill of the Negroes, who already have the power today to paralyze this foundation of the white economy from one day to the next.
In the gold industry there, over 300,000 natives are currently employed, compared to 33,000 Europeans: these are by no means pessimistic thought experiments, but are concerns that fill the minds of all thinking white people on the ground!
It was no idle remark when the former Boer general and current South African minister Smuts declared at the 1935 British Empire Conference:

"We South Africans no longer have any sympathy for European family squabbles; we see other, greater, and more serious problems."

As early as 1926, Smuts—who was friendly toward England—warned against a misguided attitude toward the development of the black and Asian movements, saying one should not "throw torches into a haystack"; he said even then:

"We, a handful of whites, are surrounded by an inner ring of black hatred and, beyond that, by a ring of hatred from all of Asia!"

Pirow, then Minister of Defense, had also pointed out with great seriousness as early as 1936 the danger of a general uprising among black people; Hoops reports in the same work that "official circles in the Union of South Africa anticipate the possibility that one day the entire non-white world will rise up under the leadership of an Eastern nation."
The black leader George Padmore reports that all of Africa today is permeated by revolutionary black secret societies, and says of the South African problem:

"No observer can fail to see that the whites in South Africa are digging their own grave: they believe that machine guns and airplanes will enable them to oppress the blacks forever, but that is a very short-sighted view of a serious problem."

When things have gone so far that one is not only becoming increasingly dependent on people of color for the management of economic and technical work, but is even extending the principles of "indirect rule" into one's own administrative and law enforcement spheres—and today is even placing young Englishmen under the authority of people of color—then one must surely become very concerned.

England's state police as a black force—and in the West Indies, no less—that's quite something!
When we landed in Trinidad and experienced an English state passport check conducted by black officers for the first time, and then saw the dashing black bobbies—one of whom is pictured on the cover of this book—one of us blurted out: "Well, has England literally gone mad?"
Admittedly, England has so far, as a matter of principle, abolished all racial barriers—and indeed all social barriers—only in New Zealand with regard to the indigenous people, the Māori, who, it must be said, are at a high intellectual level; apart from this special case, England—unlike France—still adheres today to racial segregation and the rejection of intermingling.
Moreover, people abroad are coming to understand that there are anxious minds in England today, and that the former drive to go to the colonies has greatly diminished among officers and administrative officials: while in the past, when an English officer in Trinidad and Jamaica walked down the main streets in his elegant breeches with his riding crop, all people of color would shyly and fearfully make way for him (that is supposedly how it was as recently as 15 years ago), today, no person of color makes way for an English officer on the sidewalk anymore—"Step aside!" Those days are over.
The English, too, are careful not to even attempt it, and they stay in their neighborhoods and remain in their parks and clubs: one cannot help but get the impression of a white ghetto! And for the means of power at their disposal, the watchword is "conceal".

Incidentally, with the exception of Dutch Curaçao, no person of color in these countries gave up their seat for us either, and even in the black neighborhoods of Havana, people preferred to step off the sidewalk themselves rather than risk a scuffle with the black people: this is what white domination over black people looks like today!

And what kind of guys some of these black men are there! You don't see any sign of "starving workers"; these are people who know what they want.
In Trinidad, we saw a troop of Boy Scouts marching with their black leader: strapping, lively boys in impeccable uniforms, performing their duties with cheerful songs and obvious satisfaction; this glimpse into the education of black youth spoke to me more than many a report I've heard.
Similarly, in Jamaica, we saw a black police academy on a training march under the command of their black sergeant: tall, athletic individuals whose eyes shone with strong self-confidence.
An example may shed light on the upbringing and educational level of these people: at the top of Lady Chancellor Street in Trinidad, with its magnificent view, a black police sergeant stood and kindly drew our attention to several particularly beautiful spots; when I offered him a pack of cigarettes as a thank-you, he declined: "Many thanks, I'm sorry, I'm on duty."
Perhaps I may share one more example: in Venezuela, we had hired a black chauffeur for an entire day, and we had treated him just as a German treats people who provide him with services.
I owed that clever fellow a great deal of useful information, and when we paid him that evening in La Guayra, he asked if he could drive us along the beach to the Hotel Miramare, a paradisiacal spot at the foot of the Andes; the drive took three-quarters of an hour. We agreed, and this fairy-tale ride left us with unforgettable memories.
Upon our return, the man could not be persuaded to accept payment or even a tip for this special ride, his reason being that I had called him a "good fellow"; he said, "I'll never forget you."
Inner decency is evidently not the exclusive preserve of the white world.

Finally, one more point should be noted: the impact of the Italo-Abyssinian War in these regions—and indeed on Ethiopian identity as a whole—is quite extraordinary and extremely lasting.
During the war, thousands of black people in Trinidad and Jamaica (over 2,000 in Trinidad alone) enlisted as war volunteers to go to Abyssinia, and it was precisely the poorest black people there who raised thousands of dollars for the Abyssinian Relief Committee.
Even today, the Negus is revered like a saint on these islands; his picture hangs in many black huts, and the names "Negus," "Ras," and "Haile Selassie" are used there today as first names for children: isn't all of this also proof of the influence of a unified movement?

The Mixed-Race Movement

Finally, as far as the issue of people of mixed race is concerned, it may be doubtful whether one can speak of a unified movement here—which experts do claim, however—or whether people of mixed race instead align themselves with either the Indigenous or the black movement, depending on the circumstances.

A major group of mixed-race people, the mulattos[17], along with their subcategories—tercerones, quartones, and octavones—are in any case excluded, since they generally align themselves with the blacks, with the exception of Haiti, where they have their own republic; meanwhile, the zambos (red-black) and the mestizos, castizos, and moriscos support the indigenous movement, and the yellow mixed-race groups (Eurasians, chinos, lobos, gilbaos, cambusos) are a fluctuating component.

To my knowledge, the mixed-race people have so far appeared as a unified force only in the Cuban uprisings against Spain mentioned above, as allies of the Creoles; if there were to be a separate mixed-race movement, its headquarters would likely be found in Panama, that ethnological melting pot. Panama has 1.2 million inhabitants, and of these, over 35,000 are full-blooded Indians (probably more, since the jungle remains unexplored), 300,000 are red mixed-race people, 80,000 are black mixed-race people, and the rest are made up of mixed-race people of all other races (Chinese, Japanese, Malays, Syrians, Indians); the white population is negligible.
Venezuela, too, could perhaps be counted among the mixed-race regions: of the 3 million inhabitants, an estimated 130,000 are black, with the rest being more or less of mixed race; I myself have had the impression that the indigenous element will increasingly prevail in Venezuela.
As for Cuba, the necessary points have already been made above, but whether one may refer to the Creoles as mixed-race people is a matter for debate: they themselves reject this label, even though they were looked down upon by the Spaniards, and their alliance with the mixed-race people, which once led to the collapse of Spanish rule, remains, in any case, a historical fact; there seems to be little doubt as to which side Batista would take in the event of an open outbreak of hostilities between whites and people of color.

As for conditions in the northern states of South America—excluding the areas affected by the indigenous movement—it should only be added that Brazil appears to have a large black population: one must not judge Brazil by Rio de Janeiro alone!
In Brazil, 12 million black people have been freed since the abolition of slavery, that is, since 1888; meanwhile, no one can know how many pure-blooded indigenous people still exist in the unexplored areas, especially in the jungle.
When it is claimed in Brazil that those 12 million black people have since—that is, in barely 50 years—"merged into the Portuguese population," this is likely a case of wishful thinking, since such "merging" does not happen that quickly, quite apart from the fact that black blood is stronger than white blood; a distinctly Negroid appearance, which is also frequently encountered in Portuguese colonies, could surely only prove the opposite of such assimilation.
In any case, Brazil faces its black issue with the same intensity as North America, and to speak of a "Latin America" is just as wrong as the phrase "Anglo-Saxon" America; one can only laugh at Roosevelt's "Pan-American" idea.

[17] Mulattos are mixed-race people of white and black descent; zambos are mixed-race people of black and red descent; mestizos are mixed-race people of white and red descent; Eurasians are mixed-race people of white and yellow descent, and chinos are mixed-race people of yellow and black descent.

Gringo—a stupid, upstart, contemptible, thieving, lousy stranger: that's what people of color call white people!

The idea is certainly dangerous for Europe, but only because it reinforces the aversion of Central and South American states toward Europe and gives it a new veneer of moral justification: it is obvious just how much the U.S. would ultimately be shooting itself in the foot by doing so.

This became apparent in an almost comical way at the eighth Pan-American Conference, which took place in December 1938 in Lima, the capital of Peru: the U.S. intended to bring about the formation of an "anti-fascist bloc of the Americas" for the "defense of democracy against authoritarian states", but the conference was a failure, because the South American states know from bitter experience what lies behind the "love" of the United States.
This Pan-American idea is, after all, really just one of those U.S. business ploys designed to get the better of white competitors: in a Pan-America, the white population would already be small today and would have to grow ever smaller as the development described here continues.
This became clear to me the first time I visited the sacred Temple of Pan-America in Washington: every new strengthening and consolidation of the non-white world must ultimately also turn against what is still called "Anglo-Saxon America" today, and we will likely live to see the famous idea of "Pan-America" taken up by the non-white nations, which have so far embraced it only hesitantly.

If it is already rightly spoken of as the "Age of Decolonization," this means, in these parts of the world—that in South, Central, and North America alike—the movement of people of color is growing steadily and apparently unstoppably: racially, economically, and politically.
This is already true today even in the realm of social life: the rise of the "colored clubs"—which are at the very cutting edge and have long since caught up with their white counterparts in Central America and the West Indies in terms of refinement and elegance—speaks volumes, and the fact that black people in Haiti speak a purer and better French and present classical French art with greater refinement in their high-caliber theaters than is done in the City of Light on the Seine even causes irritation in Paris - that must certainly means something.
In South Africa—for example, in Johannesburg and Durban—there are now, alongside black residential neighborhoods, white slums where "poor whites" live in dilapidated shacks; also in Johannesburg today, nearly 20,000 unemployed whites are starving, and their children—in terms of food and clothing—present a pitiful sight compared to the children of the affluent black middle class.
One can also see white beggars in North, Central, and South America, as well as in the West Indies, alongside extremely wealthy blacks and Native Americans: *tempora mutantur*![18]

[18] Latin for "the times change". - The Translator

10. Summary

I will briefly summarize once again my own firsthand impressions, which are essential to the issue under discussion here:

1. Today we are witnessing, at the very least, the beginnings of a unified movement of people of color; whites are now merely tolerated and uninvited guests in these regions, and there can be no question whatsoever of a "sense of superiority" among whites.
This also applies to the British Crown colonies: it is precisely from the English "master race" that one gets strange impressions abroad, as everywhere one stands, listens, and feels nothing but a sense of renunciation, to a greater or lesser extent; even in certain areas, such as Mexico, whites are already facing immigration difficulties.

The aversion—and in some cases even hatred—toward whites is clearly evident, especially among blacks: the fact, however, is that this aversion is least noticeable toward Germans; that the U.S.'s inflammatory rhetoric against Germany has the least impact, ironically, among the people of color there, and that identifying as "German", or "Aleman", often builds unexpected bridges of understanding.
However, this does not change the fact that Germans, too, are affected by the silent and persistent isolation of all white people—for example, the German coffee plantations in Central America, especially in Mexico.

2. The conflicts among people of color—which in the past often escalated into serious clashes—have all but ceased, and in particular, Islam has apparently made peace with all its former opponents among people of color.
For example, neither in Trinidad nor in Jamaica do the disputes between Muslims and followers of Brahma that were once common still exist, for when it comes to opposing whites, everyone stands together—from black to red to yellow.
They feel they share a common destiny, and even a blind man with a cane can sense the emergence of a collective consciousness among people of color; nor can the existence of unified slogans be seriously disputed, and where unified slogans are evident, there must necessarily also be unified leadership.

One might perhaps be of the opinion that the bloody conflict between Japan and China contradicts the view expressed here; however, while the nature of this conflict—in particular, whether it is more than just a domestic dispute—cannot be addressed here, perhaps this very conflict with China is the strongest proof of what is asserted here.

3. Everywhere, the awakening of a strong racial consciousness is evident, which, especially among pure-blooded blacks, is intensifying into an astonishing level of self-confidence.
But that is not all - within the black movement, we are already witnessing efforts to purify and preserve the race, as well as a growing awareness of the dangers of miscegenation.
I myself have no doubt that the leading intellectuals of the black movement, especially within Africanism, are well informed about German völkisch literature and the racial legislation of the Third Reich, since otherwise, omissions such as those already cited above—that one understands Hitler and wants the same for oneself—cannot be explained.

I'd like to cite just three more examples:

A distinguished black family (there are very distinguished black families with villas, Rolls-Royces, and all the trimmings) has a mulatto nanny, and when she reprimands their children for some misbehavior, a little tyke yells in her face: "You have no right to tell me what to do—you have white blood" (from "Auf den Spuren des Kolumbus" [*In the Footsteps of Columbus*]): while in the past, mulattos considered themselves superior to blacks, the time is past when an admixture of white blood—or even white skin—conferred any advantage in these regions.
The astonishment at this fundamental change in the state of affairs comes to light in an almost naïve form in the book by the American W. B. Seabrook, *Mysterious Haiti*: the book was published as early as 1931 (in German translation by the former Rudolf Moste publishing house), and the author writes, among other things:

"These days, not even a rhinoceros could live in Port-au-Prince (in Haiti) without becoming aware of the color of its skin; this applies to every rhinoceros, regardless of whether its inch-thick skin is white or black.
A situation has gradually developed that is so grotesque that most Americans will find it hard to believe: there are, in fact, Haitians who are proud to be black, who presume to look down on whites with contempt, and who refuse to socialize with whites!
During the first few days of my stay in Haiti, I had the peculiar and not uninteresting experience of being resented for the pigmentation of my skin: people treated me with suspicion and even with undisguised contempt, simply because—through no fault of my own—I had been born with white skin; at first, I found it quite difficult to come to terms with these completely twisted circumstances."

This should suffice to show that even here I did not in any way exaggerate the situation.

I was further told that in the states dominated by the Indian movement, both mestizos and zambos rarely omit the false claim "Soy puro Indio" (I am a full-blooded Indian) when applying for positions in state or municipal service; the fact that they consider this expedient clearly demonstrates that efforts to purify and preserve the race are already having a practical impact.

4. The greatest surprise for me was the insight into the school and educational system for people of color in these states: when Frank (in "Paradies mit Vorbehalt" [*Paradise with Reservations*)]) reports that today, on the edge of the jungle, one finds fountain pens in the hands of eight-year-olds and logarithm tables in the hands of fourteen-year-olds, he hits the nail on the head.

The drive for education, especially among black youth, is truly astonishing - here, the Ethiopian movement described above is already bearing ripe fruit.
While we were at La Brea's Pitch Lake, three black boys aged 7–8 approached me; I was speechless at the knowledge and thirst for learning I witnessed there.
One of them asked me, among other things: "Please, sir, how many miles are there from here to Germany?" - it then occurred to me how many 7- and 8-year-olds back home probably even know where

Trinidad is—and how many adults there are back home who would mistake the West Indies for the Himalayas.
I could cite more examples like this, including those of black chauffeurs who diligently attend night school.

Everywhere we went, we found a school system that is truly impressive, and the elementary schools in particular are all outdoor and forest schools, which are exemplary in every respect.
We took photographs of such schools, as well as of the schoolchildren, which have caused astonishment here on more than one occasion: "That can't possibly be true!" - yet it is true.
Even in Panama, we saw, among other things, a home economics school for girls of color, combined with a school for needlework and crafts; it was exemplary not only in terms of its architecture, but in every respect.
The so-called evening schools play a special role in all these areas, as they are a kind of adult education center with a curriculum that combines elementary instruction, higher education, and vocational training; in these evening schools, the older generation eagerly makes up for their lack of formal schooling.

5. If anything is capable of destroying what little respect the so-called "primitive peoples" still have for white people, it is, above all, the movies and radio—which are primarily supplied by America—and certain illustrated newspapers and magazines featuring images of more or less naked white women.
Through radio and cinema, people of color are constantly exposed to all the turmoil within white society, and through both media they hear and see how deeply what we call "Nigger culture"—which is in truth a degenerate form of black nightlife and street culture—is taking root in the white world: let us not be under any illusions about the effect of adopting "Nigger" songs and dances, about the effect of European enthusiasm for the rumba, and the imitation of Creole face painting and painted toenails!

"Counter-colonization" has evidently already had intellectual effects in some white circles: wasn't Germany, even during the era of Weimar, already under the influence of this "counter-colonization" and thus of "Negroization"?
Let us recall just one thing here: the enthusiastic reception of the Czech composer Ernst Krenek's culturally and racially defiling opera "Johny spielt auf" (*Jonny Plays On*) - in this opera, a black man makes a white prostitute happy and sings in his "love song," among other things:

"Now the new world comes sailing across the sea in splendor, and inherits old Europe through dance...
You are so beautiful, I love you! Oh, I am strong, you have no idea—just ask the girls of Paris.
Why won't you? Everyone else has wanted it so far and hasn't regretted it; why won't you seek my strength? I know you white people well: first you resist, then you're happy."

In that Germany, such a thing was considered "art", and received enthusiastic applause: it was indeed high time for our own people to return to their roots.

III. Conclusions

In light of all this, there can hardly be any doubt about the existence and influence of a movement of people of color that strives for a unified organization, and is, in part, already organized.

Now, there may be people who believe that while this glimpse into another world is entertaining, we in Germany, in particular, are not affected by this development - after all, we are uninvolved in "European colonial imperialism," are finally secure in terms of race, and, moreover, have become so self-sufficient in relation to our environment that this development can leave us more or less indifferent: that would be roughly the viewpoint of the narrow-minded bourgeois from Goethe's "Osterspaziergang" (*Easter Walk*), who is merely pleasantly unsettled by the fact that, "far to the East", the Turks are fighting.
In truth, however, the continuation of that development affects us very significantly, both economically and politically, whether we like it or not - after all, we do not live on the moon and cannot surround our borders with a Great Wall of China to seal ourselves off hermetically from any outside influence.

The dangers posed by the "colored" movement are varied - let us first discuss the economic danger here.

1. The Economic Threat

In the development of all peoples, colonization (here referring only to external colonization) plays a greater role than is commonly assumed: in fact, not only economic transformations, but also all significant shifts in the political and sociological development of peoples have been driven by, or at least accompanied by, colonial activity.

Greece rose to prominence as a colonial power and thereby laid the foundation for the spread and dominance of Greek culture, with the most telling example being that of Rome; then, Rome's rule over the world of that time was colonial rule par excellence, and the proconsuls and propraetors of the Roman provinces (dominions!) were governors-general in the modern colonial sense.

Rome also serves as an example of where it leads when a people becomes increasingly dependent on its colonies: the Roman colonial food economy, with its system of "latifundia", ultimately became the very basis of life for the "mother country."

Rome, too, sought to suppress the attempts at liberation by its colonial peoples, who had come of age, by increasingly filling its legions with "barbarians" due to a lack of its own recruits, eventually forming legions composed entirely of foreigners, in the end—much like modern-day France—seeking to quell its own internal social unrest solely with the help of such colonial regiments - thus, once this development was complete, Rome collapsed.

It succumbed to the onslaught of its own colonies, whose military and political forces it had itself organized and trained; the ultimately irresistible Germanic onslaught was very much a colonial event in the world of that time.

Rome's moral decline, with its insane economy of profiteering and corruption, also had its roots not least in colonial exploitation: Rome did, in fact, perish as a result of "colonial imperialism."

The Hanseatic League in its heyday and the wealth-accumulating policies of the Italian city-states were also based on colonial foundations, even if these were still limited; it was only with the discovery of the sea route to India and the discovery of the Americas and Australia that the true colonial history of the white world began—and with it, the true global economy.

It was on this basis, and only on this basis, that Spanish-Portuguese, then Dutch, and finally British world domination emerged.

In particular, the emergence and growth of the vast British Empire would be utterly inconceivable without that foundation, and even the immense wealth that flowed from the German trading houses of the Fuggers, Weisers, and Ehingers into the Holy Roman Empire of that time originated from non-white sources, particularly from the tropics.

The modern colonial economy is similar in many ways to that of Rome, though it differs in others - it differs because, apart from Nubia, Rome dealt almost exclusively with white, mostly Aryan colonial peoples, whereas the modern colonial economy deals only with people of color.

There are those who adopt from the outset the ruthless standpoint of colonial exploitation because they believe that people of color, due to their "primitiveness", will take it: in truth, this is a self-deception that will take its revenge—and indeed already has.

Furthermore, Rome once stood as the sole, unified colonial power facing a colonized world, whereas today a majority of diverging and competing powers face an increasingly cohesive "colored" belt.

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From a purely economic standpoint, the following can be briefly stated: large-scale economic activity begins with the harnessing of natural forces and the exploitation of raw materials, and the fact that the white race has excelled at both has granted it material superiority over the entire non-white world, lending it the appearance of both economic and political invulnerability and military invincibility.
In the post-medieval economies of all white peoples—even those that did not themselves possess colonies—the procurement and processing of raw materials that are not available in Europe, or are available only in insufficient quantities, play a special role, and these raw materials are found primarily in the homelands of people of color, particularly in the tropics - thus, for the past 400 years, the entire white world—with its economy and politics, and to some extent even its culture—has made itself entirely dependent on the raw material of "gold", even more so than Rome once was on its colonial grain.
The entire modern economy began with "gold", and even today, what is called the global economy rests on this gold - incidentally, is this not a golden nose ring with which the white world allowed itself to be led by the people of color out to the donkey pasture; is the widespread dehumanization and superficiality of the white world resulting from this gold perhaps the revenge of fate?

What applies to gold and diamonds also holds true for other tropical raw materials that have become the foundation of the white economy, such as cotton—the cornerstone of the entire magnificent white textile industry.
England's current difficulties in India, for example, have their economic roots not least in the exploitation of India as a supplier of raw materials for Manchester: to make Manchester great, India was forced to increase its cotton cultivation, but this was only possible at the expense of India's food supply - thus, cotton was grown at the expense of rice and wheat, and the noose of hunger tightened ever more around the Indians' necks while, at the same time, their expenses for their own clothing—which they had to purchase from Manchester—rose.
England has ultimately trapped itself in this vicious cycle; the Indian battle cry "Away with England"—insofar as it has economic causes—was essentially woven on the textile machines in Manchester by England itself.

Above all, however, all of this applies to oil, for the tropics have not only gilded the white world, but also motorized it.
Just imagine, for example, England without Trinidad and without the Iraqi-Arab pipeline, or imagine Standard Oil and Royal Dutch Shell today without Maracaibo! Incidentally, what the "colored" motorization from the white world—translated into warfare—is still capable of doing remains written on a very dark page of the future.

The fact then is that, for over 400 years, Europe has lived off the exploitation of primarily tropical raw materials, and the global trade that was built upon them.
Three distinct periods can be identified here: first, the era of outright plunder and theft, which was also the 16th century, when the Spanish and Portuguese conquistadors, after massacring the indigenous peoples, brought immeasurable treasures back to Europe and stimulated the economy to such an extent that the glut of gold caused a rise in prices which, at the time, nearly led to the collapse of the gold-driven economy; this was also the heyday of the French and English privateers and buccaneers in the West Indies and Central America.

Then, roughly until the beginning of the 19th century, came the period of the exploitative use of goods and people: this was the age of extensive plantation agriculture based on slave labor, and was followed in the 19th century, up until the First World War, by a period of intensive cultivation, the cheap acquisition of foreign raw materials, and their processing into expensive finished goods, which could also be sold at good prices to the non-industrialized "colored" world of that time (for some, the golden age of "expensive junk"); the profits made during this latter period in particular are unprecedented, and brought the economies of all white nations to the extraordinary prosperity they all enjoyed before the First World War. One might well ask where, for example, England's immeasurable wealth since the Elizabethan era has come from: it does not come from the barren soil of the British Isles, but came—and continues to come—from India and the other tropical possessions; however, does this 400-year development ultimately signify anything other than the increasing shift of Europe's economic center of gravity outward?

The essence of the current development is that this more than 400-year span of economic conquest and exploitation of a foreign world by whites is now over! In this respect, too, we stand at a "turning point in world history," the consequences of which are incalculable.

The First World War marks the turning point here, for its consequences—not only for the guilty parties, but for the entire white race—can no longer be undone - thus, through this new European war, England is exacerbating these consequences in the most disastrous way, and if anyone is going all in in this war, it is England, which, unfortunately, is putting not only itself, but also its empire at risk.

Anyone who recognizes the facts and observations set forth in this treatise will have to admit that the non-white world's turning away from Europe is a conscious and deliberate process, and that this is a development driven by a very determined will, one that is progressing with astonishing speed.

The collapse of the modern white colonial economy essentially began with the independence of the United States (1774–1783) and its emergence as a competitor to Europe; this development then continued with the collapse of the old Spanish-Portuguese colonial empire, which has been replaced—since the "liberation" of Latin America (1824–1826)—by a whole series of flourishing non-white states, though these states now pursue their own economic policies.

The Japanese scholar Nohara states in his book cited above:

"The danger for the torn peninsula—as we call Europe—lies in the indisputable fact that fewer and fewer peoples are coming to the great, magnificent 'Department Store of Europe,' equipped with all the comforts of the modern age, to do their shopping there; they are coming less and less because Europe has taught them how to meet their own needs themselves..."

The economic program of the black movement—whether in the West Indies, Central and South America, or elsewhere—is today, as I quote it here verbatim from a memorandum issued by one of these states:

"Self-sufficiency, the development of domestic industries, the processing of raw materials within the country, and the curtailment of imports."

That sounds very modern! And the implementation of this program involves many things that, in our part of the world, are often not recognized for what they are, frequently misunderstood, and sometimes dismissed as "Bolshevism", with which, in truth, they have nothing to do with.

This applies, for example, to the oil war in Mexico against the United States and England: this event is a prime example of what is happening today in the black world, and therefore, a few remarks should be made on this subject.
When I left the Caribbean Sea, the oil war was in full swing, and when I returned home, I read in our newspapers that Cárdenas had once again launched a "Bolshevik" offensive against "capital"; I also saw headlines such as: "Foreign corporations are threatening the Mexican government with plant closures!" But oh, no, the situation is exactly the opposite: as I said, this is a characteristic development in the advance of nationalism within the black movement, for a key point in the people of color's economic program is the "expropriation of foreign capital" (see the program by Haya de la Torre cited above).
Of course, it cannot be denied that communist forces are also at work in Mexico, seeking to make a profit precisely here, on one of the main battlefields against white people, as the sometimes intense hostility toward the Church can be cited as evidence; however, to what extent this hostility stems from the excessive reach of Roman claims to power is an open question.
We ourselves, wherever we were—especially among the indigenous peoples—never noticed any hostility toward the Church, but rather, we observed the opposite; this situation was only more serious when it came to propaganda for "Red Spain", as this undoubtedly pointed to increased activity on the part of communist agitators.
On the other hand, however, it is even less disputable that Mexico is increasingly establishing friendly relations with Japan, and Japan is a mortal enemy of communism: this alone makes it clear that Mexico—or the "colored" movement as such—cannot be portrayed as merely a tool of the Third International.

Ever since before the First World War, Mexico has been a battleground in the open and covert oil war between England and America, and this relentless struggle is being waged at Mexico's expense - thus, in light of this fact, Article 27 was already included in President Carranza's 1917 constitutional draft:

"Ownership of land and water has belonged to the nation from the very beginning... The nation also holds legal title to all minerals, petroleum, and all hydrocarbons... The legal capacity to acquire ownership of lands and waters belonging to the nation is subject to the following conditions: only Mexicans by birth or naturalization and Mexican corporations have the right to acquire land or obtain concessions for its exploitation.
The Nation may also grant the same rights to foreigners, provided that they declare to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Mexican Government that they are to be treated as Mexicans with regard to such property and, accordingly, are not entitled to seek protection from their own governments in these matters, under penalty of forfeiture to the Nation of any property thus acquired in the event of a violation."

These principles certainly have nothing to do with communism, and they reveal nothing more than a determined national will to assert itself.
Of course, one can characterize what is happening in Mexico—apart from the oil war—as an "agrarian revolution", for even foreign landholdings that do not contain oil are expropriated up to 60 morgens[19]—an amount with which, of course, no European can do anything unless he is willing to adopt the standard of living of the indigenous people.

[19] The equivalent of 120 to 126 acres. - The Translator

This process, however, cannot be subsumed under our concept of communism, as it would become the destroyer of Western culture were it to be fully realized: in this respect, too, what is taking place in Mexico is a form of ethnic nationalism in the economic sphere—that is, the deliberate restoration of the old indigenous agrarian system, which was supported by the calpullis (tribal associations) with their ejidos (communal lands).

For years, all Mexican governments have been striving to gain control over the country's natural resources, especially oil: their very skillful propaganda claims that in the past, Mexico's gold was stolen, and today, its oil is now being stolen.
Since the goal could not be achieved directly, Cárdenas took a detour via the wage issue, which is undoubtedly in a very dire state; then, in December 1937, he secured an arbitration award against the foreign oil companies, which was upheld by the Mexican Supreme Federal Court on March 1st, 1938. One of the judges described the foreign corporations as "exploiters of Mexican resources", and the companies did not comply with the court-upheld arbitration award; consequently, on March 18th, 1938, amid the cheers of the crowd gathered in the government square, Cárdenas announced the expropriation of all foreign-owned oil companies in exchange for compensation to be paid within ten years: the reasoning stated, among other things, that the foreign companies had continuously provided funds for weapons, ammunition, and rebellion, and that they had consistently instigated uprisings against the government.
The oil fields were immediately evacuated, and the British and American engineers and employees were deported; seventeen British and American companies were affected, including the British-Mexican-Eagle Company (part of the Shell Group), Standard Oil, the Sinclair Group, and the Richmond Group; the Mexican holdings of these companies were valued at approximately 100 million pounds, of which about half belonged to Britain.
The jubilation in Mexico knew no bounds, and the day of the final eviction, March 23rd, was declared a national holiday and celebrated everywhere with mass rallies against the "gringos" (foreigners).
The stance of the affected world powers is noteworthy: while in the past, at least a joint naval demonstration off the Mexican coast, complete with a troop landing and so on, would have been a matter of course, those days are over, and the U.S. even recognized the "legality" of the expropriation, though resorted to the tried-and-true tactic of economic strangulation: it announced the suspension of American silver purchases in Mexico effective April 1st, 1938, and in response, the government issued a domestic bond of 100 million pesos to the country as the "National Redemption Bond."
England, on the other hand, lodged a "protest" against the expropriation in a strongly worded note, and in response, the Mexican government, buoyed by the enthusiasm of its people, summarily severed diplomatic relations with England "due to interference in Mexico's sovereign rights" and recalled its envoy from London: this did not throw the world into turmoil, nor did it throw Mexico into turmoil. Incidentally, those bonds were never actually issued, and this was precisely because the promised compensation for those expropriated was never paid - thus, when it saw the success of its actions against the world powers, the Mexican government declared on July 15th, 1938, without further ado, that during the current president's term of office it "wished to set aside" the issue of compensation, since large-scale plans to improve the welfare of the people could not be carried out if priority were to be given to the financial demands of individual stakeholders or even of foreign states; in any case, foreigners were not to be granted any privileges and could not expect compensation until the country's own citizens had been compensated, an agreement that has been accepted thus far.

While Washington has once again cautiously hinted at suspending silver purchases, that won't work, for Mexico knows that America would thereby inevitably upend its entire silver policy, which would destabilize the "Silver Group" in Congress—a group crucial to Roosevelt's position.
Moreover—in what is a joke of world history—Washington is deeply afraid that, following Cárdenas's downfall, an even worse nationalist—that is, a purely "fascist" leader—might come to power, and that is simply out of the question: that is why they prefer to put up with Cárdenas and leave the compensation issue up in the air; democracies really don't have it easy these days.
And one more thing should be noted, which is not without interest in the context of the developments discussed here: as early as March 1938, Japanese tankers arrived in Tampico and loaded the barrel oil that had accumulated there for shipment to Japan; then, on March 23rd, 1938, the *Associated Press* reported from Tokyo that the Japanese government was "studying" a Mexican-Japanese agreement on the purchase of Mexican crude oil.
Japanese investors have already offered the Mexican government to construct a pipeline to the Pacific coast so that, in the future, Mexican oil could be shipped to Japan from there, thereby avoiding the route through the Panama Canal—which belongs to the U.S. and imposes high tolls - here, too, one might quote Fritz Reuter: "Nightingale, I hear you singing."
The picture is rounded out by the fact that, in the meantime, an "oil war" has also broken out in Ecuador between the government and Anglo-Ecuadorian Oil Ltd; the Ecuadorian government has now announced that contracts with foreign oil companies will soon have to be "revised."

So, what is happening in Mexico is by no means a matter of "grassroots communist" experiments, but something entirely different: here and elsewhere, a life-and-death struggle is being waged behind the scenes between the lust for power and greed of Anglo-American economic imperialism and the counter-movements of ethnic-nationalism, and it thus goes without saying that communism is trying to fish in troubled waters.
The role America plays in all of this is just as despicable as the one it played against us during the war: America seeks to exploit the growing aversion of Central America, the West Indies, and certain South American states toward Europe for its own ends, using underhanded means to crush its white competitors; in doing so, it only accelerates this dangerous development and shoots itself in the foot, for mere money never ultimately triumphs on this earth—only ideas do!

In Mexico today, things have already reached the point where Mexican citizenship alone is no longer sufficient to be considered a native, as increasingly, ancestry—that is, the concept of blood—is becoming the decisive factor: this development is therefore not merely a move against England and America, but against white people in general.
Unfortunately, despite the special respect they enjoy, even Germans—who, as owners of a large portion of Mexico's coffee plantations, have done heavy pioneering work for the country—are feeling the effects of this: no distinctions are made anymore, for white is white, and gringo is gringo.
Already today, a Mexican law prohibits foreigners from owning land in the border region within a 100-km zone, and as early as 1918, a high special tax on non-Mexican land ownership was introduced; likewise, it is required by law that 90% of the employees in every business must be native-born Mexicans - thus, not only is the time past when one could barter valuable goods for glass beads or other trinkets from "natives," but the time is also past when white blood or even white skin was regarded by people of color as a mark of distinction.

It should be noted here that a movement similar to that in Mexico has recently become apparent even in Brazil: this seems quite remarkable in this context.
A whole series of new laws makes it more difficult to hire people who were not born in Brazil, and a law on the "nationalization of labor" mandates that at least two-thirds of the workforce consist of native Brazilians; the acquisition of land and the takeover of businesses by foreigners are also being made more difficult.
In any case, the situation is such that a significant wave of emigration from Brazil began as early as 1938: one must bear in mind that these are countries that, despite their immense expanse, are still sparsely populated and could, in fact, benefit from any significant increase in population.
This recent shift in Brazil appears to be directed primarily against Germans, as some of their schools have been closed, and their cultural associations have faced all sorts of obstacles; consequently, Germans are emigrating in conspicuous numbers from the state of São Paulo—whose cultivation is owed primarily to the Germans—as well as from the states of Paraná, Santa Catarina, and Rio Grande do Sul, which are predominantly settled by Germans.
The responsible German consulate reported 200 repatriations via Santos by July 1938, as well as 2,000 applications for repatriation: all of this is consistent with the strange report that the Brazilian prefect of the exclusively German settlement in Blumenau has ordered that the plaques on the monument to the founder, Dr. Hermann Blumenau, located on Hercilio Luz Square, be melted down in order to replace the German inscriptions with Portuguese ones.
This new development is now spreading, with varying degrees of openness and determination, throughout the entire non-white world - thus, even the technical schools and universities in the East now provide an excellent education, and students from Islamic countries no longer need to seek their scientific and technical training in Europe; consequently, white "cultural pioneers" are increasingly disappearing from these regions, and with them the white "infrastructure" and white capital: none of this is needed anymore since they have long since reached the point where they can build, through their own efforts, a rational agricultural system and a sophisticated industrial infrastructure in which their own raw materials are processed within their own country; one need only recall the massive Jamshedpur steelworks, the Indian "national plant," which today employs over 100,000 Indians.
Throughout the non-white world, the idea of non-white self-sufficiency is taking hold.

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One of the deepest causes of Europe's difficulties lies in the ongoing implementation of the economic program outlined above: how times have changed!
As recently as 1935, for example, artificial silk yarns were imported into Argentina from Europe, but today, not a single kilogram is imported; in the past, German textile machinery was exported to Argentina, but today, it is supplied to Brazil, and so on.
Based on my observations, for example, there will be little future potential in exporting cheap consumer goods and mass-produced items to many of these countries, though perhaps there is still potential in machinery exports - after all, the desired "development of domestic industries" initially requires the import of machinery and tools.

As shown above with Getulio Vargas's program, however, Brazil is already seeking to exploit this situation for its own benefit by building up its own heavy industry, and Japan, too, stands ready to provide this service, especially after exploiting the raw material deposits in northern China.
The battle between Osaka and Lancashire has long been underway, and though it is being waged behind the scenes, it is extremely bitter: there is probably no need to explain what a Japanese monopoly over the entire Chinese economy would mean in this context, or the fact that Asia itself is already independent of Europe today.
In any case, the old European industrial and commercial monopoly over the colonies is a thing of the past, and in East Asia, Europe's industrial and commercial dominance has long since been broken by Japan's astonishing rise.
Even before the Sino-Japanese War, Japan was already transporting five times as much cargo as England between East Asia and Australia, and four-fifths of the trade between East Asia and Bombay was already in Japanese hands; now, today, some 20 of Japan's most modern high-speed cargo steamers sail through the Panama Canal to the east coast of America.

This striving by all non-white powers toward economic independence—which here and there is already turning into a drive for economic expansion—is supported by a physiological fact that is detrimental to us in this context: it is in the nature of things, of race, and of climate that the European white worker must be fed and clothed differently, that he must also be housed differently, and that he has different cultural needs than the non-white worker, especially in the tropics.
For example, the European worker must consume fat and eat meat, while East and South Asians eat rice, and workers in the West Indies, Central America, Venezuela, etc., eat fruits, corn, and fish; economic theory has coined the technical terms "meat standard" and "rice standard" to describe this.
A non-white worker earning a daily wage of 0.80 to 1.00 Reichsmarks—according to our currency—may even be able to build up savings under certain circumstances, whereas a European worker would starve on that amount.
This, of course, is reflected in the production costs of the goods and thus in pricing and, consequently, in competitiveness: this is, for example, the reason for the flood of Japanese goods into the non-white world—including the Americas and Australia—some of which, as in major American cities, are of excellent quality, while elsewhere, such as in the West Indies, etc., they are mass-produced junk.
As explained above, almost all "genuine" Indian and Chinese goods on display in port cities for unsuspecting tourists are of Japanese origin; Japanese goods slip through every customs barrier, and where import bans exist, there is always the option of renaming the place of origin.

In 1934, I was presented with a comparative price list for goods in America, from which the following observations may be of interest - at that time, the prices in America, calculated in francs, were as follows:

English-American Prices:

Glass vases: 3.56
Tennis shoes: 1.98
Electric lamps: 0.99
Bicycle tires: 5.93
1 yard of silk crepe: 4.67
1 dozen cotton socks: 4.74

Japanese Prices:

Glass vases: 1.13
Tennis shoes: 0.79
Electric lamps: 0.46
Bicycle tires: 0.79
1 yard of silk crepe: 1.58
1 dozen cotton socks: 1.58

Just two examples from practical business life - a German button manufacturer writes:

"Even if I were to steal the mother-of-pearl and not pay my workers any wages, I still could not supply at the prices offered by Japanese companies."

A letter from a foreign customer to a German rubber goods factory, which is already exporting below its own cost of production in order to secure foreign currency:

"The rubber cushions you are offering us at a price of 1 Reichsmarks are being offered to us from Japan in the same quality and design for 8 pfennigs apiece."

The Japanese businessman Nohara, mentioned several times, says quite rightly:

"Tariff barriers and immigration restrictions will do nothing to stem the tide rising in the East or to counter the free competition that is taking shape there."

I would also like to recall here what was said above regarding "cheaper black labor" in Africa: it is obvious what the continuation of this development must mean for European manufacturing.

Incidentally, the difference between the "meat standard" and the "rice standard" is also evident when considering unemployment: one should not draw any comparisons at all between European unemployment and unemployment in non-white countries—including, incidentally, the U.S—as such comparisons are not only flawed, but also pit the incomparable against one another.
The major difference is that in Europe, unemployment means hunger, whereas in the tropics—and even in the southern U.S.— it does not: we've seen plenty of unemployed people who showed no signs of hunger or despondency, as after all, everything there literally grows right into people's mouths, and anyone who wants to eat meat and isn't too lazy goes fishing or hunts some game in the woods and fields, because there are no fishing or hunting laws there—not even in the U.S.
Moreover, people there help one another, even though the concept of a "national community" is unknown to them: not only in Pará and Carracas, but elsewhere as well, we saw unemployed people at the fruit markets who, right in front of the vendors and the police, calmly reached into the baskets and took a bunch of bananas or something similar, and it didn't occur to anyone to stop them or scold them.
I'd like to know what would happen—and what would have to happen—back home if an unemployed person were to help themselves to an apple from a basket in a market hall or at a market: they'd surely end up in jail, as it simply couldn't be any other way.

The concept of “petty theft” doesn’t exist over there: if you’re hungry, you take what you need, because there’s still plenty left to rot anyway.

The attitude toward the concept of “work” in the tropics is entirely different from ours: both blacks and Indians, insofar as they haven’t yet been swept up and indoctrinated by their movements, do not view unemployment, but rather work itself as a burden, and often see work as a brazen imposition.
They are, through and through, casual workers: they work when they want to buy a new pair of pants, a colorful hat for their mom, or some jingling jewelry, or when an installment on their sewing machine is due.
That is the peculiar thing—and let me elaborate that there is a cultural necessity here—namely, the sewing machine: you find it in every village, and even in the stilt houses and the hidden Indian huts along the Amazon; where there is neither a chair nor a mirror, neither a table nor a bed—there stands a Singer or Pfaff sewing machine.
People have simply become wise and know that it is cheaper to buy fabric and make their own pants and shirts than to purchase them from traveling ready-made clothing swindlers - thus, the installment payments for the sewing machine do indeed play a significant role in the daily routine of the tropics.
The need for regular work is otherwise low there: let us therefore refrain from making labor policy comparisons between us and them, as they are scientifically and practically worthless.

Even more serious, however, is the aforementioned development with regard to the raw materials issue: it has been stated above to what extent, over the past 400 years and especially over the past 100 years—that is, since the rationalization of the colonial economic system, which led to a “world economy” in the prewar sense—the entire European economy has become dependent on foreign natural resources, above all those from the tropical regions.
What will become of Europe if it no longer has unrestricted access to these resources? It is true that even today, about 75% of the most fertile parts of the earth remain uncultivated and uninhabited, and in fact, one gets the impression abroad that, despite the extensive overexploitation by ruthless colonial powers in the past, foreign raw materials have hardly been depleted, and that immeasurable treasures still await extraction.
The world’s population—primarily people of color—grew by 10% between 1913 and 1928, while at the same time the yield of natural resources and food rose by 25% - but what good are untapped treasures to Europe if they are denied to it?
As has been shown, even today in the non-white regions, not only is the “expropriation of foreign capital” being openly proclaimed, but also, as a fundamental demand, the “processing of raw materials within one’s own country”: how much longer will it take before the non-white world has the power to economically starve Europe, given its current economic condition?
No serious-minded person can deny that, if the development described here continues as it has so far, Europe faces the loss of its non-white raw material base; we are, after all, right in the midst of this “turning point in world history,” and it is precisely this that explains so many ills, so many puzzling “failures” of the European economy since the First World War.

The ongoing “global economic crisis” in which Europe (including the white heartland of America) finds itself is, after all, nothing other than the consequence of an economic earthquake that has shaken the

foundations of the white economy: a prolonged crisis is never a superficial phenomenon, but always a sign of profound structural changes.
Is history perhaps turning around? August Winnig (in his book "Europa: Gedanken eines Deutschen" [*Europe: Thoughts of a German*]) is right when he points to the consequences of this development that are already being felt today, when he says that no European country has been able to maintain its 1910 level of wealth since the First World War, and that not a single European country still has a national income with the purchasing power it had 25 years ago.
A warning sign has long been burning on the wall of Europe, and the hallmark of the European condition is increasing scarcity and impoverishment: this state of affairs is expressed in a truly shattering way by the alarmingly rapid depletion of all great fortunes; the yoke that the white world once placed upon the people of color is now borne by the white world itself, and it is growing ever tighter.

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The following, at any rate, is clear: the global economy, in the prewar sense, is evidently dying.
This is not the place to discuss the concept of the global economy in greater detail, but it suffices to note that there is a difference between the global economy and global trade: while global trade is merely a result and an expression of a healthy national economy, which can survive without it if necessary, the so-called world market is here merely a more or less valuable means of supporting the domestic market.
A "world economy" in the wrong sense exists when international trade is made the basis of a national economy's existence—that is, the prerequisite and foundation of economic life itself—with the consequence that this national economy must wither away if that foundation is removed; international exchange—whether of domestic or foreign products—thus becomes a matter of survival in this case, and the domestic market thereby becomes a mere appendage, a tool of the so-called world market.
The predominance of transoceanic economic thinking always leads to the state formerly known as the "world economy," as does economic thinking based purely on colonial policy - this, of course, does not refer to colonial possession as such, but rather to "colonial imperialism"—that is, an economic system organized unilaterally around colonial policy, in which the domestic economy ultimately serves only as the administrative center and the "workshop" of a colonial empire.
In this case, the economic center of gravity is always shifted outward—with magnificent results in terms of wealth at the outset and with the inevitable consequences when the external supports begin to falter, for such a transoceanic or purely colonial economic empire can, in truth, never become an organic economic entity, not even through the Ottawa Treaties! The Romans and Carthaginians, the Venetians, the Spaniards, the Portuguese, and the Dutch have all suffered these consequences.

A global economy in the sense described above is also—and to a very special degree—England, for England is a truly brilliant example of the highest realization of the concept of a global economy in the sense described above, born of a combination of transoceanic and purely colonial-political economic approaches.
At the cradle of this combination lies the purposeful idea of monopolizing shipping: Cromwell's Navigation Act of October 9th, 1651, confirmed by Charles II in 1660, is the birth certificate of this most authentic concept of a global economy - now that document has yellowed with age, and it marks the beginning of England's first concerns.

Today's concerns arise from the findings and explanations presented in this book, as for years, the entirety of English politics has been nothing other than a fierce struggle against the natural force of a development that is perceived—consciously or unconsciously—as being in conflict with the foundations of the English economic structure.

England is paying a heavy price today for the fact that, in the course of that development, it has, so to speak, "transatlanticized" not only its economy, but also its very soul; to what extent the Jewish element—which has long been highly influential within the English ruling class—has contributed to this may be left open, but the fact remains, in any case, that at least the leading class in England does not feel part of Europe, but rather above it, and that the European racial concept is foreign to them or is regarded as an outdated viewpoint.

This class in England is unfamiliar with the concept of a European racial community, and the German appeal to the Germanic racial community, so often voiced, has therefore always fallen on deaf ears across the Channel—not because England is hostile toward us, but because it does not understand this appeal at all.

The Englishman does not feel himself to be a European, but a Briton, and European solidarity is something alien to their nature and incomprehensible to them - this is the only way to explain, for example, why Sir Charles Dilke was able to write in his seminal work *Problems of Greater Britain*, published as early as 1890:

"France and Germany and the others cannot hope to play any role other than a highly insignificant one in the final political reckonings of the next century; the future seems to be reserved for our own people within the present British Empire, in the United States of America, and for the Russians."

Even the German economy was in danger before the war of chasing after a false ideal of the global economy, and in the years following the war, the feeble notion that we could not save ourselves by our own efforts led to an even worse misunderstanding of the interconnections and to a superstitious belief in the "world market," which cost us dearly; meanwhile, proof has now been provided that we are not absolutely dependent on this world market, and that the German economy—including German industry—has survived and demonstrated increasing vitality despite all the restrictions of economic warfare, despite all the boycotts, and despite the resulting more or less complete exclusion from the international market.

The German economy's resilience to crisis—which so surprises many—probably has its deepest root in the fact that we are not plagued by factors of weakness originating overseas, for as the global economic crisis has progressed, even dormant energies within the German economy have been awakened.

In truth, in the face of the dangers discussed here, the German economy—despite its constriction and despite all the internal economic constraints that had to be imposed on it in the course of its external restrictions—is stronger and more secure than the British economy; the future will certainly prove this.

In light of these developments, particularly in the raw materials sector, the extraordinary—indeed, fateful—significance of the German Four-Year Plan becomes clear to anyone capable of critical thought: to this day, Germany remains the only Western nation that has recognized the nature of these developments and is striving, with determination and a spirit of sacrifice, to become as self-sufficient as possible.

In the past, there were not many in Germany who recognized the grave seriousness of the circumstances that had arisen since the First World War, and many, especially here in Germany, resisted the realization that this war and its outcome had brought about a "turning point in world history," even in economic terms.
In a lecture at the "Gesellschaft Deutscher Staat" in October 1924, I stated ("Aphorismen zur Wirtschaftsweisheit" [*Aphorisms on Economic Wisdom*], pg. 228, Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht, Göttingen):

"The protectionism of others stems not only from aversion toward us and from greed, but from the realization that, in the future, only nations that can feed themselves and that live in a state of approximate balance in terms of production will survive; added to this is the insight that we are on the cusp of an economic turning point.
One of the most serious German misconceptions of our time is the strange superstition that we are living in the 'Age of Transportation,' which will culminate in the blurring of national economic boundaries, but since at least 1918, we have been in the midst of the opposite turning point: we are in the midst of a transition from a trend that blurs borders to one that reinforces them.
The past era can be described as the age of physics, which was characterized by inventions that, among other effects, bridged distances; today, however, we stand at the threshold of the age of chemistry, which—through its raw material substitution processes, among other things—is increasingly making nations more independent of one another by enabling the production of goods right where they are needed; in fact, this chemical-driven economic autonomy has developed in recent years to a relatively far greater extent than global trade.
In contrast, all the patronizing lectures we've been hearing for years from the German side—especially at international conferences—are of no use, and elsewhere, people are wiser: here at home, we are still turning a blind eye to this development and have not even recognized the vital urgency of the problem of raw material substitution.
The motto of the national economy must be: 'Tackle the problem of replacing foreign raw materials as quickly as possible!'"

Back then, in 1924, many people still shook their heads at this view.

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Certainly, the end of the recent 400-year-old European colonial economy will unfold differently than the collapse of Rome once did: Europe will not be overrun by a vigorous, youthful Aryan people, as Rome once was by the Germanic tribes.
Europe would even be able to withstand the onslaught of a new Genghis Khan—if it does not tear itself apart first.
But would the economic unification of the non-white world—the preparations for which no reasonable person can doubt any longer—be enough to strangle the European economy as we know it?

If we wish to protect ourselves from the inevitable consequences of what would then be a very profound and fundamental transformation of the European economy as a whole, only three economic measures remain: equivalent substitutes for foreign natural resources, the highest quality in the production of goods, and the attainment of food self-sufficiency.

But there is also a fourth, and at the risk of being misunderstood, I will put it this way: while maintaining and promoting global trade relations, there must be a replacement of a transoceanic economic concept with a European-continental one, which means striving for a Central European economic community characterized by a common internal market based on a balance between industry and agriculture - in other words, we must have a Central European regional economy with (and this can only be expressed using foreign terms!) a differentiated system of preferences.
Anyone who understands the signs of the times knows that, under steady leadership, we are on the path toward this goal: this will likely be “Europe’s” salvation.
Nothing more detailed can be said on this matter at present.

2. The Political Threat

The political dangers of the movement of people of color cannot be overlooked either, for it has been shown here how this movement is directed everywhere, with a fierce determination, toward overthrowing white rule, and how, for this reason, tensions are running high all over the world - the struggle between whites and people of color is thus already underway.
It has also been explained here that, in certain places, the police and military forces of white authority are no longer sufficient, so that they have resorted to the far-reaching measure of ruthless terror - terror, however, at its core, is always a sign of helplessness and a lack of self-confidence, sometimes even of despair.
This struggle will not end in victory or defeat today or tomorrow, and the revolutionizing of entire continents and the dismantling of more than 400 years of history cannot happen overnight: what matters is that this struggle, as such, exists at all.

Before the First World War, it would have been unthinkable in this form, for although there were local uprisings at that time—the Herero War[20] and Mahdism—there was not yet the idea of liberation sweeping through the entire non-white world, leading to uprisings under common slogans; even the revolutions that repeatedly shook the countries of South and Central America were nothing more than spasms of non-white nationalism.
The most alarming aspect of the militant development of the non-white movement, however, is the undeniable fact that it is driven by an idea: while the military power of the white world today grants it only technical superiority, but by no means moral superiority, the latter, however, is decisive.
Technology and weapons alone can no longer hold back the people of color, quite apart from the fact that, since the First World War, they have increasingly learned to wield technology and weapons themselves; there is, then, a profound meaning in Fichte's words that, in the end, it is always "the powers of the mind" that achieve the final victory.
A great deal depends today on the realization that the conflict between whites and people of color is, at its core, no longer about gold, diamonds, oil, cotton, bananas, and the like, but about spiritual issues; the fact that the white race once succeeded in subjugating the non-white world in a relatively short time and in maintaining the dominance it had achieved for centuries was due not only to technical superiority, but also to the fact that the white peoples were ideologically united and that they entered the scene with this worldview: this worldview was Christianity, and this is what was meant by the term "the West."
This concept of "the West" has absolutely nothing to do with racial ideology: it was not, for example, an awareness of a white blood community (which does not even exist among European peoples today!) or the idea of any racial commonalities, but exclusively the sense of belonging derived from a shared religious faith that united the white peoples against others at that time and presented them as an ideological unity in opposition to those others - thus, the most fateful error of the late Middle Ages was the belief that Christian baptism not only made a person of color a Christian, but also placed them within the white community— a medieval superstition to which the last pope adhered when, in his incomprehensible rejection of the concept of race and all relevant scientific findings, he spoke of the fanciful notion of a "uniform human race"; he apparently had no idea what harm he was doing to his Church by doing so.

[20] An anti-colonial uprising in German South West Africa from 1904 to 1907. - The Translator

The consequence of that medieval error was an extensive and far-reaching intermingling of the colonial populations of the 16th and 17th centuries with baptized people of color - herein lies one of the causes of the strong Negroid influence, particularly within the former Spanish-Portuguese cultural sphere.
The concept of race—biological and, in the Christian sense, entirely willed by God—is a much later realization, one that has only been decisively contested in our own century and that was only put into practice among our own people with the victory of National Socialism; meanwhile, the "West" was still miles away from it.

Even if Christianity may have been abused a thousand times in the context of plunder and theft, and even if the conquistadors may often enough have concealed their greed for gold and their lust for murder under the cloak of the "Holy Virgin," this does not alter in the slightest the fact that it was the immense power of this unique Christian worldview that conferred moral superiority upon the white world: it was only through this worldview that the first great colonial expeditions of the pre-colonial economic era—the so-called Crusades—became possible, and it was only through this worldview that Spain was liberated from the Arabs, Europe was preserved from the Mongols, and Vienna was saved from the Ottomans; the supernatural community of the "Una Sancta," with its unprecedented power over human souls, continued to exert its influence even beyond the "Enlightenment."
But it must also be emphasized that the export of Christianity's later, often passionately defended denominational conflicts into the non-white world frequently produced the opposite of what was intended: a particularly grim chapter in this regard is the religious war waged with great malice by the "White Fathers"—a Roman Catholic organization led by the French Cardinal Lavigerie—against the Protestant missionaries from England in Uganda (1865), for even back then, the victor was Islam.
Nor should we dismiss with a shrug the statement by George Padmore, the aforementioned leader of the Young African Movement, who said:

"Truly, the white man's religion, Christianity, has failed to explain the meaning of this world to us."

"How could it be otherwise, when we see how Christians wage war against one another and use black people as cannon fodder in the process! ... If Europe itself does not live up to its much-vaunted principles of Christianity, then Young Africa must turn its back on it and march with the East... What will happen if black Africa joins forces with Arab Africa against Europe?"

Spanish-Portuguese world domination collapsed when it lost its spiritual foundation - but what of the spiritual foundation of today's British world domination? Air bombs and terror certainly cannot replace it. Indeed, what of this spiritual foundation of the white world in general? Everyone may form their own opinions about the state of Christianity among white peoples today, but undoubtedly, the unbridled materialism that today pervades large parts of the white world under all manner of attractive guises is one of the gravest dangers in light of the development described here.
The insight reemphasized by Lagarde, the pioneer of the völkisch movement (in "Bekenntnis zu Deutschland" [*Confession to Germany*]), that "it is an immortal truth that life has its center beyond this earth," is undoubtedly fading in the white world - Japan, for example, has a worldview, and Islam has one as well, but does Europe as such still have one? If it does, it certainly could not have developed in Geneva.

I can only advise anyone who has the opportunity to take a look, by contrast, at the religiously grounded renewal of Islam, as throughout the non-white movement, one can observe some form of justification for their own aspirations rooted in the afterlife, in the supernatural; even the Japanese's famous "one-man torpedo" is driven not only by patriotism, but also by supernatural notions.
Everywhere, forces of a faith rooted in some form of the extraterrestrial are at work, and from the ancient sources of Arab, Indian, Persian, and Chinese wisdom, forces come to life whose effects and interconnection draw out the very last and most extreme energies from human beings.

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One thing, at any rate, that no one will wish to dispute: that the centuries-long domination of whites over people of color was, on the one hand, conditioned by the spiritual unity and determination of the white race and, on the other hand, made possible by the disunity among people of color themselves.
Today, however, the situation is such that both of these conditions have been resolved, and the old disunity among people of color, apart from purely local disputes, is a thing of the past: their ranks are closing more and more, and in many cases, they are already united, as has been shown by numerous examples above.
Increasingly, the entire black movement is imbued with a sense of community that gives the black world an awareness of a shared destiny—and with it, a new meaning and way of life—which is, at the very least, sufficient to ultimately confront the white world, insofar as it still identifies as such, with a united front against which it has no equivalent of its own to oppose.
If the white world is to overcome the economic, political, and cultural dangers arising from the developments described, it must first return to its own foundation—namely, the living awareness of a white racial community, but that alone is not enough, for the danger cannot be averted solely on a rationalist basis or by technical means alone, nor by an anti-transcendental materialist worldview—one need only think of the worship of the golden calf in America or the deification of the concept of democracy.
What the white world needs, if it is to survive the coming conflict without being dethroned, is not a transformation of people of color, but a transformation of white humanity, which means the rediscovery of its own soul.

The driving forces in human existence and in the development of humanity are of a spiritual and psychological nature; economic movements and political power structures are not the primary factors, but rather secondary ones, as they are not causes, but effects.
In all historical events, the fundamental spiritual and psychological forces are the driving forces, and anyone who believes that the opposite is true—that human beings and human development are driven and shaped by chance or by a blind evolution of matter, of which humanity is a servant—is, like Karl Marx, adhering to the so-called materialist conception of history and confusing cause and effect; anyone who seeks only matter in people of color, anyone who seeks only to profit and exploit, makes himself—whether he wants to or not—the gravedigger of the white world.
Alongside racial insight, therefore, must come the realization that the human soul—including that of people of color—cannot be sated by the trough of this world, and that the white soul must die if it sinks into materialism, for a white dominion that were to lose its spiritual and psychological foundations once

and for all—and that were no longer sustained by a deep sense of responsibility before God—would inevitably collapse.

From a purely demographic perspective, the situation for whites is already an almost hopeless one today: there are approximately 2 to 2.5 billion people living on Earth, and of these, about 600 million are white - and this ratio is not changing in favor of the white race.
Viewed and approached from a spiritual and psychological perspective, the issue is not only solvable with hope, but its solution remains the task that God has set before the white world: it all depends on this task being recognized in all its magnitude and responsibility.
But does a "white world" in the sense of the term even exist anymore? Let us not forget a painful fact, which is, unfortunately, a fact, and which anyone who has ever been out in the world will confirm: namely, that the white people living abroad, whether Anglo-Saxon or Latin, at least no longer feel themselves to be "Europeans"; this is a more serious reality than some people realize, and it is, in any case, the most alarming consequence of "European colonial imperialism."
Europe is inwardly alien to these white people, as they perceive themselves and their culture as something distinct; they have different cultural sensibilities and a different mental attitude.
Dr. Karl Hoffmann pointed this out as early as 1918 in "Das Ende des kolonialpolitischen Zeitalters" (*The End of the Age of Colonial Policy*), Leipzig: Verlag W. Grunow - the fundamental moral outlook of, for example, North American whites—especially the jingoists—is fundamentally different from that of European whites, and in any case, these whites often want just as little to do with "Europe"—and sometimes even less—than with people of color.
What this means in the context of the conflict between whites and people of color is obvious, and in the world of people of color, this fact is already taken into account - the Japanese scholar W. K. Nohara writes in his aforementioned book, among other things:

"Viewed from this perspective, such a war—in which parts of the white race in South America, Africa, and the Portuguese colonies, who will undoubtedly fight alongside people of color—seems not only possible, but even to have some prospect of success."

Elsewhere he also writes:

"There is a possibility that in a conflict between whites and people of color, in whatever form it may take, segments of the white race or white populations—for example, in South America, South Africa, or Australia—will side with the people of color, whether for reasons of realpolitik or out of conviction!"

To the extent that the sense of solidarity among people of color grew, that of the white population waned - thus, Europe has thus far found itself in a state of self-destruction and has lost faith in itself, and the fateful and demoralizing catchphrase "the decline of the West" has, after all, already been coined: such words pack a punch.
Their paralyzing psychological effect is greater than those who coin them with good intentions realize, for viewed from the outside, this state of European disarray looks even more depressing than it does from the inside.
What Versailles signifies in this context has already been stated above, and if Versailles has proven one thing, it is that both the political and economic rationality of the white race has sunk to zero; the same

applies to the policies pursued since Versailles, and this certainly does not apply only to the policies of our opponents.
Was the so-called “policy of fulfillment” not economic madness? Versailles, with its perpetual white crisis, is in truth merely an outward symptom; in reality, it is a crisis of white society and culture that has arisen from a paralysis of the intellectual will to shape the future.
Even from a purely economic perspective, Versailles, the Dawes Plan, and the Young Plan are not only documents of “moral insanity,” but also evidence of a truly astonishing decline in the white race’s primal creative power and capacity for thought: one need only consider, from this perspective, the way the issue of “political debt” has been handled thus far, since under the same circumstances, it would probably never occur to a Negro chieftain who can count to three to act in the manner in which the “highly knowledgeable” experts on the opposing side have done.

One is left scratching one’s head when, in light of the developments described here, one examines the mental state of some of the leading figures of the so-called world powers to date - one can only quote the Roman saying: “Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make blind.”
This also applies to British policy, which must indeed have appeared increasingly enigmatic and inexplicable; as for France, it has evidently already been excluded as an intellectual and power-shaping member of the white world, since, as explained here, France has so far done everything in its power to bring about the fate of Rome for the white world.
One must face these realities squarely and must not delude oneself with old, outdated notions and false hopes: the white world has nothing more to expect from France.
This, then, makes England’s policy seem all the more inexplicable - do the “diehards” and the people around Duff Cooper, Eden, and Winston Churchill really intend to become the gravediggers of the Empire? It has been shown here just how tight England’s pants are everywhere abroad today, and how these pants are getting ever tighter; there is absolutely no point in denying or glossing over this fact, even if one should not underestimate England’s power.

The catastrophe already looming over the white world today—for example, in the West Indies, Palestine, and Central America—is not an isolated phenomenon, but the beacon of a general anti-European trend that threatens the Empire above all else; it has been shown here, based on our own observations, to what extent the forces pulling the Empire apart have grown since Versailles, how noticeable the effects are everywhere, and how palpable the lack of self-confidence—indeed, the growing sense of resignation—is among the English abroad.
The England and the English of today are no longer the England and the English of 20 or even 30 years ago, and it seems that nothing remains of the “master race” abroad but the desperate recourse to terror: one must witness and feel this for oneself, but in any case, one gets a peculiar impression abroad of the Empire’s resilience.
The Empire is crackling—and quite audibly at that!

It is understandable—and, given the fluidity of all relevant circumstances, ultimately self-evident—that opposing views are also held, namely that England would ultimately manage to cope with the signs of decay in its Empire; this view was expressed before the current war in the highly regarded and thorough book by the Freiburg-based English scholar Reinold Hoops, “Die Zukunft des britischen Weltreichs” (*The Future of the British Empire*), Berlin: Stilke, although Hoops himself does not deny the possibility of

internal disintegration, which could be caused by the decline in the white population throughout the Empire - he hopes, however, that decisive measures will be taken to address this issue as well.
Even if one were to subscribe to this view, it is contradicted by what one has personally experienced, seen, and heard—including from well-informed Englishmen themselves - thus, if we here take a more pessimistic view, it is certainly not wishful thinking.
In this context, I would also like to refer once again to the articles in the *Berlingske Tidende* cited above: there is, after all, a cruel logic to the course of historical events, and if all guilt on earth is avenged, this applies above all to political guilt.
What England has wrought through the First World War and the Treaty of Versailles—and continues to wreak through its new war against the white core peoples of Europe—must be avenged, and it will be avenged precisely in an area that England has least anticipated.

And now for the astonishing—and in this context, almost incomprehensible—fact: that instead of pulling itself together and mustering what remains of its old willpower to preserve its own possessions—that is, the Empire—England has merely stared obsessively at its old sacrifice, to which it owes its own misfortune in the first place; there is, after all, no doubt among thinking people that the First World War against Germany and the Treaty of Versailles marked a fateful turning point in English history, and that it was precisely this that first brought about the calamity England now laments.
Even in England, many serious-minded people share this conviction, though that said, the "mentality" of some of these people is often quite peculiar: once, when I drew the attention of a very high-ranking Englishman—who was concerned about the future of his homeland—to these connections and expressed the opinion that, with the First World War and Versailles, England had committed its first great historical folly, for which it must now atone, the gentleman agreed with me in principle, but also said that Versailles was none of England's business; that it was not England that was to blame for Versailles and postwar policy, but Lloyd George.
Then, when I said to him in astonishment, "But you do agree with me there, after all, since Lloyd George is English, isn't he?" he replied in all seriousness and with indignation, "Oh no, that's a mistake—Lloyd George is from Wales!" - this English logic is incomprehensible to us, but there it is.

In any case, England's postwar policy, right up to its culmination in the new war, was merely a continuation of the folly wrought by the First World War and Versailles: instead of worrying about Czechoslovakia—which many English people don't even know where it is—and Poland, the English should have been concerned with the West Indies, Arabia, India, and the other severely endangered parts of their Empire.
For its part, Germany and its Führer—despite all the suffering they have endured—have in fact done everything in their power to achieve honest cooperation with England, and only malice or dishonesty can deny this: since 1918, nothing—not even the slightest thing—has ever been done on our part that would have come too close to infringing upon the vital interests of England and its Empire, and we Germans had no interest in wishing for the Empire's downfall, for we know very well what such a collapse would mean—and not only for England.
The Führer has therefore never ceased to court England's friendship and has, in doing so, indeed gone to the very limits of self-restraint - but for England, Hoffmann von Fallersleben's bitter words about "prejudice" were evidently written:

"Hear iron grow, grass sprout,
read the faces of men
and learn to foresee the future:
What prejudice is, you do not know.

Chop the wind in its path,
grasp the sunlight with your hand,
trample the shadow like a snake:
You cannot overcome prejudice."

Just as there are individuals, so too are there nations that cannot be advised or helped - indeed, hardly any political power has ever stood in its own way as much as England has in this century, and despite all its best efforts, England has now crowned its first great folly with a second, even greater one: the new war against the white core people of Europe; it takes an extraordinary degree of insular obstinacy not to recognize that England is thereby rushing headlong into its own misfortune and, at the same time, into endangering the white world.

Here are just a few examples of how far and how quickly this loss of power has already progressed, since in fact, the white world is already on the retreat: in East Asia, England and America have already "lost face."

In the Middle East, England has long since been forced into a defensive position, and the same is already true for certain areas of Africa; Cuba had been under American administration since 1899, but in 1902, it had to be relinquished; Haiti had been under American control since 1915, but in 1935, it was evacuated without fanfare: what it means for the replacement of iron chains with golden ones—and how fragile the latter have become—was explained above.

Furthermore, what do the events in Mexico signify other than a great victory over the white man?

Of significance for the development of East Asian relations will be the uncontested surrender of the Philippines, which America acquired from Spain in 1898, for the granting of "constitutional independence" in reality means the surrender of this most important overseas stronghold in the Far East: this is not a topic people like to discuss in America, nor in England.

What is also noteworthy here is the rationale behind this surrender: American farmers attribute their plight in part to the prosperous plantation economy in the Philippines, and to alleviate this hardship, there are plans to hinder imports from the Philippines through protective tariffs and similar measures; to achieve this, the country's constitutional independence is necessary - incidentally, this is a classic example of the devastating geopolitical consequences that a misguided economic policy can have!

Meanwhile, the Filipinos themselves are becoming frightened by their own courage: they fear that Japan will take advantage of the American retreat, as the Japanese are already present in the southern Philippines, and on Mindanao, the second-largest island in the Philippines - thus, the Japanese presence is already decisive.

One need only refer here to the repeatedly mentioned, ongoing development of diverging forces within the Empire, for no matter how elegant the justifications one may find for the transition from colony to dominion and, within the dominion, from one grant of freedom to another—at its core, all of this is merely the spectacle of a process of disintegration in full swing.

In England, people are searching for all manner of explanations and excuses for this process: the view, for example, that all of this is merely a change in England's unsurpassed "methods" for dealing with foreign territories under its control—a change brought about by England's own wisdom—and that this very change in methods will lead to the pacification and consolidation of the Empire, — this view, which some would gladly subscribe to, is countered by the sober fact that in reality this is not a freely chosen change in methods at all, but rather a forced concession to foreign powers!
For example, it makes an embarrassing impression on anyone who has looked behind the scenes when the British Colonial Secretary, Malcolm MacDonald, said the following in a reassuring speech before the Manchester Chamber of Commerce on July 15th, 1938:

"We must encourage the dominions to develop gradually until they have reached the level of first-rate powers and can exert a decisive influence on world affairs: that must be the main objective of Empire policy at the present time!"

That is a very selfless statement for an Englishman to make, and it sounds somewhat like the fox's sermon on sour grapes; the minister then goes on to say:

"With a wise economic development of the dominions, England will not be the loser, for the Dominions should confine themselves to simple production and leave the complicated matters to England."

Thus, he is unlikely to make much of an impression on dominions that have already become "world powers" - all of this aside, it remains to be seen what effect such a shift toward world power status would have on those dominions that already today no longer know how to deal with the race issue!

But even objectively, this English view is difficult to understand, for under the influence of the old war psychosis, England is prompting the dominions to exploit their own raw materials for the purpose of establishing and expanding their own large arms industries, which naturally means the increasing industrialization of all these dominions, which we have been witnessing with amazement for years: the First World War itself, after all, led to an unprecedented surge in industrialization outside Europe. Industrialization, however, has two implications: first, the diversion of agricultural production for domestic consumption—that is, a shortage of agricultural exports, on which England itself depends—and second, the development of a strong manufacturing industry - however, it is precisely this that is shooting England in the foot, for until now, it has functioned economically as the Empire's vast "workshop"—that is, it has used the proceeds from the sale of its manufactured goods to cover its purchases of raw materials from the countries of the Empire—and thus, England's armament plans are destroying the internal cohesion of its own Empire.
This is a policy that constantly chases its own tail—until it ultimately consumes itself.

Incidentally, the process of disintegration is proceeding at an astonishing pace: in July 1938, New Zealand, too, gained further autonomy, for the organic link with the London Cabinet has been severed, so that New Zealand is now subject only to the British Crown; it thus joins Canada, South Africa, and Australia in drawing conclusions from the principle of equal rights for all dominions, which was recognized at the 1926 Imperial Conference.

New Zealand, which is very loyal to England, has not enacted the Westminster Statute into its own law because, in light of certain developments within the Empire, it fears that this statute poses a serious threat to the Empire (!); if one also looks at the development of the former Dominion of Ireland, whose Free State is now an independent republic, one can understand such fears.
As is well known, under the Westminster Statute of 1931, the British Cabinet's influence over dominion affairs is virtually eliminated: the only remaining link is the British Crown, but with all due respect for its historical greatness and its proud traditions, one may well doubt whether it will suffice in the long run as the cement holding together a structure that is becoming increasingly cracked.

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When one travels abroad and takes stock of the directions of development in England and Germany, one inevitably comes to the following conclusion: that in England today, everything is static (a dead state of persistence), but in Germany, everything is dynamic (vibrant, progressive movement); furthermore, England is governed by centrifugal forces (forces moving away from the center, weakening it), while Germany is governed by centripetal forces (forces that bring together and strengthen, moving toward the center of power).
Perhaps people in England feel this as well, which is why they seek the dynamism of war - at the end of it, however, they see the static state of death; then, one might inscribe on the Empire's tombstone:

"Died as a result of London's crimes against the white world."

3. Europe, Awaken!

Thus, the great conflict between whites and people of color is brewing in the background, and though it will not come tomorrow, given the course of current developments, it will come under any circumstances—and perhaps sooner than some people today suspect.
Let us not dismiss this idea as exaggerated or alarmist: even Genghis Khan was not taken seriously in a Europe that was still relatively unified at the time until he was already at its gates, and in ancient Rome, the few who warned of the colonial deluge were mocked until the very end.
Why should a new migration of peoples—for which the time may well be ripe—be impossible? It would certainly present an even uglier face than the one Rome faced 1,500 years ago.

One final point: it is by no means an exaggeration to say that, until now, there has been only one country in Europe that has recognized the "white idea" in its deepest meaning, and that seeks to preserve the purity of this idea: that was Germany, for even in the Scandinavian countries, the eerie mystery of the question of blood preservation has not yet been fully grasped.
This makes it all the more remarkable that in Italy, an understanding of the racial question and its biological and history-shaping significance has gained acceptance: while Fascism had, in fact, been more or less restrained in this very area, now it seems that their experiences in Africa have led to the realization of the dangers—both racial and political—that must arise from the unregulated coexistence of whites and people of color and from the insane French "idea of assimilation"; at the same time, it has also been recognized that the entire anti-Fascist movement in all countries and the agitation against authoritarian states are essentially driven by Judaism.
Consequently, the necessary conclusions have now been drawn, and on July 14th, 1938, distinguished Italian university professors and scholars, under the leadership of the Ministry of Popular Culture, drafted and published "Ten Theses" on the racial question, which are to serve as the fundamental racial creed of Fascism from this point forward.
The basis of these ten Fascist theses is the statement:

"It is time for Italians to openly profess their belief in racial ideology!"

The pursuit of a "razza italiana" is grounded in a commitment to "Nordic Aryanism": "Nordic" is not to be understood as a geographical term, but rather as "a physical and, above all, psychological ideal" that has a purely European character and is clearly distinct from all non-Europeans.
Through racial preservation, a higher awareness of one's own kind and a greater sense of responsibility toward oneself are to be achieved, and notably, references are made to the Lombard period - it states, among other things:

"The Italians are, for the most part, Aryans, and therefore belong to the European people."

This is followed by the statement:

"This ancient blood kinship is the greatest justification for the nobility of the Italian race."

The idea of a Mediterranean race is rejected:

"Those theories must be regarded as dangerous which assert the African origin of some European peoples, and which seek to include the Semitic and Hamitic populations in a common Mediterranean race, thereby establishing completely unacceptable biological connections and affinities."

An official statement in the government publication *Anformazione Diplomatica* of August 5th, 1938, also states, among other things:

"The conquest of the Empire has brought the so-called racial problems to the forefront... To avoid the disastrous scourge of miscegenation—the creation of a bastard race that is neither European nor African, which is a hotbed of decay and unrest—the laws enacted by Fascism to date are insufficient, and this thus requires a strong sense of pride, a clear and widespread awareness of race: to distinguish is not to persecute!"

In response to Jewish objections to this Fascist stance, the text continues:

"No one will wish to deny the Fascist state this right [to racial preservation], least of all the Jews themselves, who—as has recently been solemnly affirmed even by Italian rabbis—have always and everywhere been the apostles of the purest, most intransigent, most fierce, and, from a certain point of view, most admirable racial ideology.
They have always kept themselves apart from other races as members of a distinct blood community; they have proclaimed themselves the 'chosen people', and they have continually provided new evidence of their racial solidarity beyond all borders..."

The essence of the matter at the heart of the racial question was also characterized as follows by the great English Jew Disraeli, later Lord Beaconsfield, in his *Endymion*:

"No one may treat the racial principle with indifference: it is the key to world history, and the only reason history is often so convoluted is that it was written by people who did not understand the racial question and its associated factors.
Language and religion do not make a race—blood does!"

Because Germany has recognized the truth of these words and drawn the necessary conclusions from this insight, it is today—in the white world, of all places, not in the non-white world—widely hated: is there not a strange tragedy in this fact?
It almost seems as if everything in the world today is turned upside down, and it is certainly peculiar that in England, France, and America, voices are being raised that attribute Germany's alleged inability to engage in colonialism to its racial legislation, while in the non-white world, not only is this legislation not viewed as offensive, but they are well on their way to implementing the fundamental principles of this legislation themselves.
I am also convinced that Germany's colonial claims are fully understood in the non-white world as a demand for reparations, and that non-white peoples would prefer to be taken under Germany's protection rather than that of any other participant in "European colonial imperialism."

In fact, the issue discussed here can be addressed in no other way than by recognizing the fundamental significance of the racial question - apparently, there is more understanding of this in the non-white world today than among some white peoples, for there is no doubt that, in some places today, the tactic of racial corruption is being deliberately employed against whites: I recall what was stated above regarding the conditions in Panama, and I could supplement this with further outrageous examples that I myself would have considered impossible had I not experienced them firsthand; for obvious reasons, however, some of these details cannot be adequately conveyed in writing.
Just as the vines in the primeval forest overcome even the mightiest giants and mercilessly rob them of their strength and life, so too does racial defilement bring about the corruption of white blood: has not the non-white world, for example, since its discovery, already brought upon us the worst plague of all—one that poisons and corrodes white blood and has already destroyed entire generations: syphilis!
As the quality of the white world's blood deteriorates, its resistance to the dangers posed by this development diminishes - or have France, England, and America reached the point where they have come to terms with the idea of "racial equilibrium" and believe that the world thrives best when populated by people who, according to Bernard Shaw, have "pink" skin?
The "democratic" belief in equality and universality might perhaps find its best expression in a world turned into a breeding ground for mixed-race people, but then it would also be the end of culture, the aristocracy of the mind and soul, instinctive soundness, creativity, and the striving for greatness.
Inferiority would then finally prevail: is that to be the goal of human development?

In France, there is apparently no understanding whatsoever of the racial question anymore, and the same applies to America, despite all the hostility toward "black people"; meanwhile, the Englishman often merely pretends to have an understanding of this question of all questions.
A peculiar and very telling confirmation of this is provided by the Bishop of Chichester, who is highly regarded in England and who, during the debate on the refugee issue in the House of Lords in July 1938, made the astonishing "observation" that the word and the concept "Aryan" had absolutely no connection to biology, and that it was rather the product of pure "fantasy," devoid of any scientific basis! To this peculiar gentleman, who—with this bizarre and truly astonishing statement—places himself in direct contradiction to the entire field of biological science—and not just the German one—one can only say: you would have remained a philosopher had you kept silent!
Far more serious, however, is the question of whether England truly holds this position, for if that were the case, then one could indeed only say: good night, England!

As I said, there has so far been only one country in the white world that has recognized the fundamental and history-shaping question of race, and that is Germany: the significance of German racial legislation becomes clearly apparent in this context, and our entire future depends on the success of the work of purifying and preserving the purity of our people.
That is also our only advantage today, for one must venture out into the wider world to feel what it means that the world is divided, and to feel how poor we Germans are in terms of the material goods of this Earth.
Wherever the Englishman goes, he is at home, and the same is true of the Portuguese and the Dutch; meanwhile, we Germans are strangers everywhere, for everywhere we stand as "have-nots" on the soil of the "haves."

Thus, we have only one thing left: ourselves, our will, our trust in God, and—as a treasure that is perhaps greater than all the material treasures of this world—the purity of our blood; if we hold fast to this, our people will be carried through the dangers of the future.

But to the other white peoples, above all the "haves," let it be said that no external wealth—not even more technology and weapons—will save them from the fate of Rome unless they, too, pause for reflection and turn inward.
A warning sign burns on the wall of Europe, and today, more than ever, the words of the last German Emperor carry fateful significance:

"Peoples of Europe, guard your most sacred treasures!"

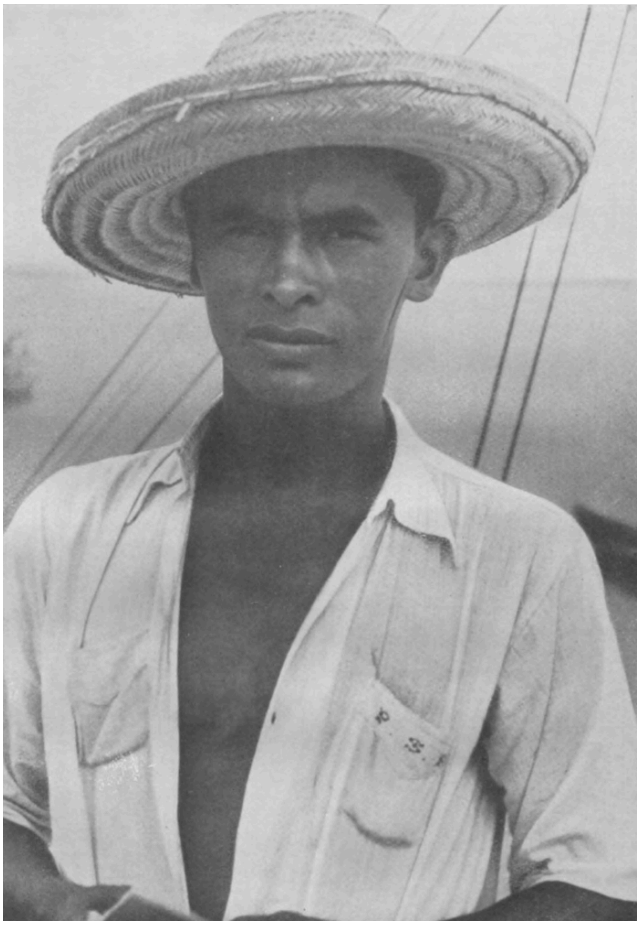
We Germans have saved ourselves from national decline under clear-sighted leadership, guided by Wessenberg's old battle cry after the Thirty Years' War: "Germany, awaken!"
Perhaps it is part of the historical mission of this finally awakened Germany to become an awakener of the entire white world to self-reflection—and thus its savior—under the slogan:

"Europe, awaken!"

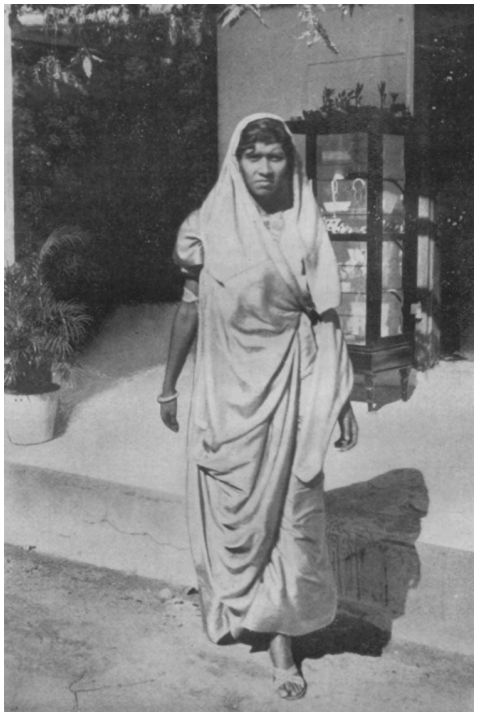
Pictures

Amazon, Indian hut in the jungle

In the Amazon Rainforest near Corralinho



Indio from Pará

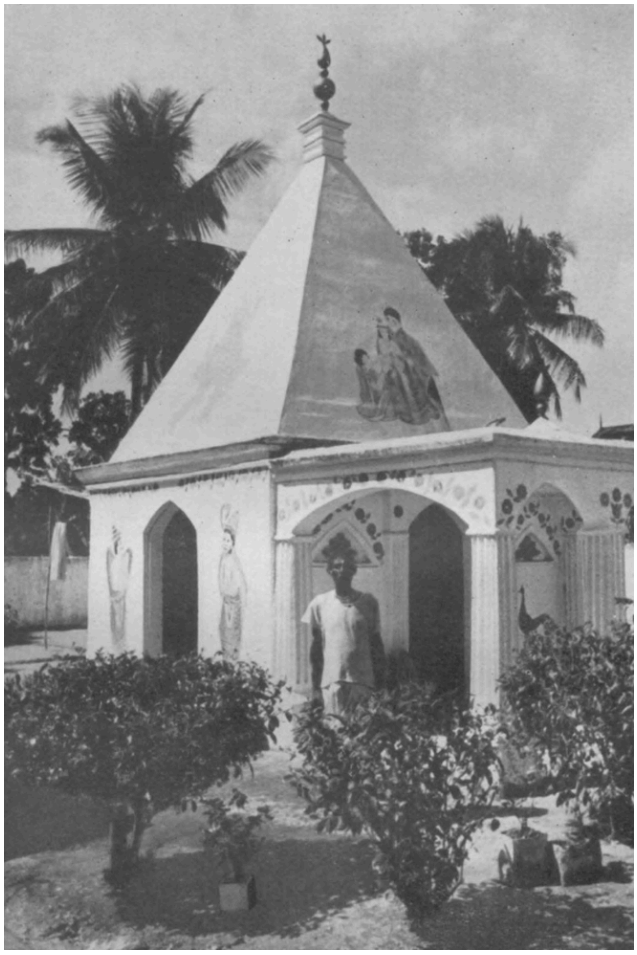


Trinidad, an Indian woman in Port of Spain

Negress from Jamaica

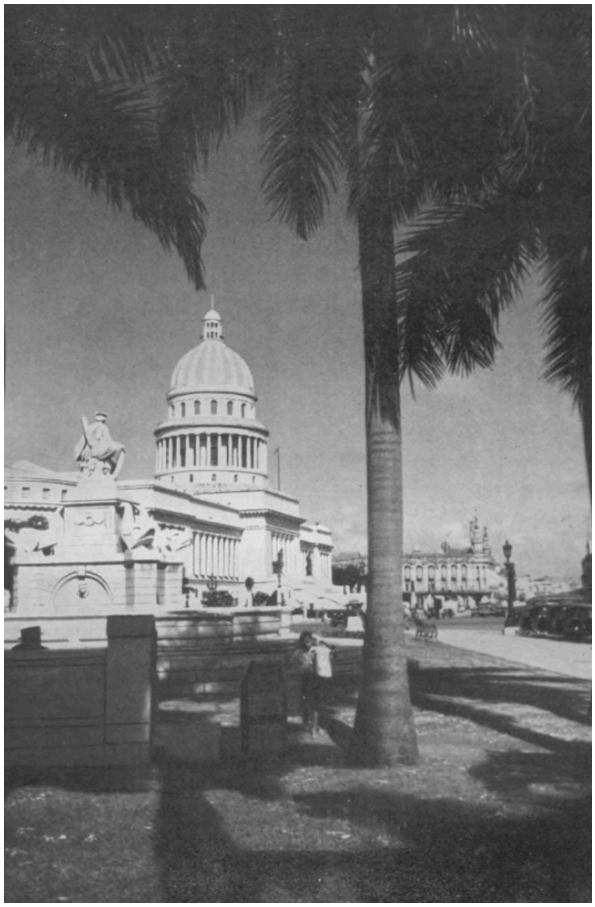
Pitch Lake (Asphalt Sea) in Trinidad

Forest School in Trinidad



Trinidad, Indian Temple in St. James near Port of Spain

Caracas, a patio in Bolívar's birthplace



Capital in Havana